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PIKE'S PEAK AND GATEWAY OF GARDEN OF THE GODS

HEROES OF DISCOVERY

IN AMERICA

BY

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AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL TALES," "HALF-HOURS WITH AMERICAN AUTHORS," ETC.

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PREFACE

There has been a high note of heroism throughout the history of America. From the early days of its settlement down to a late date the best blood of Europe sought its shores,—the adventurous, the daring, the lovers of old romance and new performance. Rarely has the world seen such a host of bold and brave spirits, ready to do and to dare, men of might who stayed not for difficulty and halted not for danger. These were the men who made America, men like Cortez and Pizarro, who did not hesitate to invade populous kingdoms with a handful of warriors; men like Orellana, who trusted himself boldly to the vast unknown flood of the Amazon; men like La Salle, who dared the perils of that other great unknown stream, the Mississippi; adventurers like De Soto, Champlain, and dozens of others that might be named, instinct with daring, bent on discovery, letting nothing stay them in their course, plunging with the spirit of heroes of romance into untravelled lands and endless forests, seeking fame and fortune amid perils manifold.

Such were the men who discovered and explored America. It was a new and stupendous problem that confronted them. After civilized men had dwelt upon the earth no one knows how many thousands of years, a great virgin continent was reached in the western seas, a new world unknown and undreamed-of before. It was something to stir up all there is of the spirit of romance and adventure in human blood. Here was a mighty realm, inhabited by people of strange

hue and race, filled with unknown animals and plants, a land of wealth, of wonder, of beauty and strangeness, waiting in pristine freshness to be added to the domain of civilized man. They were true heroes who undertook this work; heroes of exploration, of discovery, of conquest, of daring deeds and bold emprise; heroes who contemned danger and death, led ever onward by a craving search for the new and strange, a romantic spirit of adventure and research.

The explorers of this continent were great men in their day, and they have made a great mark on the history of the land they made known. For more than four centuries their work has been kept up and it is not yet complete, for there are areas still in America on which the foot of the white man has not been set. From Columbus, who daringly crossed an unknown ocean to discover an unknown continent, to Peary, who in our own day has time and again plunged into the seas of ice in restless quest of the mysterious pole, the list is a long one and is filled with names of valiant and unconquerable men. Heroes of discovery are these in the highest sense, and it is fitting that the story of their deeds should be put upon record. This we have sought to do, in as full a sense as the space at our command permits, endeavoring to omit none of the great discoverers, none of the leaders in this great drama of the opening of a new world. It is hoped that readers will find these tales full of interest and inspiration and gain from them an adequate sense of what was accomplished in the great work of exploring a continent.

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HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN AMERICA



LEIF THE LUCKY AND THE DISCOVERY OF VINLAND

Boldest among all early rovers of the seas were the daring sons of the North, the fearless vikings of Scandinavia, who in their open, many-oared boats ventured far out on the ocean's waves, reckless of the perils of storm or the swords of their foes, now raiding the rich lands of the south, now sailing far out into unknown seas. It is to these bold wanderers that we owe the first discovery of America.

In the year 860 one of these daring Norsemen, blown far to sea by wild ocean winds, came to the shores of a frozen island, which he well named Iceland. In 876 another adventurer was driven far beyond Iceland, and in the distance saw the coast of a new western land, which was settled in 983 by Eric the Red, an outlaw from Iceland. Finding a pleasant grassy spot for his settlement, Eric named the country Greenland, saying that a name like this would be good to bring people there. And so it did, for many came to that misnamed country and a settlement was made which lasted for centuries.

It was one of these newcomers who first saw the coast of the continent of America. In the year 986 Bjarni, a reckless sea rover, left Iceland for Green-

land, but his boat ran into a fog which hung round it for days. Sun and stars alike were blotted out, and he was forced to sail blindly on—the sport of chance. At length the fog lifted, and he saw before him a broad land thickly covered with trees. Here were little hills; here a level stretch. This was not the mountain-bordered coast of Greenland, and Bjarni sailed north, though his sailors wished him to land. At length Greenland was reached and their story told.

The tale told by Bjarni and his men spread very slowly. Those were not the days of newspapers and telegrams, and twelve years passed before it reached the ears of Leif, the son of Eric the Red, who was then in Norway. Here was a man with a soul for discovery. If there was unknown land to the south he wanted to see it, and with a crew of thirty-five men, gathered on Greenland's shores, the bold viking sailed to the south. It was now the summer season of the year 1000, or perhaps a year before or after.

There was land to be found in plenty. First came in sight a region of icy mountains, its shore covered with flat stones. Helluland, or "slate-land," he named it. Some days more brought them to a well-wooded shore, which Leif called Markland, or "wood-land." Then they stood out to sea, running swiftly before a brisk wind. Two days later the sailors saw land again, and sailed along the coast till they came to the mouth of a river. Up this they went till they found themselves in a lake. A pleasant place it was, green and fertile, the weather delightful, the river and lake full of fish. Leif cast anchor and determined to spend the winter in this land of bloom and promise.

Soon they found something that pleased them highly. One of the party, a "south country" man, or German, named Tyrker, came in one day from a ramble so ex-

cited that he made wild grimaces and talked rapidly in his own language, which no one understood. When asked what ailed him, he said,—

"I have found vines loaded with wild grapes. Come and I will show them to you. I am from a land of vines and I love the grape, and the wine that is made from it."

The news of Tyrker's find so pleased Leif that he named the country Vinland (wine-land). The winter passed pleasantly, and when spring came Leif loaded his vessel with timber and set sail for Greenland. On his way he rescued some sailors who had been shipwrecked. He was afterwards known as Leif the Lucky, while so attractive was the story told by his followers of the new country that people called it "Vinland the Good."

Thus it was that the Norse vikings discovered the continent of America. Just what part of the coast they reached nobody knows. Some writers think that Leif's winter-quarters were on the coast of Rhode Island. Others think that he got no farther south than Labrador. At any rate it was America, of which Bjarni and Leif were the first discoverers.

Leif did not go back to this new country, but others did. In 1002 his brother Thorwald borrowed his ship and went to Vinland, where his men spent two winters. As for himself, he was killed in a fight with some savages in canoes. This is the first we are told of the people of the land.

In 1005 Thornstein, another of Leif's brothers, borrowed his ship and sailed south, taking with him his wife Gudrid. Stormy weather met them and they were forced to turn back, Thornstein dying on the way. But Gudrid was not satisfied. She had in her veins the Norse spirit of adventure, and the next year she mar-

ried a man of noble birth, Thorfinn Karlsefni, whom she persuaded to found a colony in Vinland.

In the spring of 1007 Thorfinn set out with three or four ships, one hundred and sixty men, and a number of women. Many cattle were also on board, for they proposed to make their homes in pleasant Vinland. Many and various were their adventures. In one bay they found an island where the eider-ducks were so numerous that it was difficult to walk about without stepping on their eggs. Farther south they sailed up a river to a lake, on the low shores of which were fields of wild wheat, while grape-vines grew on the higher land. What they called wheat must have been some other grain, for wheat is not native to America. There were many kinds of wild animals in the woods, and their own cattle were landed that they might graze on the rich pasture.

All might have gone well now but for the natives of the country, who soon came swarming round in boats of skin. We are told that they were swart and ugly, with coarse hair, large eyes, and broad cheeks. They were dressed in skins and armed with bows and arrows, slings, and stone hatchets. The Norsemen traded with them, giving them strips of red cloth for furs. When the cloth began to get scarce they cut it into little strips, not wider than one's finger, but the natives gave as much for these as for the larger pieces, and often more.

This peaceful trading was brought to an end in an odd way. A bull belonging to the Norsemen ran one day out of the woods with a loud bellow, which set the savages running in panic to their boats or to the woods. It was several weeks before they came back and now they were in hostile mood. They attacked the settlers with their arrows and slings, and

these defended themselves with their swords and spears. Many of the savages were killed, but the settlers also lost many good men, and in the end Karlsefni decided that, though the country was fine and fruitful, they could not hold their own against the hosts of Skraelings—as they called the natives. So in 1010, three years after they had left Greenland, they loaded their ships with timber and furs and sailed away from Vinland.

Thus ended all attempts to colonize Vinland by the Northmen. Many other visits were made there during the following centuries, but the visitors came chiefly for timber, and the warlike natives were left masters of the soil.

It may seem strange to many of our readers that America remained to be discovered again five centuries after the date of Bjarni and Leif. But it must be borne in mind that the people of Southern Europe knew nothing of what was being done by the sea rovers of the north. The story of the voyages to Vinland was written down in Iceland, and there it lay unknown to other lands and nearly forgotten by the Icelanders themselves until centuries after Columbus made his more famous voyage. Only within our own days have the famous sagas, or ancient writings, of Iceland been translated into other languages, and not till nearly four centuries after the voyage of Columbus did it become known in Europe that America had been discovered by viking wanderers five centuries before.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA

On the 3d of August of the year 1492 three little vessels set sail from the port of Palos, Spain, on one of the most wonderful voyages that have ever been made. Small craft they were for a great ocean voyage, these famous caravels, as the Spaniards called them. The largest was only ninety feet long and twenty feet wide, and it alone had a deck, the others being open boats. On board these vessels were ninety persons in all, sailors and officers, their commander, or admiral, being an able seaman named Christopher Columbus. It was a small equipment for a great enterprise.

If it be asked, where were these caravels bound and what made the voyage wonderful, an answer can easily be given. The people of Europe, long content with their own continent, were now waking up to a desire to know more of the outer world. Two hundred years before, Marco Polo, a traveller from Venice, had made his way across Asia and come back with an exciting story about China and other countries of the far East. A century or more later the Portuguese became daring voyagers, sailing south along the African shores until in 1486 they reached the Cape of Good Hope. They knew now that they were on the sea-track for Asia, the shores of which were reached by Vasco de Gama some ten years later.

This stir for travel and discovery reached the heart of Christopher Columbus, a daring sailor from Italy, who was born in the city of Genoa about 1436, and had

sailed over all known seas. In those days there were curious notions about the shape of the earth. Many, even of the learned men of the time, believed that it was flat instead of round, and that any ship that sailed too far from land might reach the outer slope and glide down hill to ruin or plunge headlong over the watery edge. But there were men who knew better than this, who felt sure that the earth was round, and that a ship could sail straight onward until it came back to the point from which it started, much as a fly can walk round an orange and reach its starting point.

Christopher Columbus was one of these. He did not think it necessary to travel thousands of miles to the east or to sail round the continent of Africa to reach the shores of Asia. He was sure they could be reached by sailing to the west. He never dreamed that a great continent lay between and that another mighty ocean must be crossed before Asia could be seen. Had he known this he would have been more eager still, for men always prefer to discover the new than to find the old.

We shall not tell the story of the life of Columbus during nearly twenty years, while he was trying to get the people of Genoa, the king of Portugal, and the king and queen of Spain to aid him in the voyage he wished to make. We shall only say that in the end Queen Isabella of Spain came to his aid and he got the three small vessels and the handful of men with which he set out from Palos on that memorable 3d of August to seek what lay beyond the broad Atlantic.

Trembling with terror were most of the men on board those sorry caravels. They had been forced to go against their will and they were full of dread of the great unknown ocean, the "Sea of Darkness," as it was called. The fear of falling over the brim of the

world was only one of the false notions which men held. Many believed that in the tropic seas the water was steaming hot, heaving up in boiling whirlpools. Others thought that frightful monsters would be met and that the helpless navigators would become their prey. Very likely nearly all the men on those clumsy vessels felt sure they were going to a dreadful death and bade a fearful farewell to their native land. They little thought they would come back as the heroes of a mighty discovery.

It may be that Columbus was the only man among them whose eyes looked trustingly to the west as the shores of Spain sank from sight behind him. The last land seen was that of the Canary Islands, where they stopped to repair their ships. As these also sank into the eastern seas many of the sailors cried like children, loudly lamenting their dreadful fate. Columbus tried to cheer them by telling them of lands ahead filled with rich cities and teeming with gold and precious stones, but the poor, scared fellows were then in no mood to be comforted.

A week had not passed after leaving the Canaries before a new terror came to their minds. The compass-needle, their safeguard on the deep, seemed about to fail them. Instead of pointing to the polar star as they had always known it to do, it swayed to the west, and the pilots feared that this guide of the mariner was about to lose its virtue. Columbus knew the cause of this no better than themselves, but he explained it to their satisfaction,—probably not to his own,—and for some days all went well again.

Then, on September 16, when they had left the last of the Canaries more than eight hundred miles in the rear, they met with a fresh source of alarm. They found themselves in the midst of a vast ocean meadow.



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

Everywhere, for many miles to right and left, a broad, green expanse of grasses and sea-weeds stretched out before their eyes, with crabs and tunny fish swimming in numbers about. This was the strange Sargasso Sea, a region of the Atlantic six times the size of France, which is thickly covered with growing plants and full of ocean life.

Modern ships make their way through this with ease, but after some days, as the wind fell, the caravels of Columbus were impeded by the weeds, and the sailors began to fear that they would be held fast to perish in that ocean meadow. But when their longest plummet lines failed to reach the bottom, and when the freshening breeze sent them swiftly on, their terror was allayed.

A third fear was that the trade-winds, which here blow steadily to the west, would never let them return again. They would have been still more frightened if they had known how far Spain lay behind them, but Columbus deceived them in this by keeping a false account. They had gone hundreds of miles farther than they knew. And thus for days and days they went on, until the terrified sailors were ready to throw their admiral overboard and turn their prows homeward again. Yet through all this Columbus kept his hope, and daily looked forward for some sign of the Asiatic shores, which he felt sure lay not far ahead.

From time to time the men were cheered with false cries of "land." But depression came again when they found that these were mere cheating banks of cloud. Then birds began to visit the ships, some of them strong-winged sea-birds, but others small land birds, the sight of which warmed their hearts with joy. Green plants also came floating over the waves, as if fresh from the land, while the air, as Columbus says,

was as sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville. A carved stick was picked up and a thorn branch with fresh berries on it. Land was surely not far away.

The mutiny which had been growing up against Columbus subsided at these sights and hope took the place of dread. A large reward had been promised to the man who should first see land, and every eye looked eagerly forward as the vessels glided onward through the pleasant summer seas.

October 11 came and the signs of land grew so plentiful that all were wild with excitement. The day passed and night came. About ten o'clock Columbus, standing on the high poop of his vessel, saw afar off a moving light, as if some one were carrying a torch. He called others and showed them the light. Onward they went, the "Pinta," the fastest of the caravels, in advance. At two o'clock in the night a gunshot from this vessel boomed over the water with the joyful signal of land. It had been seen by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana. Soon it was visible to all, a long, low coast about five miles away. Columbus had triumphed, and at his orders the ships now took in sail, awaiting the dawn. We may be sure that not a soul slept for the remainder of that night.

Joyful enough were all on board when the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, dawned, and their glad eyes saw clearly a long, level shore, covered with trees like a continual orchard, while a throng of naked islanders came running from the woods and gazing with astonished eyes at the ships, a vision none of their race had ever seen before. They seemed like ocean monsters to their astounded eyes.

The boats were lowered and quickly filled, Columbus wearing a rich scarlet robe and holding the royal standard of Spain, while the Pinzon brothers, masters of

the other ships, carried each a banner adorned with a green cross and bearing the letters F. and I., the initials of Fernando and Isabel (Ferdinand and Isabella) of Spain.

Leaping from his boat to the shore, Columbus fell on his knees, kissed the land, and thanked God with tears of joy. All did the same, while the officers embraced the admiral or kissed his hands, and the men threw themselves humbly at his feet, begging pardon for their mutinous behavior.

Columbus now drew his sword, uplifted the great standard of Spain, and took solemn possession in the name of its sovereigns of the land on which he stood. To the island he gave the name of San Salvador. Then he bade all present take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, and the representative of their sovereigns.

All this ceremony was watched with wonder and awe by the simple islanders, a copper or cinnamon colored people, unlike any the Spaniards had ever seen. The ships to them were monsters or demons of the sea, the men were messengers from the sky, divine beings to be worshipped. Becoming more familiar, they began to trade tame parrots and small ornaments of gold for the glass beads and hawks' bells offered by the Spaniards. On being asked by gestures where the gold came from, they pointed to the south, and to the south the whites soon sailed, for the sight of gold filled their souls with hope of wealth untold.

It was a wonderful feat that Christopher Columbus had performed, a remarkable discovery he had made, —far more so than he supposed, for to the day of his death he imagined that it was the shores of Asia he had reached. The earth to him was a far smaller planet than it is to us, and he did not dream that he

had found a new continent and that Asia was still thousands of miles away.

Let us follow the ships in their later course and Columbus in his later career. Leaving the shores of San Salvador, they cruised for ten days among verdant islands, those known to-day as the Bahamas. Then heading southward still, they came to the large island of Cuba, the marvellous beauty of whose shores and hills charmed the admiral. There were fields of strange plants, forests of unknown trees, but the cities and kings he sought were not to be found, the gold and spices he desired were nowhere seen, and the wealth craved by the Spaniards fled from their gaze.

The coast of Cuba was followed far to the eastward, and beyond it they came to the island of Hayti, called by Columbus Hispaniola, and looked upon by him as more beautiful still than any he had seen before. Then on the 4th of January, 1493, the faces of the Spaniards were turned homeward once more, and they set sail for Spain, with the story of their grand discovery.

On the 15th of March, 1493, the adventurers sailed into the port of Palos again, coming back in triumph to the town which they had left in terror a little more than seven months before. Never has discoverer met with a more enthusiastic welcome than was given to Columbus. The story of what he had found went before him, and wherever he appeared the bells were loudly rung and shouting crowds gathered round. As he neared Barcelona, where the court then was, the route seemed like a triumphal procession, and when he came before the throne, the king and queen could not heap honors enough upon the great discoverer.

They looked with wonder and admiration at the gold, the new plants, the strange birds and beasts, the curious weapons and tools, which Columbus had to

show, and gazed with deep surprise on the natives with their red skins and strange features. In the end the king and queen fell on their knees and thanked God for the honor given to their realm by this marvellous achievement.

Whatever were to be the sufferings of Columbus in his future life, he must then have tasted the fullest meed of joy. He was treated as one of the highest nobles of Spain, and rode through the streets side by side with the king. On land he was given the title of don, at sea that of admiral, in the new world that of viceroy of the king, while he was to receive a tenth part of all the gold, precious stones, and other valuables found, and an eighth part of all the profit arising from commerce with the new land.

Such was the splendid promise made to Columbus. But all the reward he got came from his fame, for none of these fine promises were kept, and even his name failed to be given to the continent he had found. He made three more voyages to the New World, returning first in 1493 and remaining till 1496, during which time many more islands were discovered by him. In his third voyage, begun in 1498, he reached the main-land of South America and the mouth of the great Orinoco River.

But enemies were rising against him, and the king and queen were deeply offended when he sent five shiploads of Indians to Spain to be sold as slaves. It looked as if Columbus was better fitted for a discoverer than a governor. The king sent back the Indians in anger, and took from him his office of viceroy, sending a new governor to take his place. This man, one of that base sort of whom so many came from Spain to the New World, seized Columbus and his two brothers and sent them in chains to Spain. When they reached

there everybody was filled with horror and indignation. Bobadilla, the governor, was removed from office, but Columbus was not made viceroy again.

He sailed on a fourth voyage in 1502, and this time crossed the Caribbean Sea and followed the coast of Honduras for a long distance. He still sought the riches of Asia, but sought them in vain. He returned to Spain in 1504. It was a return strikingly unlike that he had made in 1493. Now there were no crowds to cheer him, no king to ride beside him in the streets. The old man—for Columbus had now grown old—was treated with shameful neglect, and permitted to fall into poverty in the land to which he had given a continent.

He died May 20, 1506, and in compliance with his request the fetters which had once been placed on his limbs and which he had since kept in his room, were buried with him in the tomb. They formed a sad memento of the ingratitude of Spain. He gave a New World to Spain. Spain gave him fetters and a grave in reward.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS AND THE NAMING OF AMERICA

No doubt most of our readers are familiar with the story of Columbus and the egg; how, when some of the wise courtiers of Spain said that the discovery of America was of no great account, that anybody could have done it by sailing west, he showed them that anybody could make an egg stand on end when they once knew how. But first they had to be shown how.

When he had shown men how to reach the world beyond the sea it was not long before others were upon his track, and one of these had the fortune to have his name given to the new continent. By right and justice it should have been named Columbia. By chance it came to be called America. We have now to tell how this unjust thing came about.

When Columbus was still a boy, just beginning his life as a sailor, there was born in the city of Florence, in Italy, another boy, who was also to make his mark as a discoverer. He was named Amerigo Vespucci, but he is usually known by the Latinized name of Americus Vespucius. Under ordinary circumstances we might have heard little about him. But as blind chance gave his first name to the great new continent, he became a man of importance in the story of American discovery.

Vespucius was well educated. He learned much about animals and plants, astronomy and geography. About 1490 he was sent on business from Florence to Spain, and stayed there for several years. It may well be that while there he met Christopher Columbus, who

was then in that country. He may, indeed, have gone with him to America in one of his voyages, but there is no proof that he did.

At any rate, when King Ferdinand took from Columbus the sole right to make journeys to the New World, and adventurers began to cross the seas in multitudes, Vespucius was one of the first of these, if we can believe his own story. He tells us that he sailed from Cadiz on the 10th of May, 1497, in an expedition composed of four vessels. It is thought he may have joined this expedition as an astronomer, for certainly, in those new seas and under those new skies, some one familiar with the movements of the stars was likely to be of use.

Stopping first at the Canary Islands, where Columbus had stopped some five years before, the adventurers sailed straight into the west, and after twenty-seven days came to "a coast which we thought to be that of a continent." From the account given, the point first seen may have been Campeachy Bay, on the coast of Yucatan. From there they sailed to Florida and up the coast, how far no one knows. In the end they came to an archipelago about one hundred leagues from the coast, its chief island being called Iti. Then they headed for home, and reached Cadiz again on October 15, 1498.

If this story is true, Vespucius saw the American continent eighteen days before it was seen by John Cabot, who is usually looked upon as its discoverer. But as there is no proof but his own doubtful word that it is true, we must still give Cabot the credit of the discovery.

Vespucius tells us that he set out on a second voyage in May, 1499, in a fleet of three ships, whose commander was Alonza de Ojeda. Heading more to the

south, they crossed the equator, without meeting any of those boiling waters of which old geographers had dreamed, and first saw land on the coast of Brazil, about the point known as Cape St. Roque. This expedition was thus the first to reach the coast of that great country.

Shall we say something of other voyages to that land? After the return of Ojeda, with an account of the new land he had seen, an expedition set out to the same coast under Vincente Yañez Pinzon, who had been captain of one of the caravels of Columbus. While crossing the equator, near the coast of Brazil, though not in sight of land, Pinzon and his men were surprised to find the sea-water so fresh that they could safely drink it. Filled with wonder at this strange thing, he turned to the west, and soon found himself in the mouth of a mighty river, the grand Amazon, nearly a hundred miles wide, and pouring out such vast volumes of fresh water that it made the sea-water drinkable for more than a hundred miles out from the land.

There were other Spanish ships that reached the coast of Brazil, and it may seem strange that Spain did not claim the country of the great river, as it claimed all the remainder of South America. Before we go on with the story of Vespucius, we must tell how it happened that the vast region of Brazil fell into the keeping of Portugal.

Let it be borne in mind that in those days Spain and Portugal were the great rivals in the work of discovery. While the other nations of Europe were taking things very easy in this field, these two countries were sending out expedition after expedition, Portugal around Africa to the east, and Spain across the Atlantic to the west. It began to appear as if all

the world outside of Europe was to belong to these two countries by the right of discovery.

Such seems to have been the opinion of Pope Alexander VI., and under the theory that the earth really belonged to the Holy Church, he took it upon himself to divide the new-discovered lands between Portugal and Spain. On a map of the world he drew a meridian line one hundred leagues west of the Azores, saying that all new lands found east of this line should belong to Portugal, those west of it to Spain. Luckily for Portugal, Brazil stretches so far to the east as to cross Alexander's imaginary line, and this gave Portugal a claim to that great land. Spain and Portugal were faithful sons of the Church of Rome, but the other countries of Europe paid not a grain of attention to the decision of the Pope.

Portugal had another claim than this to Brazil. A gallant captain of that land of daring sailors reached this coast about the same time as Vespucius and Pinzon, and with no knowledge that any Spanish eye had ever seen it. If Columbus had not discovered America in 1492, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral very likely would have discovered it in 1500, and the story of the new continent might have been very different.

This is how it came about. While Spain was making great discoveries in the west, Portugal was making equally great discoveries in the east. For many years the bold navigators of that land had been feeling their way from point to point down the coast of Africa till the Cape of Good Hope was reached by Bartholomew Diaz in 1486. In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed round Africa and reached the rich realm of India, from which he came back to Lisbon in July, 1499, with his ships laden with the treasures of the East and with a rare tale of adventure and discovery.

For a time the fame of this great achievement threw the deeds of Columbus quite into the shade. India was teeming with wealth. America, so far as yet known, was a land of poverty. The eyes and the hopes of men were turned to the East.

King Emmanuel of Portugal lost no time in sending out a fleet on Gama's track. It consisted of thirteen vessels, and carried about twelve hundred men, the purpose being to found a trading colony on the coast of Malabar. Cabral was put in command, and sailed from Lisbon on March 9, 1500. And now the strange thing happened we have hinted at above. After passing the Cape Verde Islands, Cabral took a westerly course. Just why he did so is not known. Perhaps he wished to avoid the troublesome calms of the Guinea coast. Perhaps storms drove him out of his true route. At any rate he went much farther west than he had intended, and on April 22 found himself in sight of land. He had, in latitude 16° 30′ S., come to the coast of Brazil, which here stretches far to the east.

Thus, as we have said, if Columbus had not discovered America nearly eight years before, Cabral would have discovered it by accident now. Mere chance and the fortune of the seas brought him there, but as he felt sure that this new land lay to the east of the meridian laid down by the Pope, he claimed it for Portugal, taking formal possession and sending one of his ships back to Lisbon with the news. This was done on May 1, 1500, and in this way Brazil fell to Portugal. Spain, a loyal son of the church, would not dispute a claim which was based upon the Pope's decree, even though Spanish ships had been there before.

How did this Portuguese territory get its name? Cabral called it Vera Cruz, which name was soon

changed to Santa Cruz. On old maps of Brazil we find the names of "Land of the Holy Cross," and also "Land of Parrots," for some parrots of gorgeous plumage had been taken thence to Lisbon. The name of Brazil had a different source. In those days, when geography was largely a matter of fancy, many islands were imagined to exist in the Atlantic of which later voyagers have found no trace. Among them were the Island of the Seven Cities and the Green Isle, but most famous of all was the Isle of Brazil. This had something to do with the red dye-woods, known in the Middle Ages as Brazil-wood. We do not know for a certainty, but it is very likely that the name of the fancied island was applied to the vast region of South America now known as Brazil, and in which many valuable dye-woods were found.

Now let us return to the story of Vespucius, of whom we have long lost sight. It was thought interesting to give these facts about Brazil, especially as Vespucius now passed into the service of the king of Portugal and took part in an expedition sent to the "Land of Parrots," as the new country, now claimed by Portugal, was at that time called. This expedition set sail on May 10, 1501, and reached the Brazilian coast three months later, after many weary days of calm and storm.

The story of the voyage is told by Vespucius. In some places they found friendly, in others warlike, Indians, most of them being cannibals. But while the people were not to his liking, the country seemed to him a new Garden of Eden. The sweet and balmy air, the brilliant birds, the spicy herbs, the enormous trees, filled him with the thought that Paradise could not be far away.

Sailing slowly southward, they reached, on January

1, 1502, a noble bay, called by them Rio de Janeiro, or river of January, probably with the idea that it was the mouth of another river mighty as the Amazon. Fifty-four years later the capital city of Brazil was founded on its shores. Heading southward still, they went far along the Brazilian coast, and were driven at length before a frightful storm to the desolate shores of the island of South Georgia, in latitude 54° S., the most southerly waters the eyes of white men had ever seen. So barren and repulsive was the land they saw that they decided to make all haste home, and reached Lisbon, September 7, 1502. Among all the voyages of that time, there was none to surpass this in extent, stretching, as it did, far downward into the chill Antarctic seas.

Vespucius made a fourth voyage, its object being to reach Malacca by sailing west. Men had not yet learned the difficulty of reaching Asia by this route. The expedition returned to Portugal with its ships well laden with dye-woods. In 1504, Vespucius left Portugal for Spain, and in 1505 called on his old and feeble friend Columbus, then dying from disease and ill-treatment. It is said by one writer that Vespucius made two other voyages, both of them to the Isthmus of Panama. He died in Seville, Spain, in 1512.

Now, having briefly described the voyages of this navigator, let us seek to learn how the new continent came to receive his name. It was largely due to the fact that he was a writer, telling the story of his adventures and discoveries more fully than any of his fellow-voyagers. He wrote a diary of his fourth voyage, and several letters to one of his school-day friends, and in these he was the first to give the new-found lands the name of the "New World." Of these writings scarcely any remain to us, but they were

much read and attracted much attention in his day, and the name of Americus Vespucius became widely known in connection with the discovery of the continent of the west.

In speaking of the New World he did not refer to the discoveries of the Spanish navigators, but simply to those made south of the equator in his third voyage. He looked upon Brazil as a separate continent, a "Fourth Quarter" of the world. His letter to Lorenzo de' Medici, in which he spoke of the supposed southern continent as a new world, was published in 1504 in a small quarto of four pages, with the Latin title, "Mundus Novus."

This small tract proved a great success. Many editions of the Latin original were printed, and various others of a German translation, and it everywhere attracted attention. A letter of Vespucius to his schoolfellow Soderini, in which he gave very briefly an account of his four voyages, was also published in 1506, and this also was widely read. About this time a young German scholar, named Martin Waldseemüller, in association with some friends, was about to publish a new edition of the "Geography of Ptolemy," adding to it the results of recent discovery. In 1507 he issued a small treatise as an introduction to the elaborate work projected, and included in this the story by Vespucius of his four voyages. In it the following interesting passage occurs. After speaking of the three well-known quarters of the world,—Europe, Asia, and Africa,—Waldseemüller goes on to say,—

"But now these parts have been more extensively explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius: wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it Amerigé, or America,—*i.e.*, the land of Americus, after its dis-

coverer Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia have got their names from women."

Thus it was that the name of America was first suggested. No one made any objection to it. It was applied, as may be seen, at first only to Brazil, as a "Fourth Quarter of the world," and no doubt people thought it only just that this country should bear the name of the man who had explored and written the first description of it. As for Americus himself, he had nothing to do with giving his name to any part of the New World.

But the name spread, as names have at times a fashion of doing. It grew in time to cover all of South America. Then it reached upward and took in the northern continent also. It appeared on the maps and in the geographical works of the time until it got too strong a hold to be easily displaced. Thus, without any special intention upon the part of anyone, Columbus was deprived of the honor of his name being given to the great continent he had discovered, and the glory of naming the New World went to the Florentine Americus Vespucius. Thus it is that chance is often as unjust as design.

THE CABOTS DISCOVER THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

The return of Columbus to Spain with the story of his wonderful discovery filled all Europe with surprise and admiration. It was everywhere believed that India and China, with their gold, pearls, and spices, had been found by sailing to the west, and no doubt several of the nations felt like sending out expeditions to gain their share of these treasures. But Spain claimed all it had found, and that country was in those days strong enough to hold its own, so the track of Columbus was left open only to the ships of Spain.

But lands might lie to the north, where Columbus had not gone, and where Spain sent no ships, and thither the other nations felt free to go. The first to do so was England, of which country Henry VII. had lately made himself king by his defeat of the wicked Richard III.

In Bristol, a seaport of that land, lived with his three sons a merchant and mariner named John Cabot. He came from Italy, and is said to have been born in Genoa, the native place of Columbus. Though we are not sure of this, we know that he lived long in Venice, engaged in trade, and we are told that once, while in Arabia, he met a caravan laden with spices and asked many questions about the far countries from which these goods of value came. Even then he may have had an idea of seeking those countries for himself. That is all we know about him till after 1490, when he moved to England and made the busy city of Bristol his home.

In a letter, claimed to be written by Sebastian Cabot, a son of John Cabot, but of whose real author we are not aware, we are told of the great talk which the exploit of Columbus set going at the court of King Henry VII., "insomuch that all men with great admiration affirmed it to be a thing more divine than human to sail by the West and into the East where spices grow, by a way that was never known before; but the fame and report thereof caused in my heart a great flame to arise to attempt some notable thing, and understanding by the sphere that if I should sail by the northwest I should by a shorter track come into India, I imparted my ideas to the king."

Whoever may have written this letter, we know that John Cabot was quickly at the ear of the king, for the Spanish ambassador sent word to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain that such a man was at the English court, and the ambassador was bidden to warn King Henry to keep away from the realms claimed by Portugal and Spain.

Henry did not wait to hear what the king of Spain might say. He had already given John Cabot and his three sons authority "to sail to the east, west, and north, with five ships carrying the English flag, to seek and discover all the islands, countries, regions, or provinces of pagans in whatever part of the world." They were to sail from and return to Bristol, and the king was to have one-fifth of all profits, though all he seems to have done, so far as we know, was to give Cabot the right to sail—at his own expense.

At any rate, we hear nothing more of the five ships promised by King Henry. All we are told about is of one ship, the "Matthew," which had on board only eighteen men, a poor handful to cross an unknown ocean on a great voyage of discovery. Early in the

month of May, 1497, the sails of the "Matthew" were set and the little barque left Bristol on her famous voyage.

Whither the voyagers were going they did not know, but their minds were full of visions of the mighty kingdom of Cathay, the great empire of the East,—China as we now call it. Then there was the rich island of Cipango, of which Marco Polo had brought back glowing reports,—the land we now know as Japan. But very different thoughts may have visited their ignorant and superstitious minds. They were not heading for the fragrant and blooming South, the land of golden dreams, an archipelago of tropical islands rich in bloom, of whose beauty Columbus had told in glowing words. Their goal was the frigid North, which their fertile imaginations may well have peopled with strange monsters, the demons, griffins, and other uncouth creatures in which the fancies of the age revelled; possibly also of haunting spectres which might rise to appal them on the cold northern crags and capes. Even the unpeopled regions of Europe were then held to be the haunts of such terrifying shapes, and no one could tell what the vast unknown beyond the ocean might contain.

At any rate, the "Matthew" sailed away, pointing her prow to the north and west, and keeping steadily on until seven hundred long leagues lay behind. On the 24th of June land at length was seen, we do not know just where, perhaps in the region of Cape Breton Island or Nova Scotia, perhaps on the desolate coast of Labrador. Cabot supposed it to be "the territory of the Grand Cham," as he named the ruler of China.

We are told almost nothing of the events of this voyage. The story that John Cabot told no one took the trouble to write down. All we know is that he

sailed some three hundred leagues along the shore, and that he planted a large cross and left waving above it the English flag. And he did not forget his old home at Venice, for he set afloat also the banner of St. Mark. No men were seen, but fallen trees were there which men might have cut down, and the sailors found snares to catch game and a needle for making nets. Afraid to meet the natives with his little crew, Cabot turned his prow homeward again and reached Bristol about the end of July. The voyage had taken no more than three months.

There is an interesting letter, dated August 23, 1497, and written by a Venetian gentleman, then in London, in which we are told something about the voyage and the way in which Cabot was received on his return.

The writer says, "His name is Zuan Cabot, and they call him the Great Admiral. Vast honor is paid him, and he dresses in silk and these English run after him like mad people." But the king apparently did not think his voyage worth much, for he rewarded Cabot, "him that found the new isle," with the small sum of £10. This was worth as much then as £100, or five hundred dollars would be to-day, but it would not go far to pay the cost of a three months' voyage. Cabot was also granted a yearly pension of £20.

What we do know is that in 1498 a new expedition was sent out, under John Cabot and his son Sebastian. But in the story of this expedition we hear of Sebastian Cabot only. John Cabot's name is not mentioned. The fleet consisted of five or six ships, on board which were about three hundred men, and it set sail from Bristol in April, 1498. Sebastian Cabot was the youngest of discoverers, being then little more than twenty-one years old, but young as he was he seems to have been well fitted for the work.

Sailing to the far northwest the explorers touched land at the high altitude of 67½° N., where they were surrounded by seas of ice. Here, at that season, the day was nearly twenty-four hours long. Not finding a gulf leading to the Indies, and his men being mutinous on account of the bitter cold, Sebastian turned southward along the coast, no doubt taking a course between Newfoundland and Labrador. One important discovery he made,—the seas he entered were fairly alive with fish. "In the seas thereabout," as one writer tells us, "were multitudes of big fishes that we call tunnies, which the inhabitants called Baccalaos, so thick that they sometimes stopped his ship." To-day we call these fish the cod, and the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland have ever since been famous, though we hear no more of fish so dense as to stop ships. We can hardly believe that they gave them much trouble even then.

In those waters, since then the haunt of fishermen, the only fishers he saw were hungry bears, which leaped into the water and caught the swarming fish in their mouths. Seals and salmon also abounded in bays and rivers, and he saw three deer, larger than those of England. The natives were clad in skins, and in many places they were found to have copper. Nothing nearer the color of gold was seen.

Cabot tried to found a colony with his men, many of whom are said to have been taken from the prisons of England. But when he came back to where he had left them, he found that death and suffering had been busy among them, and he took on board what few remained. The voyage down the coast continued to the latitude of 38° N., somewhere about Cape Hatteras. What bays they entered, what discoveries they made beyond the few named, we do not know. Never has

there been a great expedition of which so little is said. The Cabots were certainly silent men. We are not told even of the return of the ships, except that one of them put into an Irish port, much the worse for the storms it had passed through.

In truth, the story of the voyages of the Cabots would not be worth the telling, so little is known about them, but for their high importance for several reasons. They were the first, after the far earlier Northmen, to discover the continent of America, the Spanish navigators as yet having reached islands only. And Sebastian Cabot was the first to recognize that he had reached a new continent,—not the coast of Asia, as everyone else then thought. Though he at first, too, fancied that he had touched on the coast of Eastern Asia, after his second voyage he was sure the "New Found Land" was an unknown continent. This is shown by his charts, which make it separate from any old known realms. And the discovery is also notable from the fact that on it England based its right to settle the North American shores. So the great United States had its foundations laid by John and Sebastian Cabot.

Sebastian had a long and active life after his return. It is said that he made other voyages from England, but of this nothing is known. In 1512 he went to live in Spain, as chartmaker for the king—having married a Spanish lady. He was to have made a voyage to the northwest in 1516, but the death of King Ferdinand put an end to this project. Then he went to England, where he was chosen to command an expedition, but this also did not sail.

In 1518 we find him in Spain acting as pilot-major, and in 1526 he sailed at the head of an expedition to the La Plata river, in South America, and tried to plant

colonies there, remaining until 1530. His colonies failed, and on his return such complaints were made against him that he was banished for two years to Oran in Africa. But this sentence was remitted as unjust, and the new king made him pilot-major again. Returning to Engiand in 1548, he was made inspector of the navy and given a pension, and was afterwards at the head of a company organized to discover a northeast passage to China. The most it did was to establish a trade with Russia by way of the White Sea. Soon afterwards, about 1557, the renowned discoverer died. A copy of his famous map, on which the discoveries of his father and himself are laid down, still exists in the National Library at Paris.

BALBOA, THE DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC

Among the Spanish adventurers who thronged to the new lands beyond the seas was one named Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, a cavalier of Spain. Not finding fortune at home, he sought it in 1501 in the fertile island of Hispaniola, the earliest seat of Spanish settlements in the New World. But Balboa was not the man to gain wealth by the peaceful methods of agriculture, even with full power to use the poor natives for slaves. He was born for action and adventure, not for a quiet life, and before many years found himself so deeply in debt that he had no hope except to escape from his creditors.

It was now the year 1510. A vessel commanded by one Enciso, a lawyer of the town of San Domingo, was being fitted out to go to the aid of a colony founded on the South American shores. Here was the opportunity for Balboa. Being in debt, he would not have been allowed to leave the island, so if he went he must go by stealth. Provisions were being sent from his plantation to the ship of Enciso, and the ingenious runaway had himself headed up in a cask, supposed to be filled with bread, and smuggled on board with other casks of food.

The poor fellow must have had a sorry time of it in his close quarters, breathing through holes bored in the sides and nibbling at the food he had brought in his pockets. But he had the courage to bear his sufferings till the vessel was far from shore, when he crept from his cask, whose head was not too firmly

fixed. Making his way to the deck, a hungry and haggard spectacle, he fell on his knees before Enciso and humbly begged pardon for the trick he had played.

The lawyer-captain was furious on seeing this woe-begone stranger and hearing his story. He swore and threatened in hot rage. It was too late to turn back and give the culprit up to his creditors, but there was a small desert island on their route, and he vowed he would set the rascal ashore there and leave him to starve. This was not done; Balboa's prayers prevailed. Enciso permitted the stowaway to remain, but made him earn his passage by hard work.

When the ship reached land it was found that the colony they sought had been abandoned. Balboa now proposed that they should sail for Darien, a settlement in the isthmus where he had been once before. His proposal was accepted, as no better one was offered, and the ship was headed thither. By the time land was touched again Balboa had made himself a favorite with his fellow-adventurers, he being one well fitted to make his way among men.

What followed must be briefly told. The colonists built a new town on the shores of the Gulf of Uraba, to which they gave the ample name of Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien. But during its building Enciso so provoked them by his overbearing temper that they seized and imprisoned him, and asked Balboa, the poor stowaway, to take his place as their alcalde, or head man. Enciso, when he was set free, went home to Spain in a fury, and there complained bitterly of the way he had been treated by the man whose life he had spared.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had now reached the station for which nature intended him,—that of a leader of men. He sent out parties to explore the country.

Ornaments and flakes of native gold were found, and their hopes rose. The leader of the exploring party was a man named Pizarro, who was afterwards to win world-wide fame as the conqueror of the rich land of Peru.

Balboa was a wise and prudent man. He made friends with the Indians, and treated them with justice and humanity. As a writer of his time says, "Balboa was the best lance and the best head that ever protected a camp in a land of idolatrous savages."

He conquered the Indian district of Coyba, and then made its ruler his friend. Farther west, at the foot of a range of high mountains, was another district, whose chief, Comagre, invited the Spaniards to visit him, and entertained them in his palace,—a building one hundred and fifty paces long and eighty broad, and with many apartments with finely wrought floors and ceilings. This chief was not a savage; the Spaniards were now coming near to the civilized Indians.

One thing was found here that pleased the Spaniards highly; gold seemed plentiful. The embalmed bodies of the ancestors of Comagre wore mantles of cotton embroidered with gold, pearls, and precious stones. The eldest son of the chief presented his guests with a rich offering of gold, valued at four thousand pesos. A fifth part of this treasure was set aside for the king, but when the Spaniards quarrelled over the division of the remainder the young Indian was surprised at their love of gold, and said to them,—

"If you are so fond of gold as to leave your country for its sake, I can lead you to a place where gold is far more plentiful than with us, and where the people use it for their cups and bowls. But if you wish to conquer that country you will need many men, for you will have mighty chieftains to deal with. When you

have passed the mountains you see yonder, you will see another great body of water, on which are vessels almost as large as yours, and having sails and oars."

These words filled Balboa with delight. There rose in his mind the vision of vast wealth and the desire to discover and explore this mighty ocean. He fancied it would lead him to the rich East Indies, which Columbus had vainly sought to find. He at once began to prepare for the great enterprise, making friends of all the chieftains around, and clearing the way for the discovery by which he hoped to make his name less famous only than that of Columbus. He made Careta, the chief of Coyba, his firm friend by marrying his daughter.

The king's share of the gold obtained was sent to the royal treasury of San Domingo, but it never reached there, the vessel going down in the stormy sea. But stories of the great wealth of the country reached Spain, where the region was named Golden Castile. The king's treasurer at San Domingo made Balboa captain-general of the whole district.

But all was not going well for Balboa. Enciso had made such bitter complaints to the king that orders were sent to Balboa to come to Spain and answer the charges against him. At any moment another might be sent to succeed him and deprive him of the fame and wealth for which he ardently hoped. He determined to wait no longer, but to set out at once for the great ocean he had been told of. To discover it would be to win the favor of the king.

It was a mighty enterprise that lay before him, the boldest the Spaniards had yet attempted in the New World. The Isthmus of Darien is not more than sixty miles wide, but a chain of lofty mountains, covered with almost impenetrable forests, traverses its extent,

joining on to the grand Andes of the south. The valleys between the ranges are traversed by swift rivers, and are inundated by rains for nearly two-thirds of the year, which makes them marshy and unhealthy. And to these perils of nature were to be added those of human foes, who would perhaps bitterly contest the invasion of their lands.

A thousand men would have been no great force for the enterprise, but Balboa could gather less than two hundred, with some useful allies in the shape of bloodhounds. A thousand Indians who went with him were chiefly of use in carrying the baggage of the expedition. Only a man especially fitted for such an enterprise could have carried it through successfully, but Vasco de Balboa was such a man. Courage he had, but so had all those with him. His superior powers were those of prudence and judgment, generosity and affability, and the varied talents by which a man wins the confidence and regard of his fellows. In battle he was always to be seen at the front; in labor he was found at the point of greatest fatigue; and he was ever as anxious for the comfort of his men as for his own. He was one of those born leaders to whom success is sure to come where success is possible.

It was on September 1, 1513, that the expedition set out. The rainy season had passed and the danger from flood was abated. Going by sea to the district of Coyba, the adventurers landed and marched into that of a chief named Ponca. The frightened Indian fled to the mountains, but Balboa coaxed him back by promises and presents and obtained guides from him.

The next country they entered was that of a warlike tribe, armed with bows and arrows and flinging fire-hardened javelins. But these weapons were of

little avail against men clad in iron and armed with muskets and swords, and the bold Indians were soon put to flight, many of them being slain. Some were torn to pieces by the ferocious dogs.

This defeat made the other tribes fearful and ready to help instead of to hinder their terrible foes. But the difficulties of the way were great, and some of the hardy veterans gave way to sickness and fatigue and had to be left behind. The Indians had said that six days would bring them within view of the great sea, but twenty-five days of toil and peril passed without its being seen. Then they reached a lofty mountain, from whose summit they were told the mighty waters would be visible.

As they drew near the peak Balboa bade his men to halt. He had earned the right to be the first to gaze on that wondrous sight. He toiled on; he reached the apex; he gazed eagerly towards the far west. There before him lay the great South Sea, glittering in the rays of the descending sun, and spreading out in seemingly boundless extent. He fell on his knees and thanked Heaven for the glorious vision.

The men, seeing him kneel, rushed eagerly forward, and joined in his exultation and wonder. Rising, he formally took possession of land and sea, in the name of the king of Spain. Crosses and mounds of stone were erected, and the name of the king was cut on surrounding trees. This done, they began their descent towards the sea, still several days' journey distant. The shore reached, he ran into the water with drawn sword, and called on all to witness that he took possession of that mighty ocean in the name of his lord and master, the king of Spain.

Poor Balboa, he was wasting his loyalty on a monarch who had listened to the voice of his enemy and

was sending out a governor to take his place. This man, named Davila, was a cruel and heartless wretch, a sort of human tiger, who treated the natives so terribly that a historian of the time said he would have to meet the souls of two million murdered Indians at the judgment day. With him came many of the cavaliers of Spain, eager to seek wealth in Golden Castile.

Enciso was one of these, and at once had Balboa arrested and tried on various charges, but he had an honest judge and was acquitted of them all. The governor was hard to deal with, but Balboa was genial and good tempered and managed to keep peace with him for two years.

When the king heard of his discoveries, he appointed him *adelantado*, or admiral, giving him the rank on the sea that Davila had been given on the land. He at once resolved to explore the ocean he had discovered, with thoughts in his mind, no doubt, of reaching the golden land of Peru.

But to do this an enormous labor was necessary. The ships that lay in the harbor of Darien had to be taken to pieces, and months were spent in carrying their heavy pieces across the rock-bound isthmus to the Pacific shores. Here they were put together, four brigantines being built, to man which there were three hundred men. In these Balboa set sail and reached the Pearl Islands, but contrary winds prevented his going farther. Besides, some iron and pitch were needed to complete the vessels, and men were sent across the isthmus to obtain these materials.

During this time Davila was growing very jealous and avaricious. If there was gold and fame to be had, he did not want Balboa to win this glory and wealth. Some enemies of the admiral also came to him with stories of things he had said, and these the suspicious

governor decided were treasonable against himself as the king's viceroy. Here was the opportunity he wanted. Fortunately for his designs, the need of pitch and iron had delayed the expedition.

He sent a crafty letter to Balboa, written in the friendliest style, asking him to come to Acla, the capital town, and confer with him on some matters of business. Suspecting no treachery, Balboa at once obeyed. But when he came near Acla he was met by a body of troops, led by his old comrade Pizarro, who arrested him in the govenor's name.

Davila lost no time in carrying out his treacherous plan. Balboa was at once put on trial on the charge of treason, and without delay was condemned to death, Davila forcing the judge to impose this sentence. The people, who loved Balboa, heard of this cruel sentence with grief, and implored Davila to pardon their friend, but he was not to be moved from his purpose. Before the sun set that day the discoverer of the Pacific had been tried, condemned, and beheaded in the public square of Acla, together with four of his friends.

Thus died one of the noblest and ablest of the Spanish adventurers, the man who, but for this treachery, might have added to his fame that of the conquest of Peru. Sad it was that he was cut off thus early in his career. Had this warm-hearted man, instead of the cruel and treacherous Pizarro, been the conqueror of Peru, Spain would doubtless have escaped the most shameful chapter in her history.

PONCE DE LEON AND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

WHERE lies the far-famed Fountain of Youth, that spring of sparkling and bubbling waters around which bloom undying groves of glowing verdure, and whose life-giving streams have the magic power of restoring youth and strength to limbs wasted by age? It dwells somewhere in the great realm of the imagination, a kingdom peopled by multitudes of fanciful visions. But in past times it was thought to exist somewhere upon the solid earth, and many men sought it in vain. The most celebrated of these was Juan Ponce de Leon, one of the Spanish cavaliers who sailed with Columbus across the seas.

Though men talked of the Fountain of Youth, no man had an idea where it lay. It had been dreamed of for centuries, but was supposed to be hidden in some distant and difficult land. Marco Polo had brought back from the far east of Asia so many tales of wonder that it began to be believed that the fabled fountain might spring up somewhere in this remote region. And as the land discovered by Columbus was thought to be eastern Asia, it was natural to conclude that somewhere within its confines might be hidden the magic fount.

So thought Ponce de Leon, governor of the island of Porto Rico. How old he was we do not well know, but age was certainly creeping upon him and laying its stiffening hand on his once active limbs. The old cavalier, like so many since his days, began to dread these signs of coming age and eagerly to ask the na-

tives if they could tell him about the magical fountain of youth, which he fancied might lie somewhere in these tropic lands.

Whether the Indians knew just what he meant is very doubtful. Their knowledge of Spanish must have been then very slight, but they probably were ready to tell him anything that would take the stern old oppressor out of their land. It is said, indeed, that they had a tradition that such a fount existed on the island of Bimini, one of the Bahamas, and that nearby was a river with water possessing the same wonderful powers. This marvellous stream some of the Spaniards regarded as the Jordan, transferred to the New World.

De Leon was afraid of growing old, but, like so many of the Spaniards of his day, he does not seem to have been afraid of anything else. When Columbus set out on his first voyage to the unknown west, De Leon was fighting in the army of King Ferdinand against the Moors of Spain, and none in that army was braver than he. In the autumn of 1493, when the great discoverer set sail on his second voyage, the wars were at an end, and De Leon took part in the expedition. He fought as bravely against the Indians of Hispaniola as against the Moors of Spain, and afterwards invaded the fair island of Porto Rico, which he conquered in 1509, making himself its governor. Wealth had come to him from his great possessions in the New World, and he prayed to be young again that he might enjoy with youthful zest what his good sword and his cruel hand had won. This it was that set him on his mad quest for the fabled fountain of youth.

It lay in the north, that unknown north, of which the Spaniards as yet knew nothing beyond those isles

of beauty which Columbus had first seen. The fount he sought might be hidden in one of those verdant Bahaman isles, or in some land beyond never yet visited. Eager to find it and test its magic power, the old cavalier got ready a squadron of three vessels, and on March 3, 1513, set out on his fanciful quest.

Returning on the track of Columbus, the fair Bahamas were first reached, and the little fleet threaded their tropic channels, De Leon landing on the island of Bimini and other isles and searching eagerly but vainly for the magic fount. Disappointed in this, he sailed onward to the west, and on March 27 came within sight of one of the loveliest lands he had ever seen. Tropic luxuriance and brilliant flowers were everywhere visible. The name of Florida, which he gave the new-seen land, seems as if he wished to name it the "land of flowers." But the day on which he saw it was Easter Sunday, the Spanish name for which is Pascua Florida, and doubtless it was from this the new land was named.

If the land was fair, the weather was not, and the ships were forced to keep off shore until April 9, when the winds abated and they were able to land near the mouth of St. John's River, probably not far from the site of the present city of St. Augustine. It may be that the foot of Ponce De Leon was the first white man's foot to press the soil of the future United States since the far-off age of the Northmen, for we do not know if the Cabots or any other navigator of the north had landed within its bounds.

What the age-weary cavalier did after landing we do not know, but it is a romantic idea to imagine that he searched far and wide for the sparkling fountain that was to bring back youth to his aged limbs. He and his followers may have sought the fount or river

through the green woodlands, bathing in all the waters they met, the meanest of his crew perhaps being infected with the wild hope that filled his romantic brain. The springs of sparkling water may have attracted them most hopefully, since they might well look for the fountain of youth to be itself instinct with life and vital energy. We do not know just what they did, but at any rate no one of them found the waters of youth, and the hand of age still kept its grasp.

Down the coast they sailed, league after league, perhaps landing at times to search for the magic spring. But, though months may have passed in this hopeless quest, the fountain of youth lay hidden from human eyes, and at length De Leon sailed back whence he had come, very likely a sadly disappointed man.

But if he had not found the enchanted fountain, his voyage had not been in vain. He had reached a new land, the "Island of Florida," as he called it and supposed it to be. He returned to Spain to tell the king of his discovery, and Ferdinand rewarded him by making him governor of Florida, with the privilege of planting a colony upon its shores.

It was a fatal privilege. De Leon returned in 1521 with men to form the colony, but he found the natives far from consenting to this invasion of their land. What the Spaniards did to anger them we do not know, but they had been hostile on his former visit and they were doubly hostile now, greeting the newcomers with showers of poisoned arrows. It proved impossible to establish the colony, and in his fierce battles with the natives De Leon received a severe arrow wound. The brave Indians were left masters of their land and the ships sailed away.

As it went onward the venom of the arrow sank deeper into the old man's blood, and soon after reach-

ing Cuba he died. He had found death instead of youth in the land of flowers, and since his day no one has set out upon his fanciful quest. Too strong a color of romance has perhaps been given to De Leon's adventure, which may have been devoted to more material interests. Yet, to quote from the historian Robertson, "The Spaniards at that period were engaged in a career of activity which gave a romantic turn to their imagination and daily presented to them strange and marvellous objects. They seemed to be transported into enchanted ground; and, after the wonders they had seen, nothing in the warmth and novelty of their imagination, appeared to them so extraordinary as to be beyond belief." In view of the fact that Columbus "boasted of having found the seat of Paradise, it will not appear strange that Ponce De Leon should dream of discovering the Fountain of Youth."

THE VOYAGES OF CORTEREAL AND VERRAZANO

Of the voyagers who followed the Cabots to the coast of North America we know little more than we do of the Cabots themselves, though in our list of discoverers we cannot omit the more important of them. The first to follow the Cabots were two Portuguese brothers, Gaspar and Miguel Cortereal. Gentlemen they were, of high consideration in their native land, though of what they did beyond the seas we know very little. Gaspar seems to have made two or three voyages in 1500 and 1501, but from the last of them he never returned. Then, in 1502, his brother Miguel sailed in search of him, but he also was swallowed up by the seas and never saw Portugal again, though two of his ships got back.

Gaspar Cortereal called the land he found Terra de Labrador,—"land of laborers,"—a name which later was given to a country farther north, the present Labrador. He sailed some six hundred or seven hundred miles along the coast till stopped by ice at about 50° north. He found seas full of fish and shores covered with stately forests rich in verdure, many of the great pines being tall enough for the highest masts. The people were of the color of gypsies, well-made, intelligent and modest, living in wooden houses, and clothed in the skins of wild beasts. The people of Portugal learned what they were like, for he brought back fifty of them, who were sold as slaves. Some white bears were also brought home in his ships. And that is

about all we know of the voyages of Gaspar Cortereal.

More important than these Portuguese voyages was that made by Giovanni da Verrazano, a native of Florence, Italy, where he was born about 1480. What gives his voyage importance is the fact that it was the first expedition sent to the New World by France, which country was afterwards to play so great a part in North America.

While Spain, Portugal, and England were sending their ships across the seas, France lay idle, taking no part therein. But about 1523 Francis I., a warlike and energetic monarch, made up his mind that his country was losing its chance in the great game of discovery. He wrote to Charles V. of Spain that "as he and the king of Portugal had divided the earth between them, without giving him a share of it, he should like them to show him our father Adam's will, in order to know if he had made them his sole heirs." Unless they could show this will he warned them that he felt free to take all he could get.

This spicy letter was followed by quick action, Verrazano being chosen to command a French exploring party. If Francis wanted a man who knew the western seas, Verrazano was the one to select, since for years before he had been sailing over these seas and taking all he could get from Spain. In short, he had long been a corsair in the French service, and in 1523 he captured a Spanish ship laden with the rich treasure sent by Cortés from Mexico to the emperor Charles V. We do not know if it was this that led to a complaint from Charles and Francis's brisk reply, but we do know that early the next year Verrazano was given a ship, the "Dauphine," manned by about fifty men, and sent across the seas "to discover new lands" for the king of France.

Verrazano sailed across the mid-Atlantic and first saw land in the latitude of 34° N., probably near Cape Fear, North Carolina, "a newe land never before seen by any man either auncient or moderne." From this point he ran south about fifty leagues, then turned and sailed steadily to the north. He found the shore covered with fine sand, rising in the rear into little hills. The coast seemed bordered with islands, through which the sea broke in inlets. Farther back there lay a country with beautiful fields and broad plains covered with vast forests of varied hue and foliage, while clambering vines festooned the trees.

Streams and lakes diversified this beautiful scene, the air was fragrant with the perfume of multitudes of wild flowers, song-birds of gay plumage gave life and music to the air, and beasts of the chase added variety to the prospect. As for the natives, they seemed gentle and friendly. A boat was sent out from the ship, and a sailor sprang overboard and swam towards the shore with beads and other presents for them. As he drew near, however, he became alarmed, flung his presents ashore, and started to swim back. But the surf flung him on the beach, where the natives seized him by arms and legs, answering his cries for help by wild yells.

The poor fellow was now in a panic of fear. What would they do with him? His fear deepened into terror when he saw them gather wood and build a fire on the sand. Did they propose to roast and eat him? To his great relief and that of his friends on the ship, all they did was to bring him to the fire and dry him by its cheerful blaze, after which they led him back, embracing him with a warm show of affection, and permitting him to return in safety to the boat.

It cannot be said that the mariners treated the natives with equal kindness and courtesy, for soon after they tried to carry off a beautiful young girl whom they found on the shore, offering tempting presents to lure her within their reach. But the frightened maiden flung their gifts angrily down and screamed so loudly that they thought it best to let her alone. A child who was with her was taken in her stead.

Continuing his voyage northward, Verrazano put in at many inlets, one of which seems to have been the Bay of New York. Here he saw "a region commodious and delightful." Another stopping-point may have been Narragansett Bay. The country here was very pleasant, well watered, and with open plains. Fruit-trees abounded, and there were stately forests well filled with animals. The natives dwelt in houses of split logs, thatched with straw, and here two chiefs, dressed in their choicest finery, paid him a visit of ceremony.

On reaching the northern coast of New England, he found the natives much less friendly than farther south. They were willing to trade, but would not let the Frenchmen set foot on land. The furs and food they had to exchange were let down by ropes from the rocks into the boats, and they insisted on being paid with fish hooks, knives, and other articles for each lot before lowering any more. Nor did they hesitate to express their feeling for the whites by insulting signs. In view of this Verrazano made up his mind that these poor savages had no sense of religion. Probably they had seen white men before and knew they were not to be trusted, for many fishermen, who had very little sense of religion, were now visiting those waters. Cabot's report of the vast shoals of codfish he had seen on the banks of Newfoundland had aroused the

adventurous fishermen of Brittany and Normandy, many of whom soon began to seek these rich fishing grounds. Some of them discovered and named the island of Cape Breton, and as early as 1506 John Denys explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Verrazano continued his voyage to the latitude of 50° N., and by his discoveries laid the foundation for the French claim to the lands and waters of the north. What became of him after his return we do not know. One account says that he was caught by the Spaniards in 1527 and hung as a pirate. Another says that in a second voyage to America he was roasted and eaten by the Indians. One of these stories is worth as much as the other, for both of them are very doubtful, and no one can say what became of the Florentine corsair and mariner.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN AND THE CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE

Columbus hoped to reach Asia by sailing westward, and during all his later life fancied that he had done so, believing that the shores he had reached were those of Asia. Many of those who followed him set out with the same idea and entertained the same fancy. But the great feat of reaching Asia by sailing to the west was reserved for a daring Portuguese sailor, Ferdinand Magellan, who succeeded in this wonderful exploit in 1519. His work, in its way, was as great and its results were as stupendous as those of the voyages of Columbus, and the story of his exploit stands high in the history of discovery and exploration. He gave to the knowledge of the world the vast breadth of that mighty western ocean upon which Balboa had gazed in wonder from a peak in Darien.

Magellan was born in 1480 in one of the wildest mountain sections of Portugal. He grew to be a man of power and daring; a man of fiery black eyes, great arching brows, firm lips, and powerful jaws, half hidden by a shaggy beard. Yet with the face of a pirate or a conqueror, he was not harsh or cruel, being indeed kind-hearted and generous, ready at any time to risk his life for the safety of another. Yet he was of massive strength and unconquerable will.

In 1505 Magellan went to India, then the haven of adventurous Portuguese. Here he spent seven years in the service of the viceroys of Portugal, sailing about, touching on new shores, fighting with Arabs and Malays. In 1509 he fought like a hero in one of

these encounters, in which a gang of Malays sought to capture four ships, trading for spices with Malacca. In 1511 he was on a ship that was wrecked on a lonely island. While a shipload of Malay pirates were delving among the spoil, the ambushed Portuguese seized the pirate ship and sailed triumphantly away.

Such was the type of Magellan's service in Indian waters. In 1512 he returned to Portugal, and for a year or more was a soldier, fighting with the Moors in Morocco, where he received a lance thrust in the knee that lamed him for life. After 1514, Magellan had nothing special to do, and spent his time in the study of navigation. To the maps of the known world, as then existing, he gave close attention. What was the extent of the unknown world? What waters lay untraversed between the east and the west? Whither spread that great South Sea on which Balboa had gazed? He had left a warm friend, Captain Serrano, in the Moluccas, the spice islands of the Indian archipelago. Could he join this friend by sailing to the west instead of to the east? Such are some of the questions which seem to have passed through Magellan's busy brain in those days of seeming idleness.

Full of his scheme, like Columbus he first sought aid from the king of Portugal, and when this monarch would not listen to him went with his plans to Spain. Ferdinand and Isabella, the patrons of Columbus, had now passed away, and a boy king, Charles V., ruled the Spanish realm. The ardent Magellan found it easy to interest the young monarch. Men's ideas about the earth had expanded since those days when Columbus trudged wearily for years from court to court. The king ordered an expedition to be fitted out, and on September 20, 1519, Magellan's little fleet, composed of five small ships, the largest being of one hundred

and twenty tons, spread its sails and stood out to sea.

A sorry fleet it was, hardly as well fitted for its work as that of Columbus. The ships were all old, and well on the way towards being worn out. There were about two hundred and eighty men on board, a motley crew, gathered from half of Europe, and including some negroes and Malays. As for the captains, there was only one that Magellan could trust. This was Juan Serrano, a brother of his friend, Captain Serrano, of the Moluccas. The others were not to be depended upon.

In fact, when King Emmanuel of Portugal learned that the man whom he had refused had found a patron in Spain, he determined that he should not succeed. Ruffians were hired to lurk about Seville and stab him if an opportunity offered. Captains in the East Indies were ordered to intercept his fleet if it should reach those waters. His own officers seem to have been bought over. A caravel overtook the fleet, when it had been a few days at sea, with a message to Magellan from Barbosa, his wife's father, bidding him to be careful, for his captains had told their friends before sailing that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him. Magellan heard the news with an iron face, and sent word back that, true or false, he feared them not, and would do his work in spite of them. Thus with a crazy fleet, a motley crew, and faithless captains, Magellan set sail on the most stupendous of voyages that man had ever undertaken.

What we know of the voyage comes chiefly from the journal of the Chevalier Pigafetta, who had joined the ships "to see the marvels of the ocean," and kept a strict account of what he saw. The weather did not favor the adventurers. From the Canary Islands they

sailed down the African coast and ran into a calm in which they floated idly about for three weary weeks. Then storms struck them, and they had a month of fearful weather in which they hardly dared show a sail. Food and water grew scarce, rations were cut down, discontent broke out. Cartagena, one of the captains, came on board the flag-ship "Trinidad" one day with threats and insults for the admiral. To his consternation, Magellan collared him, put him in irons, and set another captain over his ship. He had been warned against his captains and was ready for them.

They reached the coast of Brazil on November 29, and on January 11, 1520, came to the broad mouth of the La Plata River. No one knew then whether this great stream was a mere river or a strait leading to the vast South Sea. In those days, and long after, nearly every river was thought to be such a strait. Nearly a century later John Smith thought he might reach the western ocean by way of James River, and Henry Hudson by way of the stream that bears his name. No one dreamed of the true width of the great continent. Magellan spent three weeks in finding out that the La Plata was a river and not a strait.

Convinced that there was somewhere such a strait, he sailed on southward, following the coast of Patagonia. Here fierce and constant storms tossed his ships, and the winter of the south came on with biting cold. Deeming it dangerous to go onward, on the last day of March, 1520, he anchored for winter-quarters in the harbor of Port St. Julian, where there was abundance of fish. On the next day, which chanced to be Easter Sunday, the long-growing mutiny broke out.

Reasons for this were not wanting. Weeks of calm had been followed by months of storm. Food was growing very scarce. The strait sought for became

more and more mythical. Their old ships had been so strained by storm that they seemed unsafe to sail in. But Magellan would not listen to the thought of turning back. If no strait could be found, the continent must somewhere have an end. He would go on until he sailed round it and found a way into the ocean of the west. Not that he was harsh in his language. He sought to persuade, appealed to their pride as Spaniards, spoke of the rich prizes that awaited them.

But Magellan was of the true metal of great discoverers. He was inflexible in carrying out his purpose. Fear or doubt had no place in his strong soul. Discontent grew, and when the ships sought the harbor of St. Julian to spend six weary months in the sharp chill of a southern winter, the patience of others besides the faithless captains gave way. The soil was fertile for a mutinous revolt.

The blow was struck on Easter Sunday night. Captain Quesada, of the "Concepcion," and Mendoza, of the "Victoria," with the deposed Captain Cartagena, who had been sent in irons on board the "Victoria," boarded the "San Antonio," Cartagena's late ship, with thirty men, seized the new captain, Mesquita, and put him in irons, and set one of their own men, Sebastian Elcano, in command. All this was done so quickly and quietly that nothing was known of it on board the flagship "Trinidad" till Monday morning dawned.

The first news of the night's work came on Monday, when a boat from the "Trinidad" was ordered to keep away from the "San Antonio," whose officers said that they were no longer under Magellan's command. When this news was brought to the admiral, his firm jaw took its iron set and his fiery eyes blazed out. He sent the boat off again to find out how far the conspiracy had spread. It came back with word

that only one ship remained loyal, the "Santiago," under Captain Serrano.

Soon after a message came from Captain Quesada to the admiral. The mutinous captains wanted to hold a conference with their old commander. "You can have it," said Magellan. "Come on board the 'Trinidad,' and we will talk the matter over." That was more than they had any idea of doing; they were too shrewd to put their heads in the lion's mouth. But Magellan was as little inclined to meet them on board the "San Antonio," as they wished him to do.

So far the mutineers had had it all their own way. But they did not know the kind of man they had to deal with in Ferdinand Magellan. Bold and daring in nature, he was a man of action and expedients. Knowing that the crew of the "Victoria" was less mutinous than those of the other two ships, he lost no time in moving against this vessel. A boat was got ready, manned by a score of armed and trusty men, with Barbosa, his wife's brother, at their head. Holding this in readiness, another boat, in which was Espinosa, his *alguazil*, or constable, with five men, was sent to the "Victoria." Its captain, Mendoza, had no fear of this small party, and let it come on board. At once Espinosa served on him a formal notice to come to the flag-ship. His refusal was followed by a tragedy. Espinosa sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. As he dropped dead to the deck, Barbosa's boat dashed up, its men sprang on board with drawn cutlasses, and the crew, taken by surprise, at once surrendered.

Magellan, by his promptness and decision, had won the odds in the game. With three ships under his control he had the other two at an advantage. That night he opened fire on the "San Antonio," and sent

out strong parties, which boarded it on both sides at once, Quesada and his mutinous crew being captured. Seeing that the game was at an end, the captain of the "Concepcion" lost no time in surrendering, and thus, within twenty-four hours, the formidable mutiny, which had long been gathering and threatened to ruin the expedition, was completely quelled. As for its leaders, Magellan dealt severely with them. Quesada, their leading spirit, was beheaded. Cartagena and a priest named Pero Sanchez, his confederate, were kept in irons until the fleet sailed, and were then set on shore on the iron coast of Patagonia and left to their fate. After that stern lesson no one dared whisper mutiny on board the fleet.

Time passed on, and the long winter neared its end. During its course one of the vessels, the "Santiago," was wrecked while out exploring, its men being rescued. Serrano, its captain, was given command of the "Concepcion." On August 24 the remaining vessels, which had been put in repair, once more set sail, the mariners bidding farewell to the giant Patagonians, of whom they had seen much during the winter.

Tempests still troubled them, and nearly two months passed before, sailing steadily southward, they rounded a headland and found themselves in a large open bay. Was this an opening to the strait they so long had sought? Some thought so; others doubted it; but Magellan tested it by sailing inward. It proved to be a twisting and winding passage, here wide, there narrow, but everywhere the water was deep and salt, and they soon became sure that the strait at last was found. It was the labyrinthine passage between the mountainous coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, now known as the Strait of Magellan, the

only place in all the lands and seas he traversed that bears his name.

A new question now arose. The strait they sought was found, but provisions were running very low. Had they not done enough? Would it not be best to return to Spain with the story of what they had discovered? "No," answered Magellan, in quiet but resolute tones. "I will go on and finish my work if I have to eat the leather off the ship's yards."

After that there was nothing to say, but the discontented had an answer of their own. There were many of them on the "San Antonio," and these seized the captain, Mesquita, put him in irons, chose a new captain, and set sail for Spain, Gomez, their pilot, navigating the ship. They reached there after six months, where they excused themselves by lying about Magellan. For his part he did not know what had become of them, and, on emerging from the strait into the open sea, he had a cross raised on the top of a high hill as a signal to the "San Antonio" if she should come that way.

The voyagers were at length afloat on the waters they so long had desired to reach, the great ocean which Balboa had seen at the other extremity of South America and named the South Sea. So mild and pleasant did it appear to Magellan, in contrast with the fierce Atlantic storms they had encountered, that he named it the Pacific Ocean, the name it still bears.

So much had been done, but more and worse lay before them. Hitherto much of their journey had been over known waters, now they were afloat on an ocean on which sail had never been set, and of whose vastness they did not dream. Had they known what lay before them even the iron-hearted Magellan might have turned back in dismay. But he headed north-



VIEW IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

ward to escape the wintry chill, and sailed steadily into the vast unknown, while months and months passed by and still the waves heaved and rolled about them, and some of them began to think that mighty ocean had no end.

It was in October that they sailed through the mountain-bordered strait. Nearly three months passed before they saw land again, and then it was only a little islet in the unfathomable ocean. Eleven days more brought them to another rocky isle, where there was neither water nor food. They had already gone in the Pacific twice as far as Columbus sailed after he left the Canaries, and they would have utterly despaired if they had known that five thousand miles were to be passed before they would see land again.

As they went on their sufferings were terrible. Their food was gone. Their water was unfit to drink. Magellan's words came true, they were forced to eat the leather off the ship's yards. This they dragged through the sea with ropes for several days to soften it. Scurvy attacked them, and many died. Others grew so weak with hunger that they could scarcely lift their hands. Fortunately, the ocean kept true to its name of Pacific, and no storm assailed them. There was nothing to do but to go on. To go back now would mean certain death.

At length, on March 6, 1521, their eyes gladly gazed on land again, large and fertile islands, whose people proved such inveterate thieves that they named them the Ladrones, or robbers' islands. Here their dreadful sufferings ended, for they found fruit and meat in plenty. Ten days later the three ships reached the islands now known as the Philippines, and the mighty work of circumnavigating the globe was practically at an end, for Magellan soon learned that he was not far

from the Moluccas, where he had left Captain Serrano years before.

The great navigator had won undying fame, but he was near the end of his career. After his wonderful success, a desire to convert the people of these islands to Christianity led to his death. The king of the island of Cebu and his people were quite ready to burn their idols and to accept the white men's god, but when the king of Cebu called on the neighboring king of Matan to do him homage as a Christian, the pagan king refused. War broke out; Magellan and his men were drawn into it; a fight took place on April 27, 1521, in which the Spaniards were driven to their boats by hosts of islanders, and Magellan, who fought bravely among the last, was hurled to the earth and thrust through with a dozen deadly weapons. Thus, in the effort to convert pagans by force of arms, the hero of two great oceans lost his life.

We must briefly complete our tale. Of the two hundred and eighty men who had sailed from Spain nearly a year and a half before, only one hundred and fifteen now remained. Of their ships, the "Concepcion," being no longer seaworthy, was dismantled and burned. The "Trinidad" and "Victoria" were alone left, and in these the survivors sailed to the Moluccas, where they spent some time in trading. Here the "Trinidad" sprang a leak, and while she was being repaired the little "Victoria," with forty-seven men under Captain Elcano, set sail for home. It was now December 18.

On May 16, 1522, she rounded the Cape of Good Hope, with scurvy and starvation thinning her crew, and her masts in bad condition. The equator was crossed on June 8. On July 13 some men who had landed at the Cape Verde Islands for food were seized

by the Portuguese, and the little ship had to make haste away. At last, on September 6, 1522, exactly thirty years after Columbus had sailed on his memorable cruise, the "Victoria" sailed into the Guadalquivir, with eighteen half-starved survivors to tell of her victory over the great oceans of the earth. As for the "Trinidad," she never reached Europe again, and of her crew only Captain Espinosa and three men lived to set eyes once more on Spain.

Thus ended the most remarkable ocean voyage ever undertaken. Fifty-five years passed before the earth was again circumnavigated, this time by Sir Francis Drake, but he sailed over comparatively known seas, and his exploit sinks into insignificance as compared with that of the intrepid Magellan, who plunged fearlessly into the vast unknown.

It is sad that he did not survive to wear the crest granted by the sovereign of Spain, a globe, round which ran the proud inscription, "Thou first encompassed me." His wife and child were also dead, and the crest, with a pension, was granted to Elcano, captain of the "Victoria," who had been one of the old mutineers. Espinosa, who did so much to quell the mutiny, was also made a noble of Spain and pensioned by the king.

FERDINAND CORTÉS AND THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

While the Spaniards were settling the West India Islands, peopled by simple-minded natives, and exploring the coast lands of South America, many of the inhabitants of which were warlike savages, they little dreamed that westward from Cuba lay a rich and populous country with highly developed arts and customs and a civilization of its own. In 1517 Francisco de Cordova touched on the shores of this land, and, to his surprise, saw well-clad people and large stone buildings. Juan de Grijalva went there the next year. When he came back to Cuba, he brought startling news that stirred up the Spaniards as they had not been stirred since Columbus came back from his first voyage.

They still had the idea that it was Asia that Columbus had reached, and looked in vain for the rich island of Cipango and the great empire of Cathay, or China, of which Marco Polo had brought back such glowing accounts. But where were the riches and magnificence of the Orient for which their souls craved? They had found only forest-grown countries, with rude villages instead of splendid cities, and half-naked savages instead of civilized peoples. It is not surprising that they grew hopeless and discontented, and that their hopes were kindled anew when Grijalva brought back news of a land profuse in gold and treasures and where a mighty king ruled over many cities and a great nation. This, they said, must be the Great Khan of Cathay; this the land which Columbus had sought to reach.

Here was a haven of glory and gold. The tidings roused the Spanish cavaliers like the sound of a martial trumpet. Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, at once determined to send out an expedition for the conquest of this glittering prize. Volunteers were many among the adventurous spirits swarming around him. The important thing was to find a commander suited for so great and perilous an enterprise. As it chanced the man was at hand, a man formed by nature to make one of the great captains of the world. His name was Hernando Cortés.

Had he sought the world over, Velasquez could not have found a man better fitted for such an enterprise than the one whom fortune had placed at his right hand. In 1504 Cortés, an adventurous and ambitious young Spaniard, had come over seas to Hispaniola. In 1511 he had helped Velasquez in the conquest of Cuba, and was now alcalde, or chief judge, of the new town of Santiago in that island. A genial, reckless, fun-loving fellow, as he had always seemed, he made friends wherever he went, getting into many scrapes by his wild pranks and getting out of them again by his bold daring. Such was the man who asked Velasquez for the command of the expedition to Mexico, and to whom Velasquez granted it.

No one, not even Cortés himself, knew the kind of man that Cortés really was. He had abilities not yet developed. He was the man to rise to the height of a great opportunity. Brave as Achilles, crafty and persistent as Ulysses, fertile in expedients, unscrupulous in action, coolest and readiest when danger was greatest, with the faculty of winning the loyalty and affection of his followers, the daring to face the most perilous situations, and the intuitive knowledge of the right thing to do at the moment of greatest peril, Her-

nando Cortés was born to take rank with the great captains of the earth.

He showed what was in him at the start. Velasquez grew afraid to trust him, and resolved to take the command from his hands and put another man in his place. Cortés received his messages politely, but sailed away. He was not the man for a Spanish governor to play fast and loose with.

The expedition he commanded consisted of ten ships manned by six hundred and seventeen men, under experienced captains and well provided with weapons and munitions of war. He landed in Mexico on March 4, 1519, his ships, his artillery, his horses, the steel armor worn by himself and his men, their clothing, their complexion, all filling the Mexicans with awe and admiration. To them the new-comers seemed divine beings.

Cortés quickly showed the metal of which he was made. Soon after landing he laid out a new town which he named Vera Cruz, framed a government, gave up his commission from Velasquez, and had the new government elect him captain-general of the expedition. Then he did the most daring thing of his life,—he had his ships scuttled and sunk. This was the act of a man who meant conquest or death; he had destroyed the means of return, and taught his men that all their hopes lay ahead, none lay behind. They stood on the shores of a populous and warlike kingdom which they must win or perish. It looked, indeed, as if only death lay before them, for the attempt to conquer an empire with such a force seemed the act of madness. The destruction of the ships was one of those acts of desperate valor which only men of genius perform.

It was a daring march which the band of Cortés made inward,—four hundred and fifty armed men in all, with six small cannon and fifteen horses. It was

the horses with steel-clad warriors on their backs that frightened the people far more than everything else. Terrible monsters they seemed, half man, half beast, from which the inhabitants fled in mortal terror. On and on went the Spaniards, Montezuma, the emperor of the Aztecs, sending messengers to stop them, but sending no soldiers to attack them. Gradually they climbed up from the coast lands to the upper level, seven thousand feet above sea level. The Aztecs seemed paralyzed by this steady invasion of their country, and even let the Spaniards throw down their idols without raising a hand in their defence.

The first active foes they found were the Tlascalans, a warlike tribe which the Aztecs had for years sought in vain to conquer. When the Spaniards marched into their territory the bold Tlascalans made a fierce attack upon them. They were armed with bows and arrows, lances, slings, and swords with sharp blades of obsidian, or lava glass. These weapons availed little against the steel swords, the muskets and cannons of the invaders, while the terrible horsemen swept through and through the native ranks, making havoc wherever they went. For two days the fight went on. By the end of that time a multitude of the brave Tlascalans had fallen, and only one or two of the Spaniards had been slain.

Then the Tlascalans planned a night attack, but Cortés was alert and discovered their plans, defeating the host waiting to fall on his camp. This dismayed the Tlascalans. They were now glad to make an alliance with these irresistible strangers, who fought them with thunder and lightning and terrible beasts. Cortés, by those few days of fighting, had made a remarkable gain. He had now for allies the most powerful enemies of the Aztecs. When he marched

forward again, he had with him a large body of the brave warriors of Tlascala, men who had always held their own against Montezuma's strongest armies.

On reaching Cholula, a strong Aztec town, the Spaniards were met by a delegation from the chiefs, who gave them a warm welcome. The Tlascalans were left outside, but the Spaniards were invited in and kindly entertained. There was nothing to show that this was a mere trap, that the chiefs of the town had laid a plot to destroy the unwelcome invaders, and had prepared a strong ambush to attack them unawares.

Cortés now faced one of the great perils of his life. Fortunately, he had with him a handsome young Indian woman, who had fallen in love with him. Malina, as she was named, was shrewd and quick-witted. She overheard the talk in the town, and discovered the whole conspiracy, which she reported to Cortés. The alert general lost no time. Cannon were placed during the night in readiness to sweep the streets. He invited the chiefs to visit him the next morning and receive his farewell. They came, not dreaming that their plot was exposed, and were thunderstruck when he told them they were his prisoners, and even picked out the most guilty of them.

As they talked a fearful noise met their ears, never before heard in the streets of Cholula. It was the roar of the cannon, whose balls were ploughing lanes of death through the host of waiting warriors. At the same time the Tlascalan allies rushed into the town and cut down all they met. Hundreds, perhaps several thousands, were slain before the massacre ceased. A few of the captured chiefs were burned at the stake, to fill the minds of the others with terror. When the

Spaniards marched out of Cholula, the land before them lay in mortal dread.

Past town after town they went in peace and safety until the great valley in which now lies the city of Mexico was reached. This populous valley was studded with cities and towns, and in its midst lay the Aztec capital, in the centre of a large lake, with narrow causeways connecting it with the main-land. It was a place that might have been defended against a hundred times their force if a soldier had sat on Montezuma's throne. But weak and vacillating, not sure even yet that his visitors were mortal men, the scared monarch opened his capital to them and invited them into the central citadel of his kingdom.

It was on November 8, 1519, that Cortés and his men, with their Tlascalan allies, marched into the inland city and took up their quarters in a great house set aside for them by the emperor. But they were not there a day before they saw their great danger. If Montezuma should grow hostile to them they would be like so many rats in a trap. How would they ever escape from this city in the heart of a lake, and with only narrow avenues leading to the land?

The situation was one that it needed a man of genius to meet. A decisive act, like that of the sinking of the ships at Vera Cruz, must be taken. The step taken by Cortés was one of extraordinary boldness. He seized Montezuma in the heart of his kingdom and held him prisoner. He had learned that the people looked upon their emperor as a god, and would take no step not commanded by him. With Montezuma in their hands the Spaniards were lords of the country.

Meanwhile, Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, was taking steps to punish Cortés for disobeying his orders. He sent an expedition of eighteen ships and

twelve hundred soldiers to Vera Cruz to arrest the rebel and bring him back. Cortés was not dismayed. Leaving Alvarado, one of his captains, with one hundred and fifty men, in the Aztec capital, he marched with three hundred men to the coast, defeated Narvaez by a night attack, told his men that wealth awaited them in Mexico, and marched back with an army more than four times as strong as that with which he had come.

But meanwhile Alvarado was making mischief. Fearful of being attacked by the Aztecs, he fell upon them during a day of festival, and killed about six hundred of them, many of their chiefs being slain. This useless and cruel massacre maddened the people, and when Cortés entered the city he found them wild with rage. They called a council, elected Montezuma's brother emperor in his place, and attacked the Spaniards with a mighty host of warriors. A frightful battle took place, in which the streets ran red with blood.

Cortés, not knowing that a new emperor had been elected, brought Montezuma to the roof of their stronghold and bade him quiet the people. The attempt was fatal to the poor Indian. Darts and stones were hurled at him by the people, and one of these inflicted a fatal wound. He died after a few days of suffering.

Cortés had returned to the city on June 24. On July 1, the day after Montezuma's death, knowing that his men would be blockaded and starved if they remained, he led them from their stronghold and sought to leave the city.

It was late at night. The city lay quiet. All seemed lost in slumber. There was no hindrance to the march of the Spaniards until they reached one of the great

causeways leading from the city. Then the capital seemed suddenly to awake. The huge drums of the priests beat loudly from the temple heights. Armed men swarmed from every lane and street. Other hosts appeared on the lake in canoes and attacked their enemies on the narrow road. The drawbridges that crossed the causeway had been removed, leaving wide gaps of water to be crossed. Rarely has there been a fiercer conflict or a more terrible night. It is still known in history as *la noche triste*, the night of sadness.

When the firm land was reached, of the twelve hundred and fifty Spaniards only five hundred remained; of six thousand Tlascalans four thousand had perished; the eighty horses had been reduced to twenty. The cannon were all gone, and forty Spaniards remained alive in Aztec hands to be sacrificed to their terrible god of war. Cortés seated himself on a rock, buried his face in his hands, and shed bitter tears.

All seemed at an end. The only hope remaining to the Spanish leader was to reach Tlascala and seek for aid from his allies. But to reach there it was necessary to pass through the valley of Otumba, and this was found to be filled from side to side with furious foes. Thousands upon thousands faced the few hundreds of the Spaniards. There was only one thing to do; they must cut their way through this mighty multitude or die. Die they would surely have done had not Cortés beheld the great standard of the Aztecs, cut his way through the dense throng surrounding it, seized it, and hurled it to the ground. On seeing it fall the Aztec host broke and fled in terror, and once more Cortés and his men were safe.

In the six months that followed, Cortés worked like a hero. He gained many allies among the tribes, most

of whom hated the Aztecs. His great victory at Otumba had made them think him invincible. He sent some of the ships of Narvaez to Hispaniola for men, horses, and cannon, and gathered a force of nearly a thousand well-armed men, eighty-six horses, and a dozen cannon. He was ready to return.

On Christmas Day of 1520 the march back began, Cortés being as determined as ever to conquer the Aztec kingdom, and win Mexico for Spain. With him were several thousand Indian warriors. As he neared the doomed city, the Tezcucans, a powerful tribe in alliance with the Aztecs, turned upon their old friends and joined Cortés. A fleet of brigantines was built and launched upon the lake. He was not going to trust again to the causeways without support.

The siege that followed was long and bitterly contested. The Aztecs were noted for their desperate courage, and they now had a new leader, Guatemotzin, a brave and able soldier. The fighting was incessant and terrible. Step by step the besiegers fought their way inward. Food failed the people, their city being now hemmed in by foes, but they fought on through hunger and thirst, death and ruin, until there was scarcely a man left to fight. At length, on August 13, 1521, the terrible contest came to an end, and what was left of the capital of the Aztec kingdom lay in the hands of Spain.

Cortés had conquered where perhaps not another man then living in Spain could have succeeded. To win a great and populous empire with a handful of men demanded remarkable qualities, and Hernando Cortés possessed these qualities. In view of the surprising character of his conquest, he deserves to rank among the greatest conquerors of the world.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO AND THE LAND OF THE INCAS

In the story of Balboa mention was made of a wonderful land of gold, of which the Indians had told him. It lay somewhere on the shores of the great South Sea he had gazed upon, and he was preparing to set sail for this realm of marvel when the cruel and treacherous Davila put him to death. For seven years afterwards nothing more was done. The golden kingdom was suffered to rest in peace in the heart of the unknown seas. But during this time the rich Aztec empire had been invaded and conquered, and the daring warriors of Spain began to dream of new worlds to win. The leader who now came forward was Francisco Pizarro, a comrade of Balboa in his great adventure, and a man well fitted for the enterprise.

Pizarro came from the same part of Spain that had given birth to Cortés and Balboa. He had been a swineherd in his youth, and had no education, never learning even to write his own name. But he was bold and ambitious, and in time sought the New World, where he took part in various daring and perilous expeditions. He was cruel and unscrupulous, a very different man from either Balboa and Cortés, but he was brave, unyielding, and enterprising, and fortune came to his aid.

By 1524, Davila, the murderer of Balboa, had crossed the isthmus and built the city of Panama on its western shores. This was the point of departure of the new expedition, in which Pizarro was associated with two of his friends, by name Almagro and

Luque. Governor Davila consented to the enterprise, and the three friends prepared to invade the land of gold.

The first expedition, sent out in 1524, got as far as the San Juan River, not one-third of the way, and then turned back, battered and worn. A second expedition set sail in 1526, which also reached the San Juan. From here Almagro was sent back for men and provisions, and when he reached the San Juan again he found Pizarro and his followers nearly dead with hunger. Yet they sailed onward, this time coming nearly to the equator, and landing on the miserable little island of Gallo. Pizarro waited here while Almagro once more went back to Panama for help.

As may be seen, there was plenty of staying power in Francisco Pizarro. There was no food on the island of Gallo. For weeks the fierce tropical rains poured down on the heads of the miserable adventurers. When at length a ship came to their rescue, it proved to be one sent by the governor to bring back Pizarro and his men. The governor had not permitted Almagro to return, and thought it time to put an end to the whole mad business.

But he reckoned without Francisco Pizarro. Most of his men, worn and weary, were glad of the chance to return, but their resolute commander had set his face forward and was bent on going ahead. Drawing his long sword, he traced a line on the sandy beach. "Ease and safety lie north of that line," he said; "gold and glory lie south. Choose which side you will; for me I choose the south."

He stepped across the line. Sixteen determined fellows followed him. The rest chose the north, and sailed away, leaving Pizarro and his bold sixteen to face the horrors of the desolate isle. But they soon

built a raft, and paddled to the neighboring island of Gorgona, where they lived on shell-fish and such birds as they could shoot. And here they waited for seven long months before another ship came to their aid. Desperate, indeed, their road to fortune must now have seemed.

But their faces were still set forward. No suffering could wear out Pizarro's stern resolve. Taking the little vessel sent them, they sailed on down the coast and soon found themselves in new scenes and on the borders of the Inca's empire. In time they came to a large city of the coast, filled with busy people, and presenting astonishing signs of wealth and civilization. From Tumbez, as this place was called, they coasted onward for several hundred miles, beholding everywhere indications of a rich and settled kingdom. Pizarro had seen enough. To invade this great realm men and arms were necessary. He returned to Panama, bringing vases of gold and silver and other evidences of the wealth and arts of the land. And from Panama he went to Spain, to show these rich objects and obtain the favor of the king.

It was in the spring of 1532 that Pizarro reached Tumbez again. He had with him now about two hundred men and fifty horses. With the party were his four brothers, whom he had brought from Spain. Later on, Fernando de Soto joined him with one hundred men and some more horses. At Tumbez they remained, having various adventures, until September, 1532, when the fateful inward march began. Pizarro took with him on this journey about two-thirds of his men, leaving the others in a fort he had built on the coast. It was an enterprise of remarkable daring, more dangerous in its way than that of Cortés, for this was not a country of many tribes among whom they could

look for allies. Here all the people were faithful subjects of the Inca, and the newcomers would have to depend on their own good swords.

Yet fortune aided the invaders. A civil war had lately been raging in the land between Huascar, the rightful Inca, and his half-brother, Atahualpa, who had no just claim to the throne. But Atahualpa won, capturing Huascar and entering the capital city of Cuzco in triumph. This had hardly been done when strange tidings were brought to the new monarch. White and bearded strangers, clad in shining armor and riding on monstrous animals, had come into Peru from the sea, and were marching inward, bringing with them great black tubes filled with thunder and lightning. Wherever they went the people looked on them with wonder and terror. The roar of the cannon filled them with utter dismay. Mysterious beings they were, with the power of the gods in their hands. Their leader must be the son of Viracocha, the great god of Peru, the deity who wielded the thunder of the clouds.

When Atahualpa heard of these wonderful strangers he thought it wise to win their good will, and sent to them his brother, with presents and words of welcome. When Titu, the envoy, reached them they were already at the foot of the great mountain-range of the Andes, which they must cross to reach the main seat of the Inca's power. Atahualpa was now at Caxamarca, on the opposite side of the mountains, and thither Pizarro made his way, with toil and danger, across the mighty hills, reaching that place on November 15, 1532.

Caxamarca was a small town of about two thousand inhabitants. In its centre was a broad, open square, and around this stood large stone buildings,

AMONG THE SNOWS OF THE HIGH ANDES

in which the Spaniards were given quarters by order of the Inca. Atahualpa and his army lay encamped about two miles away, the warriors wearing quilted doublets of cotton, carrying shields of stiff hide, and armed with bows, slings, lances, and war-clubs, with lassoes, in whose use they were well skilled.

The Spaniards had much reason to feel anxious. With the mountain-range behind them, the army of Peru before them, they were in as dangerous a trap, if the Inca should prove hostile, as Cortés had been in the water-locked city of Mexico. They had put their heads in the lion's jaws, and dare not withdraw. The situation was critical. Only judgment, prompt decision, and the boldest daring could save them if the friendly spoken Inca should cherish hostile intentions.

Fear or distrust must not be shown. On the very afternoon of their arrival a band of horsemen, led by De Soto and Fernando Pizarro, a brother of their leader, visited the Inca at his camp and invited him to a conference with their commander the next day in the market-place of Caxamarca. A circle of chiefs surrounded Atahualpa, and they gazed with astounded eyes as the skilled De Soto forced his trained horse to wheel and prance about in swift evolutions, in which the man seemed part of the steed.

Probably it was superstitious dread and bewildered feeling that induced the Inca to promise a visit to these wonderful strangers. Perhaps he hoped to enlist their aid in his wars. Certainly he did not dream of any peril in visiting their camp. But the Spaniards were in a situation in which they felt that no half measures would avail. They remembered the striking act of Cortés in making Montezuma his prisoner, and Pizarro felt that his only hope lay in following this example. The Inca once in his hands, he might com-

mand the Peruvians as Cortés had commanded the Mexicans.

But Pizarro had none of the craft and subtlety of Cortés. What the latter did by the arts of diplomacy, Pizarro planned to do by brutal force, and all that night was spent in preparation for the treacherous deed. When the Inca entered the town the next day, in the midst of a strong escort of troops, the only man ready to meet him was a cowled priest, who talked a long time in a language the Inca could not understand, and in the end handed him a Bible, which the monarch, angry at the seeming discourtesy, flung disdainfully to the ground.

A moment later the Spanish war-cry, "Santiago," was heard, and from every doorway armed men poured out, falling in fury upon the escort of the Inca and cutting the helpless and astounded men down by hundreds. As for Atahualpa, he was seized and hurried into the Spanish barracks, where he found himself a prisoner in Pizarro's hands.

Daring and desperate as was the scheme, its success was extraordinary. The army, reft of its leader, was dismayed. The people, to whom their Inca was far more than a mere man, were helpless. Not a hand was raised against the terrible strangers, and for a time the whole country lay like a fettered captive at their feet. There was no hostility, no assault, as in the case of Cortés. So paralyzed were the people that Fernando Pizarro, with twenty horsemen and a few musketeers, made a journey of four hundred miles to the famous temple of Pachacamac, destroyed its idol, and carried off its golden ornaments without a hand being raised against them.

Pizarro treated his captive with politeness and kindness, but took the best of care that he should not es-

cape. The Inca, surprised to see how eager the Spaniards were for gold, fancied that he might buy his freedom, and one day made an extraordinary offer. He promised to fill the room in which he stood—a room twenty-two feet long by seventeen wide—with gold up to a line on the walls as high as he could reach, if they would set him free.

This unparalleled offer astounded the Spaniards. Such a ransom had never been dreamed of in all the history of the world. The invaders heard the offer with gasping astonishment, and Pizarro hastily accepted it. Only a man to whom gold was useless dross could have done less.

Atahualpa at once sent messengers far and wide, and soon the gold began to arrive. His word was to the people a sacred command. Much of the gold was in the form of vases and ornaments of which the temples were stripped. Yet the distances were great, and the sum of gold to be gathered was immense. Some of the priests hid the gold of their temples and would not send it. Months passed, and by June, 1533, the vast bulk was not yet complete. But the covetous Spaniards, eager to share the yellow spoil, would not wait longer, and the great sum, said to have been worth more than fifteen million dollars in our money, and, in addition, a vast store of silver, was divided between the conquerors. Every man got his share, and Fernando Pizarro was sent to Spain with the share of the king.

When he arrived there and told the story of the marvellous ransom, and showed in evidence the treasure he had brought, it was to the people of Spain as if Aladdin's magical lamp had been rubbed and the gnomes of the underworld had brought up their golden spoil. Eagerness to share in this wonderful wealth ran

from end to end of the land, and the adventurous sons of Spain began again to flock in multitudes to the New World, Golden Peru being now their goal. Francisco Pizarro was created a marquis and made governor of the new realm, while his partner, Almagro, was placed over the country to the south, the land we now call Chile.

But before this was done important events had taken place in Peru. Huascar, the imprisoned Inca, hearing of Atahualpa's ransom, offered the Spaniards a greater treasure still if they would set him free and support him against his rival. Soon after this Huascar was secretly murdered in his cell. The Spaniards blamed Atahualpa for this, and they professed to believe that he was also sending out secret instructions to his chieftains, bidding them to rise against the insolent strangers.

All this gave Pizarro the excuse he wanted to break faith with the Inca. Though the ransom had been paid, he dared not set his captive free, fearing that he would rouse the country in arms against him. The least excuse sufficed. The unfortunate Inca was put on trial before a court of his foes, on the charges of conspiring against the whites, murdering his brother, and the practice of idolatry and polygamy. Pizarro was determined on his death, and the unhappy prisoner was convicted and sentenced to the dreadful fate of being burned at the stake. As he consented to receive baptism his sentence was changed, and on August 29, two months after paying his enormous ransom, the Inca, Atahualpa, was put to death by strangling in the public square of Caxamarca.

With this act of shameless treachery we might conclude the story of the conquest of Peru, but there are events of importance still to narrate. The death of

Atahualpa was followed by a show of hostilities among the Peruvians, but when Pizarro proclaimed Manco, the next in line of succession after Huascar, as Inca, and Manco came into the Spanish camp and made formal submission to the strangers, Pizarro's triumph seemed complete. He was lord of the land which lay prostrate before his feet. Spaniards were hurrying to the country, and his force constantly increased. In 1535, that he might have a seat of government near the coast, he founded the city of Lima, which he made his capital, leaving his brother Fernando in command at Cuzco.

He did not know the new Inca. A true patriot, Manco's submission was made merely to gain time. Under cover of it he planned an insurrection, and when the proper moment arrived he escaped from Cuzco and joined the patriot chiefs. Suddenly rebellion broke out on all sides. Cuzco was surrounded by a vast host of dusky warriors, communication with Lima was cut off, and for six months the old Inca capital was fiercely besieged. Manco seized a great fortress overlooking the city, on which vigorous assaults were made, the little band of Spaniards within the walls having to defend themselves against terrible odds. But they held their own with desperate valor, and finally succeeded in taking the fortress of the Inca by storm.

Fear of famine at length broke up the Inca's army. It was the planting season, and many of his men had to go home and attend to their farms, lest starvation should come upon the land. Manco retired with the remainder of his army to the valley of Yucay, and here he met Almagro, who was returning from his invasion of Chile. A battle followed in which the Peruvians were badly beaten, and from that time forward the

Spaniards had little trouble with the people of the land.

But they had fighting enough among themselves. Almagro, who felt that he had been badly treated, was incensed against Pizarro, and war broke out between the two Spanish leaders. It ended, after several battles, in the defeat and execution of Almagro by Fernando Pizarro.

This was in 1538. Almagro was gone, but many of the " men of Chile," as his followers were called, remained. Pizarro might have won these over by a show of generosity, but he made bitter foes of them by treating them with harsh severity. As a result a conspiracy was formed against his life, and on Sunday, June 26, 1541, a band of the conspirators broke into the governor's palace and killed him after he had slain several of them in his desperate struggle for life. Thus perished the conqueror of Peru after one of the most remarkable and successful careers that human being has ever had.

CABEZA DE VACA AND HIS CAREER OF ADVENTURE

It may seem strange to many readers that the adventurous people of Spain, who sent so many expeditions across the sea while the other nations rarely sent out a ship, made no settlement for many years within the limits of the United States. The islands first reached by Columbus were not far distant from the coast of this country, the West India Islands which they thickly settled lay not far to the south, yet it was not till 1565 that their first settlement in this country, that of St. Augustine in Florida, was made.

If we seek for a cause of this we may find it in the persistent hostility of the Indians. Here were no mild and submissive natives like those of the southern isles, and here were no empires rich in gold to give birth to the enterprise of a Cortés or a Pizarro. There were only poor and scattered tribes, inveterately warlike and hostile, and with no treasures worth the winning.

This is what Ponce de Leon found, and it was the experience of those who followed him. Various ships touched on the Floridian shores, but no colony was there founded. Chief among the explorers of the northern coast were Francisco de Garay, who in 1519 sailed along and mapped the Gulf coast from Florida westward,—the mouth of the Mississippi River being marked on his map,—and Vasquez de Ayllon, who in 1520 sailed up the Atlantic coast and tried to make a settlement which is thought to have been on the James

River in Virginia, near the later site of Jamestown. We may name also Stephen Gomez, the pilot of the ship that deserted Magellan in the strait that bears his name, and who in 1525 sailed along the North American coast, putting into the bays of New England and the Hudson. But there were two whose explorations were of far more importance, De Narvaez and De Soto, the adventures of each of whom are worthy of a detailed account.

Pamphilo de Narvaez was a man whom we can credit with neither virtue nor ability, yet he obtained from Charles V. of Spain the privilege of subduing and settling—if he could—the country of Florida from the Atlantic back to the Palmas River. It was Narvaez who was sent by the governor of Cuba to take Cortés prisoner, and who managed so badly that Cortés took him prisoner instead. He lost one eye in this affair, but the other eye led him into a more dangerous adventure still.

Narvaez was rich, but like many of his kind he craved gold still, and was willing to squander what he had in pursuit of more. He found many others as covetous and as adventurous as himself, and in June, 1527, set sail from Spain with an expedition in which were men of good estate, some of them noblemen's sons. During that year he spent his time in the West Indies, sailing along the south coast of Cuba, touching at port after port. But in the spring of 1528, while heading for Havana, he was blown out of his course and up the west coast of Florida, where he put into Tampa Bay on April 14. With him, as treasurer of the expedition, came Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the man whose name heads this story, since in it he is a far more important character than Narvaez, its incompetent leader.

The governor of Florida, as the king had named Narvaez, landed two days after reaching Tampa Bay and took possession of the province in the name of Spain. This was an easy thing to do, needing only a little empty ceremony, but to take possession of it in reality was a different matter, as Ponce de Leon had found and as Pamphilo de Narvaez was soon to find. He had two enemies to deal with, wild nature and the equally wild natives. Many of these watched the unwelcome Spaniards as they hoisted their flag, hoping to see them take to their ships and depart. But some of the Indians had shown the visitors samples of gold, with gestures which seemed to mean that this yellow metal came from the north. The sight of gold acted like a magnet on the Spaniards; there was no getting rid of them when they had once caught its yellow gleam.

Narvaez prepared to leave his ships and strike into the country, giving orders to have them taken to a harbor which the pilot pretended to be familiar with. Against this action Cabeza de Vaca made an earnest protest, distrusting either the pilot or the leader; but all he could say had no effect, and on the 1st of May the explorers, three hundred in number, forty of them mounted, left the coast and struck into the utterly unknown land. What became of the ships we are not told.

The wanderers, as they advanced into that low-lying and swamp-covered country, a soil of sand and lime, a land without hills, yet with ever-flowing streams and deep morasses, were attracted by frequent scenes of rural beauty. Here were groves of the graceful palmetto, the lofty pine, cypress, and sweet gum. Of choice beauty were the broad-leaved, shining magnolias. Many trees met their eyes of surprising height;

others, the moss-fringed live oaks, were of such mighty girth as seemingly to defy the axe.

Birds of splendid plumage, and others humbler in attire but of delightful song, haunted these groves, and under the fragrant shade were seen many animals, all of them new and strange to the eyes of the adventurers. Among the larger were the bear, deer of varied kinds, and the panther, which they thought to be the lion. But it was wild nature all, diversified by no towns rich and populous, yielding no trace of the yellow evil that lured them on.

Rivers crossed their path, which they were fain to cross on rafts, or by swimming. Food grew so scarce that a field of green maize which they met seemed a gift from God to save them from death by hunger. The middle of June had passed when they came to the broad and deep Suwanee River, a swift stream, which obliged them to halt and build a large canoe to carry them across. At length their weary footsteps led them to the Indian settlement of Appalachee, which in the native stories had grown into a large and populous town, and where they hoped to find food and gold. To their bitter disappointment they saw before them a village of some forty wretched huts.

The adventurers were fast falling into a deplorable condition. Nowhere had they found a trace of the rich country which they sought. Food grew scarce and at times failed them utterly. The natives were everywhere hostile and, skilled in archery and the arts of ambush, greatly harassed the invading foe. Remaining for nearly a month at Appalachee, they searched for gold and silver through the country round, but found little beyond active enemies, while food grew daily more difficult to obtain.

At length, worn out by the incessant and fierce at-

tacks of the warlike tribes and weakened by famine, they started despairingly in search of the sea, wandering through the forest and wading streams and deep lagoons until they reached the Gulf shore at a harbor which they called the Baia de Caballos. It is now known as St. Mark's.

Here it was that they hoped to find the ships, but no trace of them could be seen. As De Vaca feared, their pilot had failed them. There was but one way by which they could escape from that inhospitable coast, they must build boats and take to the sea. For food they had the remainder of their horses and a large quantity of maize of which they had robbed the Indian granaries; and, sustaining themselves on this, they worked eagerly at their impromptu trade of boat-building. Their stirrups, spurs, the iron of their cross-bows, were forged into axes, saws, and nails, palmetto films served for oakum, the neighboring pines furnished pitch, and the work went on with fair speed.

In sixteen days five large boats, each over thirty feet in length, were finished and launched. Horse-hair ropes were twisted for rigging, their shirts were pieced together to serve as sails, oars were cut from felled saplings, and for water bottles they used the skins stripped unbroken from the lower legs of their horses. Then, on September 22, the survivors of the expedition, some two hundred and fifty in all, embarked and set sail. The effort to take possession of Florida was at an end.

We have hitherto said little about Cabeza de Vaca, who will be the hero of the remainder of this tale, and who, with a few companions, went through a series of surprising adventures before reaching the domains of civilization again. His career of adventure began when he was made captain of one of the

boats, a task for which he was ill fitted, since in the whole party there was not a man who knew the art of navigation.

Even had they been skilled mariners their task would have been difficult, for the boats were so overcrowded as to be in imminent danger, sinking so low that the water almost flowed over their sides. Thus sunken, they were entirely unfit for stormy weather. Along the shallow waters of the shore they crept for a week or more, when the crowding was somewhat relieved by some Indian canoes, which Cabeza found and added to their flotilla.

Onward they went, for a full month longer, suffering much from want of food and water and the perils of the way. They rarely dared venture on shore, where the hostile savages stood on guard; nor was it safe to lose sight of the land, without pilot or mariner on board. In the early evening of the 30th of October Cabeza, who led the van, found that he was in a broad current of fresh water, which came sweeping strongly out from the land, teaching him that they were in the mouth of a "very great river." It was the Mississippi, whose waters De Garay had seen nine years before and had named the river of the Holy Spirit.

The adventurers made an earnest effort to enter this great stream, in search of fuel to parch their corn, but the wind came from the north and the current was strong, and in the attempt the boats became separated and scattered along the coast. Narvaez kept close to the land, but Cabeza put boldly out to sea, leaving him behind and following another boat commanded by Alonso de Castillo. The winds now helped them, and for four days they went rapidly westward by aid of oars and sails. Then a storm from the east

struck the frail boat and drove it relentlessly forward for a day and a night, and early on the following morning swept it through the boiling surf and on the sands of an island which Cabeza named the Isle of Misfortune. From his account of this it seems to have been the island of Galveston, on which the busy seaport of Texas now stands.

There were Indians on the shore who howled on seeing the shipwreck, and howled louder still on seeing the boat, which the men pulled off the sands, upset in the surf. All was lost, even their clothing, which they had removed in their effort to save their boat. But fortunately for them the Indians proved friendly, their howls being cries of sympathy instead of hostility. They built fires to warm the shivering men, gave them food and shelter, and did all they could to soften their misfortune.

The boat of Castillo was wrecked a little farther up the coast, and he and his men also escaped with their lives. As for the remaining boats, their fate is unknown. Reports about them reached Cabeza at a later date to the effect that one of them foundered at sea, two ran ashore, the men who landed dying from hunger, while the boat of Narvaez was driven to sea again, and doubtless went down in the raging waves. Destiny had proved too strong for the covetous Spanish adventurer.

Cold and want and mutual suffering gradually had their effect on the men of Cabeza and Castillo. One by one they died until only four of the whole expedition remained alive, these being Cabeza, Castillo, Dorantes, a companion of the latter, and a negro named Estevanico, or Stephen, who was to play an interesting part in Mexico at a later date. And these survivors were in a deplorable state, cast half-naked

on a strange shore, all their possessions gone, themselves in the hands of savages of uncertain mood. Though friendly now, at any moment they might become their enemies.

The story of these four men is a remarkable one. For nearly six years they remained captives in the Indians' hands, and afterwards they wandered through the land from tribe to tribe. But through it all they bore up bravely against their misfortunes, and finally reached safety after crossing the continent on foot from sea to sea, the first men who accomplished this stupendous feat.

The leading spirit among them was the heroic Cabeza de Vaca, a man who held his own against all the ill strokes of fate or fortune, was ready to meet every perilous contingency, studied the habits and languages of the Indians, imitated them in their modes of life, and won fame among them as a medicine man of magical powers. We owe to his pen an accurate and complete account of the country he traversed and the tale of his adventures, one embellished with more amazing incidents than any other story of the pioneer sons of Spain. Earliest of the pathfinders of America, inspiring his often despairing companions with his own unflinching fortitude, this hero of the wilds led the way to safety through perils that would have dismayed any less resolute man.

Their progress from tribe to tribe was full of thrilling adventures. During the time they were held as slaves their captors kept them in the most abject bondage, on many days putting arrows to their breasts in the evening as a threat that they would kill them in the morning. After their escape from these they met with tribes that looked upon their white visitors as messengers from heaven, or sorcerers possessed of

magical powers. Some brought out their food that these inspired visitants might breathe upon it before they ate it, others laid before them their choicest possessions and begged them to accept the best of these, while in some cases thousands of them accompanied the wandering whites as guests of honor.

Cabeza and his comrades did much to gain this credit of divine powers with the savages by acting as doctors or medicine men, working wonderful cures by repeating the *pater-noster* or making the sign of the cross. They made their way onward also by peddling little articles from tribe to tribe, and thus gaining shelter and support. Separated and held prisoners by different tribes, they came together again at some point west of the Sabine River, and from this place gradually made their way towards the Spanish settlement on the Pacific.

Cabeza's narrative enables us to trace the path followed by the wanderers. After their escape from the savages of the coast, they headed inland, having learned that they would find there less cruel and more numerous peoples, and with the hope of being able some day to describe the land and its inhabitants for the world's benefit. Here for many months their roving feet led them from tribe to tribe through the interior of Texas, they going as far north as the Canadian River, then following Indian trails over the westward water-shed, and descending to the banks of the Rio Grande. As they wandered on they imitated the Indians by wearing deer-skins, and afterwards buffalo-robes, as winter clothing.

From the Rio Grande the castaways went slowly westward through New Mexico, from Indian town to town, their cheerful spirit enabling them to bear up against hunger, cold, and weariness, their courage and

readiness in resources guarding them against danger from wild beasts and hostile savages, until finally the continent was crossed and they reached the Pacific coast, treading the soil of civilization again in May, 1536, at the village of San Miguel in Sonora, after a wonderful journey of nearly two thousand miles in length.

Nine years had passed since they sailed with Narvaez from the Guadalquivir in Spain, and nearly eight years since they set sail in their frail boats from the harbor of St. Mark's. For six of these, as has been said, they were held in cruel captivity by the Indians of Texas. Then, escaping from their captors, they spent more than twenty months in their long journey to the far West, emerging at last like men risen from the dead on the western coast of Mexico, the first of men to cross the continent of North America in its full width.

The enthusiasm of their reception helped to repay them for their sufferings, a guard of honor of soldiers escorting them to Compostella, while throughout their journey to the city of Mexico they were entertained as public guests. Here we must take leave of the brave Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, with the statement that the story they told had its share in leading to another famous expedition, to be described in a later tale.

FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA: THE EXPLORATION OF THE AMAZON

NEVER had there been revealed to human eyes a more alluring prospect than that which opened out before the Spaniards in the New World. They stood on the shores of a virgin continent, of whose marvels no white man had ever gained a glimpse. What wonders it contained, what riches might lie hidden in its vast depths, what scenes of enchantment and realms of magic it concealed, no one could guess. Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth was but one of the waking dreams which filled men's minds in that age of credulity and superstition. Likely enough there were other wild fancies of which history has kept no record.

Men of enterprise and imagination must have been especially stirred to action after the conquest of Mexico and Peru and the undreamed-of ransom paid by Pizarro's royal captive. Here was gold surpassing the wildest hopes of the adventurers. No flitting phantom this, for here was the gleaming metal in vast profusion. And the wealth the Spaniards wrung from the captive Inca was fondly believed to be only a tithe of that concealed in the realms of Montezuma and the Incas, while who could say but that other golden empires lay in the depths of that wide continent? The prizes found lured them on to the hope of richer prizes still to be discovered.

Tales came from the natives to the ears of the Spaniards of distant lands immensely rich in gold, silver, and precious stones. There slowly grew up the belief

in a marvellous El Dorado, a region of fabulous wealth, whose capital was a mighty city of which the very watering troughs in the streets were of solid gold and silver, while billets of gold lay stored in heaps, like logs of wood piled up to burn. The proud monarch of this glittering realm had the luxurious habit of covering his body with turpentine and rolling in gold dust until he shone like a golden statue, while priceless gems gleamed and sparkled on his breast and limbs.

It is not surprising that many eager explorers set out in search of this city of dreamland, which the wild fancies of the Indians had painted in such glowing colors. But most of these adventurers found suffering and death instead of the wealth they craved. Latest of them all was the English knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, who set sail for El Dorado with his mind filled with glowing pictures and went far up the broad Orinoco in his fruitless and hapless quest. His fate was like that of Ponce de Leon, who was slain in his search for eternal youth. Raleigh's quest led to his execution at the demand of the King of Spain, whose realm he had invaded.

Yet while this land of gold—which fled like a Will o' the Wisp before those who sought it—was never found, the search for it led to important results in geographical discovery, the most famous instance of which was the exploration of the mighty Amazon River by Francisco de Orellana. The story of this daring voyage and the remarkable expedition which led to it, is one of the kind that does not grow stale in the telling.

It is indeed this daring excursion into the unknown with which we are here mainly concerned, Orellana's journey down the earth's grandest stream being merely

the sequel to an extraordinary event. In the year 1540 the expedition set out from Quito, led by Gonzalo Pizarro, one of the able brothers of the conqueror of Peru. It was a large and well-equipped force that followed this capable leader, consisting of three hundred and fifty Spaniards, nearly half of them mounted, and four thousand Indians, their food-supply including five thousand hogs, which they drove before them as they advanced.

In warm hope and buoyant expectation the adventurers set out, each of them, it may be, dreaming of building a noble castle in Spain from his share of the wealth to be found. Two years later a meagre and starving remnant returned in rags and misery, so worn and broken by famine and suffering that few of them ever regained their lost health and strength.

We shall not tell in detail the story of this expedition, for it is a part of it only with which we are closely concerned. It may be said that gold was not the leading object of their search. It has already been said that the spices of the East were among the choice prizes sought by Columbus and the mariners of Portugal. Spices it was that Pizarro sought. The Indians had told of a land beyond the mighty hills where the cinnamon-tree grew abundantly, and it was in quest of this fabled forest of spices that the adventurers faced the horrors of the ice-clad hills, the terror of whose crests and ravines they little knew.

As they marched onward the rainy season of the tropics opened its floodgates upon them. Torrents descended on their shivering bodies as they toiled over the steep and rugged Andes, shivering in the cold winds as they trudged through the loftier passes, scorching in the steaming tropical heats as they descended to the lower levels beyond.

Death came to many in that world of rocks and cliffs, especially to the poorly clad natives. At one point an earthquake shook the hills, the earth rending asunder and sulphurous fumes pouring forth. Months of this dismal passage went by before they left the mountains behind them and reached the region of the hoped-for cinnamon forests only to find that no such forests existed, or if any tree was found that shed the precious bark it was useless to them, as they had no means of transporting it back. But there was a new beacon light ahead, for the wandering natives they met told them of a land only ten days' journey away where gold in profusion was to be had.

What mattered the lack of spices when gold beckoned them onward? Before the allurement of that magical word all thought of suffering vanished and they toiled on, now over grassy plains, now through dense forests of enormous trees, where vines and creepers spread from tree to tree and the axe had to be used at every step.

Their clothing, rotted by the rains and torn by briars, hung about them in rags; their drove of swine had been partly eaten, while the remainder had escaped into the hills; their rain-soaked food was spoiled; the bloodhounds they had brought with them they were now forced to kill and eat, and when these lean and starved dogs were devoured no food remained but such as the forest afforded.

A miserable crew it was that at length came to the banks of a noble river, whose waters, emerging from the eastern Andes, poured swiftly through the dense tropical forest. It was the stream now known as the Napo, one of the larger feeders of the mighty Amazon. Gladdened by the sight, for many miles they followed its banks, at one place passing a grand

cataract, where the whole body of water plunged downward to an enormous depth. Still the alluring land of gold lay ahead, so the natives told them, and for many days they followed the river, hope gradually dying in their hearts. Everywhere in the New World the natives had told them that tale of gold to be found afar, probably to rid themselves of unwelcome guests.

Pizarro at length bade his men to halt. They were worn out with their toilsome progress and he resolved to build a vessel large enough to carry the baggage and the men who were unfit to walk.

Two months were spent in this labor, trees being felled and shaped by the axe, nails saved from the shoes of dead or slaughtered horses used in the timbers, the needed pitch got from gum-yielding trees, and oakum obtained from the rags of clothing which the men replaced by the skins of wild beasts. At length the first vessel that ever floated on these far inland waters was finished and launched. It was large enough to carry half the Spaniards that remained alive, and the command was given by Pizarro to Francisco de Orellana, a cavalier who had always shown himself brave and trusty.

The lately despairing Spaniards now went on with new hope and courage, the brigantine keeping pace with the men that marched by the river side, and taking on board all who broke down under the toil of the journey. Onward till the last of their horses had been killed and eaten and the very leather of their saddles and belts was devoured. Pizarro now decided to stop for rest, proposing to feed his men on such scant spoil as the forest offered, and send Orellana onward in the vessel to the fruitful country of which the Indians still told them. Taking fifty of the men on board, and promising to return with food when he

reached the land of which the natives so cheeringly spoke, Orellana gave the vessel freely to the swift current of the Napo, and it quickly vanished from the vision of those left behind. They were never to set eyes on it again.

Let us follow the voyage of the brigantine, the first craft larger than an Indian canoe till then seen on the waters of interior Brazil. A remarkable journey lay before it, more wonderful far than that of the famous Argonauts of Greece. There were thousands of miles of waters which no keel had ever ruffled, bordered by forests which the axe of the white man had never touched, and peopled by many tribes of wild savages to whom the coming of the Spaniards to their continent was still a thing unknown. Great and thrilling was the journey which lay before the new Argonauts.

On leaving the forest camp the brigantine, no longer forced to keep pace with the slow moving men on shore, passed rapidly down the swift stream, and in three days shot out from the Napo into the great parent river, the Amazon. It was a journey which it afterwards took Pizarro and his men two months to perform.

This point reached, Orellana eagerly looked about him for the cultivated land, rich in gold, of which the Indians had so confidently spoken. Instead he saw only a continuation of the tropical forest through which they had so long struggled, almost destitute of inhabitants, and scarcely furnishing food enough for himself and his few men.

The navigators were in a dilemma. It was impossible to return against the Napo's swift current. To go back by land was a task all shrank from undertaking, especially as they had no food or hopeful news to take with them. What were they to do? Should

they wait until the men they had left came on to meet them? In this difficult position Orellana forgot his honor and duty. He was on the waters of a grand river, which somewhere must flow into the ocean. On its banks, as he had been told, were populous nations, rich in wealth. There was glory almost rivalling that of Columbus awaiting the man who should first traverse this mighty stream and carry back to Spain the story of its discovery. And who knew but that the land of gold, an El Dorado far richer than that of Peru, lay somewhere on its banks?

When Orellana spoke of this scheme to his companions, he found them ready and eager to join in the daring enterprise. They had had enough and more than enough of the forest. In the brilliant prospect that opened before them they thought little of the friends they were deserting in the woodland wilds. One only among them, Sanchez de Vargas by name, opposed the project, which he spoke of as an inhuman and dishonorable desertion of their friends. But the yellow glitter of gold and the white light of glory shone too strongly now in Orellana's eyes for any argument to stop his treacherous purpose, and the dispute ended by his leaving De Vargas behind in the wilderness and trusting the brigantine, with the rest of his men on board, to the unknown waters lying before them. Or, it may be, as some tell us, he halted to build a new and stronger vessel.

The current still ran swiftly onward and the forest-built craft, rude but strong, shot rapidly along, the forest still closely clasping the wanderers in, but the miles slipping behind them at a rate that filled their souls with joyful hope. They little dreamed of the vast distance they had to go, the three thousand or more miles that lay between them and the sea, and in the

joy of swift flight down those noble waters, and in the strangeness of the scenes they met, forgot the friends they had left to their fate and heeded not the perils that might lurk in their path.

The Amazon, broad and noble as it is, is not devoid of dangers. Here there are long reaches of shallows; here rocks imperil the stream. Many times they were in frightful danger when shooting down the troubled waters of rapids; at other times protruding rocks threatened them with destruction. Yet fortune, which may favor the reckless as well as the brave, stood the friend of these daring voyagers, and they passed all the perils of the great stream unharmed. Condamine, who descended the Amazon two centuries later, tells us that the navigation is too difficult and dangerous to be ventured upon without the aid of a skilful pilot, yet these untrained adventurers, the first to launch a craft on its waters, went down its whole vast length unharmed.

At times they passed the mouths of other great streams, which, like the Napo, poured their waters into the mighty central flood. Forests of dense growth, and filled with trees of endless variety, bordered the river through much of its course, though at intervals broad savannas, or wide regions of swampy overflow, spread from its banks. The adventurers rarely dared set foot on land, for the Indians along the stream, numerous and warlike, were hostile throughout, and safety was to be found only on board their vessel. Nor was it assured there, for the hostile tribesmen at times pursued them for miles in their canoes.

This hostility rendered it difficult for the mariners to obtain food, but fortunately they found that the river swarmed with fish in great variety. Turtles were also numerous, and though their diet was limited in kind they were not likely to suffer from hunger. Aside

from the perils of the navigation, their chief danger came from the hostility of the natives to whom this strange thing afloat on their river and filled with white-skinned men was apparently a demon to be feared and assailed. Many of the adventurers were slain in their fierce encounters with the naked forest warriors, and more than once their toils and perils led to mutinous outbreaks. But these Orellana easily quelled, and finally the extraordinary voyage reached its end, and the brigantine, built in the forests of the far interior, rode at length safely on the Atlantic's swelling waves.

Here, for the first time, did Orellana learn what stream it was that he had traversed for months. It proved to be that mighty current which Pinzon had discovered many years before, and whose broad and deep flood freshens the ocean waters for one hundred miles from the shore.

The rude, forest-built brigantine, meant for river navigation only, dared the waves of the sea until the island of Cubagna was reached, and from here Orellana and his followers made their way to Spain, where the story of their wonderful adventure and discovery brought them the fame of which their leader so long had dreamed. The tale of actual wonders he had to tell was ornamented by Orellana with marvels still more agreeable to his open-eared hearers, and for which he could offer only the doubtful authority of the garrulous natives of Brazil.

He told of a glittering El Dorado, a land so rich in the precious metals that gold was used to roof the temples and was as little considered as lead in Spain. He had another story of a race of female warriors who dominated the countries round them by their prowess in war. To these was given the name of Amazons from the similar fabled race of classical

times, and this name has ever since been applied to the great South American stream.

Though he had not seen these marvels himself, Orellana had no trouble in finding believers for any tale, however wonderful, he chose to tell, and little time elapsed before he set out at the head of five hundred men in search of that El Dorado, the ardent quest of which continued for half a century after his death. The expedition proved a failure, Orellana dying on the voyage, while Spain got no profit from his discovery, since the river he had traversed fell within the Portuguese territory of Brazil.

Let us return now to Gonzalo Pizarro and his men, who had been heartlessly deserted in the far inland forest depths. After waiting long in vain for the return of their comrades, they broke camp and went on down the stream, two months passing before they reached the Amazon, five or six hundred miles away. Here they were met by the half-starved Sanchez de Vargas, and learned with horror and indignation of the base desertion of Orellana and his men.

There was but one thing to do, they must return to Quito, which they had left more than a year before. It was a thousand miles or more away, but Pizarro cheered them up by promising to take them back by another route which might bring them to the fruitful land of which they had heard so much. Glory would await them when they reached their native land. Cheered by this hopeful tone, in one who had freely shared all their perils and privations and had been a good comrade throughout, the wanderers set out with new trust in their leader, and began their toilsome journey home.

The new route proved an easier one than that taken before, but starting without food, and depending only

on such as they could find on their way, their sufferings were greater still than of old. Many of them had ended their journey in death before, in the month of June, 1542, the remainder set foot in Quito again, a miserable, woe-begone, ragged fragment of the gay troop of cavaliers who had set out so bravely from that upland town in the spring days of 1540. Of the Indians more than half had died, while only eighty of the Spaniards came back, worn and broken wretches, most of them, who would never know a well day again. As for the cinnamon and gold they sought, these treasures lay then and lie still in the unfathomed realm of romance.

HERNANDO DE SOTO AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

In the story of the conquest of Peru mention was made of Hernando de Soto, who, on the first visit of the Spanish cavaliers to the Inca, surprised and startled Atahualpa and his chiefs by his masterly control of his horse. Later he became the chief friend of the unfortunate Inca, and when Pizarro planned to put his prisoner to death he first sent De Soto away on a mission to a distant city. When the cavalier returned and learned of the treacherous and inhuman deed, his words were sharp enough to pierce the conscience of Pizarro like swords—if that Spanish murderer had possessed a conscience. At a later date this man, Hernando de Soto, followed the futile effort of Narvaez by a great exploration of United States territory, the story of which we have now to tell.

Born in Spain in 1496, four years after the first voyage of Columbus, De Soto was still young when he went with Pizarro to Peru, and when he returned to Spain, rich with his share of the Inca's roomful of gold. He was welcomed to his native land like a returning conqueror. Feted and admired as one of the great men of Spain, marrying the daughter of a powerful nobleman, and enjoying the high favor of the king, he seemed to have reached the highest level of ambition. But his success only prompted him to new efforts. The fame won by Cortés and Pizarro lured him to rivalry, and he dreamed of possible empires richer in gold than Peru. Who knew what lay in that vast country north of Mexico and west of Florida?

It might teem with unimagined wealth, and the covetous cavalier looked hopefully thither for gold and fame.

Asking the king for authority to conquer Florida at his own expense, and requesting to be made governor of Cuba as an aid to the enterprise, Charles V. readily consented, and when the news spread through Spain that the renowned lieutenant of Pizarro was about to sail in search of an El Dorado to the north, the highest excitement prevailed. De Soto could have had thousands of gallant followers. Many men of noble birth offered themselves as volunteers at their own expense. There were Portuguese as well as Spaniards among them, the former in gleaming armor, the latter "very gallant with silk upon silk." Out of them all De Soto selected six hundred or more, the flower of the flock. The remainder he was obliged to reject.

The expedition left Spain as if on a festival cruise, and was greeted in Cuba with feasts and merry-makings. Vessels were sent to Florida to seek a suitable harbor, and brought back two Indians who were adepts at lying. They talked in signs only, but succeeded in convincing the adventurers that they were going to "the richest country that had yet been discovered." Only ill news had come from the Narvaez expedition, but the fate of that hapless venture did not deter De Soto's hope-inspired followers.

Leaving his young wife to govern Cuba in his absence, De Soto set sail on the 18th of May, 1539, and on the 30th sailed into Tampa Bay, the starting-point of Narvaez on his ill-starred expedition. Here the gallant six hundred landed, and with them the two or three hundred horses they had brought. Efforts had been made to provide for every contingency. Cannon,

fire-arms, steel armor were brought, and even fetters for the limbs of Indian captives. As useful allies they brought with them a large number of fierce blood-hounds and a great drove of hogs to supply them with fresh meat.

De Soto, like Cortés, had no thought of returning. He did not sink his ships, like the invader of Mexico, but he sent them back to Cuba, thus cutting off the chance of a hasty retreat. There was every reason to hope for success, for the party was more numerous and better equipped than the famous expeditions which had invaded Mexico and Peru. De Soto's old experience told him what would be needed and he had made careful preparation. His expedition was especially rich in horses, and it was a gallant cavalcade that set out from Tampa Bay one fine morning in early June in ardent expectation of winning fortune and fame.

The simple-minded natives gazed with amazement and admiration on the shining array, with its glitter of helmet and lance, and the gay flutter of its silken pennons, and heard with wonder the clangor of trumpets and neighing of horses,—sounds and sights these new and strange to that ancient forest, for no such splendid display had been made by Narvaez and his men in their less pretentious expedition.

In the track of Narvaez they went, meeting the same difficulties which he had encountered, finding the Indians everywhere hostile, the route wearisome and perilous, while there was nowhere a trace of the gold they sought or the civilized natives whose presence had given hope to the invaders of more southern realms. From June to October they pressed wearily forward, reaching at length the vicinity of Appalachee, where the march of Narvaez had terminated.

On one of their days of march it was with utter sur-

prise that they saw, amid a throng of dusky savages, a white man on horseback, who rode towards them with wild gestures of delight, and greeted them joyfully in their own tongue. He proved to be a Spaniard named Juan Ortiz, one of the followers of Narvaez, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians and had lived with them ever since.

He told a story of thrilling experience. His captors had at first designed to burn him alive by a slow fire, as a sacrifice to the Evil Spirit, and he was laid, bound hand and foot, on a wooden stage, beneath which a fire was kindled. At this moment of frightful peril the daughter of the chief begged so earnestly for his life that he was released to become a slave to his foes. Three years later he was again condemned to the flames, but was saved once more by the chief's daughter, who warned him of his peril and led him to the camp of another chief. Here he remained till De Soto and his party came.

During his captivity Ortiz had gained a knowledge of the language and customs of the Indians and was afterwards found invaluable as a guide and interpreter. But he knew of no land of gold or silver and of no civilized empire, and his story added to the discouragement which most of the adventurers now felt. They begged De Soto to return, saying that their quest was hopeless and only suffering and death lay before them, but he was immovable. "I will not turn back," he said, "till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes."

Guided by Ortiz, the exploring army wandered through the wilds of Florida till the next spring. Then a native guide was found who said he would take them to a distant country over which ruled a queen, and where there was abundance of a yellow metal.

With new hope the Spaniards eagerly followed him, not dreaming that the metal they took to be gold would prove to be only copper and the queen the ruler of an ordinary tribe.

The realm of the Indian queen was reached, and its sovereign found to be friendly. The dusky princess came in woodland state to meet her visitor, carried in a litter by four of her subjects. On alighting she advanced to De Soto with gestures of welcome, and taking from her neck a heavy double string of pearls she hung it on that of the Spanish chief. De Soto bowed with courtly grace as he accepted the rich gift, and for a time kept up a show of friendship with the forest queen.

His later treatment of the poor cacica was that of a heartless traitor. Obtaining from her all the information he could, and finding that she and her people had no gold, he determined to rob them of what poor treasures they possessed. Making her his prisoner, he rifled the graves of former chiefs, in which were buried large numbers of pearls. The finest of the gems in the possession of the tribe was a box of rare pearls, the property of the queen, but which De Soto claimed as his own, holding it in special esteem. It is pleasant to be able to relate that the dusky captive managed to escape from her guards and to baffle the thief by taking with her the valued box of pearls.

The wanderers had now gone far through the eastern section of the country, the home of the cacica being near the Atlantic seaboard. In this section De Ayllon had landed twenty years before, and they found among the Indians a dagger and a rosary left by him. They were thus on known soil, and they now turned to the west, seeking new and untrodden country. But wherever they went most of the Indians proved

hostile, and they constantly had to fight their way. Those of the natives who were taken prisoners were in part slain, in part enslaved, being led in chains, with iron collars round their necks, and forced to carry the baggage and grind the corn of their captors.

Throughout the year 1540 the adventurers wandered on, most of them now utterly hopeless; but they found the governor "a stern man and of few words," a man of firm will and inflexible purpose. Their opinions they might freely give, but his word they must obey. Thus crossing Georgia, they entered the fertile plains of Alabama, where they enjoyed the abundant wild grapes and admired the luxuriant growth of maize, then ripening in the Indian fields. Turning southwardly as the year advanced from spring to autumn, the party, with much reduced numbers, came at length to a large village called Mavilla, near the site of the modern Mobile.

The Spaniards proposed to take possession of this place in their usual high-handed manner, and De Soto and some of his men entered the palisades surrounding it, accompanied by the mild-mannered cacique. But the moment they were inside his meekness turned to words of insult and he vanished into one of the houses. A hot-headed Spaniard drew his sword on another of the chiefs, whereupon, as if this were a signal, in a moment showers of arrows poured from all the houses. De Soto and a few others escaped, but nearly all those with him were slain.

A hot battle followed, lasting nine hours, the Indians fighting with desperate courage. Only by setting fire to the town and destroying many of their foes by the smoke and flames did the whites at length prevail. But their victory was a costly one, eighteen of them being slain and one hundred and fifty wounded,

a large number of their horses killed or lost, and nearly the whole of their baggage, which had been taken inside the town, being consumed in the flames.

The situation had now grown serious. The soldiers begged to be taken back to the coast, where they might await the ships. De Soto had secret information that these ships were then in the bay of Pensacola, only six days' march away, but he concealed this fact and led his followers to the north, his pride forbidding him to return until he had made every effort to discover some rich country. The party wintered in a small town of the Chickasaw Indians, in upper Mississippi.

When the spring of 1541 arrived and the time to renew their journey was at hand, De Soto ordered the chiefs to supply him with two hundred men to carry his baggage. The Indians, on the contrary, exasperated at their treatment by the whites, set fire at night to the town, and fiercely attacked the Spaniards when enveloped by the flames. Not a man of them would have escaped to tell the tale had not the savages become frightened at their own success, and drawn back when victory was in their grasp.

But the losses of the Christians were severe. Eleven of them had fallen, many of their horses had been killed or escaped into the forest, most of the swine were consumed, their very clothes were burned, and they were obliged thereafter to dress themselves in skins and mats of ivy leaves. But they erected forges, retempered their swords, made tough ashen lances, and, led on by their indomitable commander, resumed their journey to the west.

In the month of May, 1541, they came to the banks of the mightiest of American rivers, the lordly Mississippi, and gazed with admiration on the broad waters of that grand stream on which the eyes of



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

white men had never before rested. It had been seen where its waters poured into the Gulf, but they were the first to see it flowing majestically southward between its banks, and bearing the floating spoil of thousands of miles of forests upon its waves.

The remainder of this remarkable expedition must be dealt with more briefly. Terrible had been the progress of the invaders through that once happy land, dreadfully had the poor natives suffered from the ruthless cruelty of the whites, twice had the Spaniards barely escaped destruction at the hands of their exasperated foes, and now, with greatly diminished numbers, most of their animals gone, themselves clad only in leaves and skins, their arms, ammunition, and baggage mainly destroyed, they stood on the banks of a vast and swift stream, which seemed like an impassable barrier to further progress in that direction.

But no obstacles, either of nature or man, seemed capable of stopping the daring De Soto. The natives beyond the river appeared to be friendly, rowing down the stream in a great fleet of canoes, and bringing gifts of fish and loaves to their white-faced visitors. The leader, therefore, determined to cross, led onward still by that yellow phantom which had lured him so far.

Barges were built strong enough to carry their horses, and after a month's delay they reached the western bank of the great river, with a vast unknown country extending interminably before them. Their route now lay northward along the stream, through a difficult country, with forests to be traversed and morasses to be waded. Finally they reached the higher lands of Missouri, a country where the streams furnished fish and the forests wild fruits in abundance, and where the natives hailed them as children of the

sun and brought out their blind to be restored to vision by the sons of light.

Just how far north they advanced we cannot tell, but we know that they wandered more than two hundred miles west of the Mississippi, still seeking in vain for gold and gems. Then they turned southward, and spent the ensuing winter encamped near the site of Little Rock, in Arkansas.

When spring came again De Soto, worn out by his wanderings, and now deprived by death of his most valuable aid, Juan Ortiz, resumed his journey, advancing towards the Mississippi through a country of bayous and marshes. The dense woods, the frequent water-courses, the impassable canebrakes, were utterly discouraging, disease attacked the men in the moist lowlands, and the Indians grew more hostile as the strength of the whites decreased.

Near Natchez De Soto sought to overawe a tribe by claiming to be immortal and to possess supernatural powers, but its chief proved too shrewd for his arts. "You say you are the child of the sun," said the Indian; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. If you wish to see me, visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will greet you as a friend; if in war, I will not go back a foot."

The Spanish leader would soon be past peace or war. Worn out by his labors and attacked by a virulent fever, he felt that his end was at hand, and called together the survivors of his company, asking their pardon for the evils he had brought upon them, and appointing a successor. On the following day, May 21, 1542, the companion of Pizarro, the discoverer of the Mississippi, one of the greatest of the Spanish explorers, breathed his last, after a remarkable journey

in which the quest for gold had led him over a vast stretch of the North American continent.

Alvaredo, his successor, fearing to let the natives discover the fact of his death, had him secretly buried outside the camp. Then, seeing that they looked suspiciously at the new-made grave, he had the corpse removed during the night, wrapped in a mantle weighted with sand, and sunk in the middle of the great stream, the priests chanting over the body the first requiems ever heard in that far western land. Remarkable was the resting-place of a remarkable man.

Quieting the curious natives by telling them that the Child of the Sun had gone to heaven, but would soon return, Alvaredo quietly broke up the camp and led his people away, penetrating hundreds of miles deeper into the western wilderness in unrelenting search of gold. Finally, hopeless of success, he led them back to the great stream and, fearing to attempt the long journey down its banks, set his followers to building boats. Six months the worn-out men spent in this work. Timber was cut with a large saw, which they had carried with them through all their wanderings. Nails were made of the fetters of the slaves and the scraps of iron that remained. The few horses and hogs they still had were killed, and their flesh dried for food, while the Indian settlements near by were robbed of their supplies of corn. Barrels to hold fresh water were made and other preparations completed.

Finally the seven brigantines they had built were launched, and on the 2d of July, 1543, the wanderers embarked. The point of embarkation was a short distance above the mouth of the Red River. Down the stream they floated for seventeen days, the banks on both sides lined with hostile Indians, who plied them with arrows as they passed. Some five hundred miles

of river journey brought them to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, whose coast they skirted for about fifty days more. Finally, on the 10th of September, 1543, the miserable remnant of De Soto's gallant band, three hundred and eleven in number, reached the Spanish settlement of Panuco, in Mexico, where they were received as men risen from the dead.

Thus ended the most remarkable, if measured by its failures and misfortunes and the indomitable will and courage of its leader, of the Spanish explorations of the New World.

FRANCISCO DE CORONADO AND THE LAND OF THE BUFFALO

THERE is nothing more significant of the enterprise of the Spaniards in America, in the early days of conquest and settlement, than to find them engaged at the same time in three great works of exploration, in widely different sections of the continent. While Gonzalo Pizarro was seeking the land of cinnamon and Orellana descending the Amazon, and while Hernando de Soto was making his famous journey from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, still another ardent explorer was leading an expedition from the city of Mexico far into the untrodden North, marching from the south into the same vast region into which De Soto marched from the east. This was the daring journey of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado into the land of the buffalo.

Some ten years before this an Indian slave brought from the north had told a marvellous story. In the land from which he came was a great and populous kingdom named Cibola, whose king ruled over seven thriving cities. Further on were other kingdoms with greater cities still, and rich in gold and silver. A yellow tinge seemed to lie over all the land.

The story told by Cabeza de Vaca and his companions when they reached Mexico, though it said nothing about Cibola and its seven cities, helped to stimulate curiosity and cupidity, and a strong desire to explore and conquer the supposed rich countries to the north arose. Who could say but that another empire,

as rich and great as that of Mexico, lay there awaiting the enterprising pioneer?

Mexico by this time had settlements far north of the capital city, and in 1538 Coronado, a man of daring enterprise and inspiring energy, was appointed governor of New Galicia, the province of the north. In the following year he sent out a pioneer party, consisting of a priest named Marcos de Niza, who had been with Pizarro in Peru, several Indian guides, and especially the negro Estevanico, one of the comrades of De Vaca in his wonderful journey, and from whose knowledge of the land much was expected.

Northward went Father Marcos, hearing as he advanced stories of rich countries, where gold was worn as ornaments by the people, who dwelt in large stone houses with doorways built of precious turquoise. The tales grew more alluring with every league of progress, and the worthy friar, who had seen the wealth of Mexico and Peru, seemed justified in dreaming of another golden empire awaiting conquest.

It was a picturesque country through which his route lay, a land of fertile and well-watered valleys, bordered by mountains; of deep and narrow cañons through which swift streams ran; of rock walls carved by nature into the forms of towers and turrets. Then came a richly irrigated region, where turquoises were worn around the necks and in the ears and noses of the people. Cibola lay still beyond, its houses growing in report until some of them became ten stories high. Farther north the rugged valley of the Gila River was crossed, and the pioneer pushed on into the wilderness beyond, now attended by a large volunteer escort of curious natives. So far all had gone on prosperously, but at length alarming tidings reached his ears.

To tell what occurred we must go back a step. Early in his journey the friar had sent Estevanico in advance, trusting to his knowledge of the land and its people, and bidding him, if he discovered anything of importance, to send back a cross. Within four days Indian messengers brought back a cross of such imposing size that it seemed to indicate great discoveries.

Let us follow Estevanico in his journey. The vainglorious negro, for the first time entrusted with a mission, lost his head, and advanced through the Indian country with the state of an Oriental potentate. A large escort of Indians gathered round him, carrying his provisions and the gifts received by him from the tribes. Two Spanish greyhounds followed at his heels, and he was accompanied by a number of handsome Indian women, whom he had chosen as his special attendants. On his sable arms and legs the grandiloquent negro wore tinkling bells and showy feathers as ornaments, and in his hand he carried a gourd likewise adorned with bells and feathers. His former experience had taught him that this was a symbol of authority among the Indians.

The negro's folly and ignorance led him in the end to ruin and death. When near Cibola he, disobeying the orders given him, sent his gourd into the city, saying that he came to treat for peace and to cure the sick. The chief to whom it was presented flung it down angrily, saying, "These bells are not of our fashion. We know not these strangers. Tell them to go back at once, or they will all be killed."

This warning the imprudent negro chose to disregard, advancing with his company to the city, where they were stopped in their progress, despoiled of all their possessions, and refused food and water. The

next morning, as they daringly left the house in which they had been immured, they were attacked by the people and Estevanico and all his followers killed, except two Indians who escaped and carried the disquieting news back to Father Marcos.

The alarming tidings spread among his followers, frightening them so thoroughly that he had great difficulty in inducing any of them to go farther into the perilous country. Only by means of attractive presents did he win over two of their chiefs. He did not propose to venture to the city which had proved fatal to his dusky pioneer, but he did not wish to go back without at least a sight of it. Cautiously advancing, he at length reached the summit of a hill from which he gazed down upon a broad and cultivated plain, while afar, magnified by the mountain hazes, lay the city he sought. To his excited fancy it was greater still than the proud capital of Mexico, its flat-roofed stone houses being large and of many stories. He dared not go nearer, and returned to Coronado with this story, attractive enough to whet the enthusiasm of the ardent Spaniard, though nothing had been seen of gold, silver, or precious stones. The green turquoise observed was not of especial value, and no other treasures had been found.

There was little cool weighing of the friar's narrative. One city had been seen of seeming magnificence. Other and richer ones were said to be beyond. Wealth unimaginable might await the explorer. Mexico was full of adventurous spirits eager to take part in any promising enterprise, and the call for volunteers quickly brought together a troop of over three hundred daring men, most of them mounted, and many so distinguished in rank and lofty in aspiration that the number of officers had to be strictly limited lest half

the troop should be captains. Eight hundred Indians were taken along, sheep and cows were driven with them to supply fresh meat, and nothing that seemed likely to aid the enterprise was overlooked. Their weapons of offence included several small field-pieces, the dreaded thunder-tubes of former Indian wars.

Coronado was confirmed as commander by the Mexican viceroy, and early in 1540 the expedition set out, rivalling that of De Soto which had started from Tampa Bay the year before in the splendor of burnished armor, shining swords and lances, and richly caparisoned horses. Those of lower rank wore helmets of iron or of tough bullhide, the footmen carried muskets and crossbows, and the Indian auxiliaries were armed with their accustomed war-clubs and bows and arrows. A small fleet was also sent out along the Pacific coast, designed to reinforce the land army from a point farther north, but it failed to make connections and was of no service to Coronado.

Warm were the hopes of the adventurers as they rode onward in the path traced for them by Marcos de Niza. Early in July they reached the city of Hawaikuh,—possibly the present Zuñi,—which had loomed so largely before the friar from his distant hill top. To their bitter disappointment they saw before them, instead of a splendid city, merely a large village of some two hundred houses. And its people were evidently ready to fight hard for their homes. Signal fires on the hills had warned the Spaniards that their progress was keenly observed, and as they came near the houses showers of arrows greeted them. All the women and children and the old men had been sent away, and the warriors of Cibola were ready to die for their native land.

The houses, like the pueblo buildings which still

exist in that locality, were of large dimensions, built in retreating terraces, each story being smaller than the one upon which it stood. These terraces offered elevated points of vantage from which the archers could pour their arrows with good effect. The warriors numbered only two hundred, but the character of the buildings and the fact that the town could be approached only by a narrow, winding road were points in their favor. It was evident that the place could be carried only by assault.

Posting the footmen where they could fire on the warriors, Coronado led his dismounted horsemen where they could scale the walls by aid of a ladder they had found. This was no easy task. The leader's shining armor made him an especial mark for the skilled archers, and he was so hammered with arrows and battered with stones that he had to be carried wounded from the field. Others were hurt, and three horses were killed, but in less than an hour the place was taken, the warriors fleeing from their fierce assailants.

Disappointment awaited such of these as hoped for wealth. No trace of gold, precious stones, or riches of any description was found. They obtained the provisions they badly needed, and that was all. The friar Marcos, fearing for his life from the exasperated treasure-seekers, stole out of the camp and hurried back to Mexico, bringing to the viceroy the first discouraging tidings from the expedition. The food supplies consisted of " corn and beans and chickens, better than those of New Spain." The chickens were probably wild turkeys, which the natives kept for their plumage.

This first city of Cibola was a sample of the whole. Here were no rich and thriving people; here no treasures of gems and gold. The people were merely poor agriculturalists, destitute of wealth, but valorous in

defence of their homes, and the magical " Seven Cities of Cibola" shrank into unimportant villages. The same was the case with the seven cities of Moqui, visited by a party of horsemen, and found to be mere villages of poor Indians, whose only wealth consisted in corn, skins, and cotton mantles. Some of the villages stood on lofty heights, to be reached only by narrow steps cut in the rock.

The country was scoured by horsemen far and wide, one party discovering the wonderful cañon, a mile in vertical depth, through which the waters of the Colorado pursue their winding way towards the sea. Nature has nowhere else so deep and imposing an abyss, and as the discoverers gazed into its stupendous depths their heads swam with nervous dread. Two men sought to descend, but attained only a third of the frightful depth, and on their return reported that a great block of stone, which seemed from the summit of a man's height, was loftier than the tower of the Cathedral at Seville.

Towards the east, the Spaniards were told, lay a country of cattle with soft hair that curled like wool. Such were the first tidings received of the buffalo of the plains. The Indians who brought this news led back a party of horsemen, who in five days reached a town built on the summit of a high cliff, and almost inaccessible. Riding onward, they came to the country of Tiguex, in which were twelve villages built of adobe, and where the people welcomed them as friends. To this country the army followed, and here they encamped for the winter.

The journey to Tiguex—which lay in the valley of the Rio del Norte, near the present Albuquerque—had an important result on the future career of the adventurers. For here was found an Indian slave, who

said that his native land was a rich country to the northeast, called Quivira, the true land of the buffalo, described by him as huge animals with shaggy manes.

El Turco, as the Spaniards named him from his resemblance to a Turk, was a man of vivid imagination, which he freely used for the benefit of the credulous Spaniards. Brought before Coronado, he had a marvellous story to tell. In the wonderland of Quivira was a river two leagues wide, with fishes the size of horses, on which the lords of the land floated in huge and splendid canoes, moved by sails, and having more than twenty rowers to a side. A great golden eagle adorned the prow of each, and the lords reclined in them under rich awnings. Every afternoon the ruling chief of the land rested under a tree on the branches of which hung many golden bells, lulling him to sleep with their melody. The precious metals were almost as plentiful as stones, the very jugs, plates, and bowls being made of gold.

It is no matter for wonder that the Spanish adventurers were carried away with these enticing fables. Their past experience made them ready to accept the most exaggerated tales, and such a promise as this was not to be lightly set aside. Their disappointment hitherto had been such that the tale of El Turco was to them like a spur to a jaded steed. On the 23d of April, 1541, the party again set out, heading towards the northeast. Against the advice of El Turco they loaded their horses with provisions, he protesting that they would need these animals to bring back the gold and silver they would find. They took him along as a guide, probably much against his will.

Northward they marched, league after league, crossing the track of Cabeza de Vaca, in the valley of the Canadian River, and advancing for nine days beyond

that point until they reached a country of plains which seemed endless, and were tenanted chiefly by the burrowing prairie-dogs. This was the country of the buffalo, of which they soon came upon vast herds. So numerous were they that one day, when a herd was put to flight, the animals fell into a ravine in such multitudes as to fill it up, so that the remainder crossed upon their dead bodies.

Indians were met and eagerly questioned, but none of them knew of the yellow and white metals so glowingly described by El Turco. That romancer was thereupon put in fetters, with threats of death if his story should prove false. Coronado, not deeming it wise to take his whole force over those interminable plains, with no human inhabitants other than scattered Indian hunters, now sent back all but thirty horsemen and six foot-soldiers, with whom he still hoped to reach the golden realm of Quivira.

Food was plentiful, the buffaloes furnishing them an abundant supply of meat, and for six weeks they continued their journey, reaching at length what El Turco said was the land of Quivira. It was far from being the realm of gold for which they had so ardently hoped. It lay in about 40° north latitude, extending north of a wide stream which is thought to have been the Arkansas River. It thus was situated in the present State of Kansas.

The country was found to be well watered by rivers and brooks, the soil being a strong, black mould, bearing plums like those of Spain, with nuts, grapes, and excellent mulberries. It was a promising land for farmers, but barren as a wilderness for gold hunters. The only metal to be found among the people was copper. All the Indians seen were savages, dwelling in lodges of straw or buffalo hides, wearing buffalo

robes for clothing, and knowing no cultivated food plant but the maize. The disgusted Coronado took revenge upon his lying guide by strangling him, and raised on the bank of the Arkansas a cross with this inscription: "Thus far came Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, general of an expedition."

It is an interesting fact that at this very time, in the summer of 1541, Hernando de Soto had reached a point in nearly the same latitude and only five or six hundred miles to the east, this other great leader being then on the highlands of the White River, in western Missouri. A week or two of travel eastward and westward at this time might have brought these famous explorers together in the far interior of the American continent—perhaps to condole with each other on their mutual disappointment.

So far as Coronado's purpose was concerned, all was now at an end. He kept up the search somewhat longer, and then returned to Tiguex, and on October 20, 1541, sent a report to Charles V. of Spain that no gold or silver had been found and that the region was not even fit to colonize. Southward they went, harassed by the Indians, suffering from hunger, and losing many of their horses, until the company lost all discipline, and straggled helplessly towards the city of Mexico, in which about a hundred ragged fellows at length appeared, the miserable remnant of the gallant cavalcade which had set out with such high hopes two years before. Coronado was looked upon with disdain, as having come back with empty hands, yet the courage and resolution of the man who had explored the vast interior of the continent from Mexico to central Kansas was in reality worthy of the highest applause.

JACQUES CARTIER AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

As will be seen from the stories so far told, Spain kept wonderfully busy in the work of exploration in the half-century succeeding the discovery of America. Gold was the beacon that led the Spaniards on to the conquest and settlement of the South. During much of the same period France had been busy in the North, fish, instead of gold, luring them across the seas.

The tale brought back by the Cabots of the vast multitude of codfish found in the northern waters was not lost on the hardy fishers of Brittany and Normandy, and not many years passed after the discovery of America before these daring mariners were crossing the ocean in search of this great wealth of fish. From that time to the present the waters of Newfoundland have been haunts of daring fishermen.

One trace of their early presence exists in the island of Cape Breton, named by them from Brittany. As early as 1506 one of these men, named John Denys, explored and drew a map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Other vessels than those of France crossed the waters, and in 1517 we hear of some fifty vessels of various nations seeking the finny wealth of the West. A letter written by an English captain in 1527 says that he found in the harbor of St. John, Newfoundland, eleven sail of Norman and one of Breton fishermen.

It is with one of these men with whom we are here concerned, Jacques Cartier, a hardy mariner of St. Malo, France, who had made several voyages to the fishing banks, and who in 1534 was selected by the

French king to head a voyage of discovery to these western waters.

On the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier's expedition, consisting of two small vessels, left the harbor of St. Malo, and, driven by favoring winds, in twenty days reached the shores of Newfoundland. After sailing almost around this island, he entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and followed its coast to the inlet of Gaspé, where on July 24 he planted a lofty cross, bearing a shield with the *fleur-de-lys* of France. He continued up the bay until August 9, when he found himself in the mouth of a noble river, whose opposite sides could barely be seen. Not prepared to winter in that cold climate, he now set sail for France, taking with him two of the natives. Early in September he was back in St. Malo harbor, and France was ringing with the fame of his discovery.

Early in the following year he was off again, now with three good ships, well manned, its company including some of the young nobles of France. He was to explore the river he had found, establish a colony if he could, and trade with the natives for gold, if he found any in their hands. The voyage was stormy, but on August 10 the adventurers were once more in the Gulf, to which they gave the name of St. Lawrence, the patron saint of that day. Entering the broad river, to which the same name was afterwards given, Cartier sailed boldly up its waters, his vessels viewed with amazement by the startled natives on its forested shores, and after a few days came to anchor near the locality where the city of Quebec now stands. It was then the site of an Indian village called Stadacona, many of whose inhabitants fled in terror to the forest as the " winged canoes" came to rest and let fall their sails.

The chief, Donacona by name, was evidently advised of the coming of the ships and may have heard of their visit the year before. In a short time he came out to them with a fleet of twelve canoes, filled with armed warriors. Ten of these held back, while two of them glided up to the side of the nearest ship, where the chief began an oration in his own tongue. Cartier was able to converse with him by the aid of the two Gaspé Indians, whom he had taken to Europe the year before, and who now had some knowledge of French.

What the wary chief wished to learn was whether the strangers came for peace or war. On learning that their purpose was peace he was quite ready to meet them half way, and soon an amicable state of affairs was established between the red sons of the forest and the white sons of the sea. Learning from Donacona that a larger Indian town, by name Hochelaga, lay several days' journey up the river, Cartier determined to visit it in one of his ships, leaving the others at anchor where they lay. The savages looked on with wonder and admiration while the anchor was raised, the sails were set, and the vessel began to glide gracefully through the ruffled waters. But their feeling was changed to abject terror when the great guns roared from the ship's sides, their thunders reverberating from the surrounding hills.

Having thus impressed the frightened natives with the power of the whites, Cartier proceeded up the stream in the "Hermerillon." The shallowness of the waters forcing him to leave this vessel in Lake St. Peter, he continued his journey in two boats, all the natives he met proving very friendly. A lover of nature, Cartier viewed the shifting landscape with deep gratification; its primeval forests, luxuriant in foliage,

here and there presenting great sweeps of clustering vines, loaded with ripe clusters of grapes; the noble river, on whose bosom floated great flocks of water-fowl; the strange notes of the whippoorwill and of other birds that flitted through the trees; the bright autumn sunshine, the still clear nights, all filling him with delight. And with this was mingled the proud thought that he was the pioneer of civilization in that land, whose marvels no white man had gazed upon before.

On the 2d of October the boats arrived opposite Hochelaga, a village of the Huron Indians, the people of which lined the shore, making friendly signs, and inviting the whites in the language of gesture to land. Supplies of fish and maize were freely offered, for which the visitors gave knives and beads in exchange. Cartier prudently decided to pass the night in his boats, but on the following morning, dressed in the most imposing costume he possessed, he led his men in procession to the village, near which the sachem met him with gracious courtesy, though with the gravity of his race. Cartier gave him a number of presents and hung a cross round his neck, directing him to kiss it.

The village was not extensive, consisting of about fifty huts, which were strongly built and defended by three lines of stout palisades. Around it were fields of ripe corn, the chief food plant of the Indians. The friendliness of the chief and his followers was not assumed. They appeared to regard their white visitors as beings of a superior race, and, conducting them to their council lodge, they brought in their sick to be healed by these beneficent and powerful beings. The most that Cartier could do was to pray with the untutored natives, and invest their sick with the cross,

trusting that it would have some efficacy in healing them.

The ceremonies over, Cartier ascended a lofty hill which lay behind Hochelaga, giving it the name of Mont Réal, a name which survives in Montreal. From a point near its summit he gazed with admiration over a noble prospect of woods and waters, hills rising at intervals, while lakes studded with green islands diversified the extended view. He saw here in imagination a future prosperous community, of which he would figure as the pioneer.

The natives, untutored as they were, had considerable knowledge of the geography of their country, and regaled his ears with stories of the course of their majestic river, and of the immense lakes through which it ran, the most distant being like a vast sea. It would take them, they said, three months to pass through these great waters in their canoes, and still beyond was another noble river that ran through a region free from ice and snow.

In the course of these waters was a place where a broad stream poured down in a mighty cataract. They also spoke of a great expanse of water to the north, doubtless that of Hudson Bay, and gave some imperfect account of the country to the south. As for silver and gold, they had none of these precious metals, though they had some knowledge of copper and of where it could be found.

Friendly as the Hurons of Hochelaga showed themselves and warmly as they pressed their visitors to remain, the approach of winter warned Cartier to return, and after a brief stay the visitors sought their boats, which the Indians followed for some distance down the stream, making signs of farewell. So far they had found only friendliness among the natives,

and were not prepared for a sudden attack that was soon after made upon them by a band of hostile Indians, while spending the night on shore. Only a hasty retreat to the boats saved their lives, Cartier's boatswain rescuing him from imminent peril of death.

Regaining their ships, Cartier and his followers wintered in the St. Charles River, the people of Stadacona supplying them with provisions and maintaining their friendliness throughout. But they suffered severely from the intense cold of the Canadian winter, against which they were ill provided with clothing. The dreaded disease of scurvy also broke out among them, and quickly carried off twenty-five of their number. It might have been far more fatal, but that an Indian who had been cured of it showed them where to find a remedy. This seems to have been a decoction of the bark of the spruce-fir, which restored the remainder of the sick to health.

The close of the long and severe winter and the breaking up of the thick river ice were hailed with delight, and the adventurers prepared to return home. They had no gold to show, nor any valuables of other kinds, but they had made important discoveries from which France was to profit much in the future. A cross bearing the arms of his country was erected by Cartier, its inscription declaring Francis I. to be the rightful king of this new-found realm, to which the discoverer gave the name of New France.

So far all had gone on well and honorably, but the sequel gave the natives an example of that treachery from which they so often suffered at the hands of the whites. Cartier requited the natives of Stadacona for their hospitable kindness with the basest ingratitude. Luring Donacona on board his ship, he detained him, with two other chiefs and eight warriors who

accompanied him, and set sail for France. Here the most or all of these unfortunates died within a year after their arrival.

Though Cartier had discovered a noble river, with fertile banks, it was in a land destitute of precious metals or gems and in which the winters were of intense severity. Colonists were not ready to settle in such a climate, and four years passed before another expedition was sent out. In 1540 Francis, Lord of Roberval, fitted out a number of ships, of which Cartier was appointed chief pilot and captain-general. He again sailed up the St. Lawrence to Stadacona, but the stolen chief was not with him and the old friendliness of the natives was gone.

Finding that he had made foes of his former friends, he went higher up the river to Cape Rouge, and here built a fort, sending two of his five vessels back to France for supplies. Here he spent a second winter in the old discomfort, and during the following summer searched the country widely for gold. A few trifling specimens were found, and some small diamonds picked up on a headland which he named Cape Diamond, but the country failed to respond to the hopes of the adventurers, and Cartier, not receiving the supplies for which he had sent, and not caring to spend another winter in that bitter climate, set sail for home.

On his way back he put into the harbor of St. John, Newfoundland, and there found Roberval, with a new company and an abundance of stores. Roberval, who had been appointed viceroy of New France and had high hopes of a prosperous career, earnestly begged Cartier to go back with him, but the pioneer had seen enough of Canadian winters and decisively refused. That night, fearing that the viceroy might seek to de-

tain him, he secretly weighed anchor, slipped out of the harbor, and headed away for France, which he reached in due time.

The hardships of the winters already passed in Canada seem to have been too much for Cartier's health, for he died soon after his return. Roberval's later career was nearly as brief. After spending a winter in Canada, he returned home, and some time after started with another expedition which the ocean seemingly swallowed, as it was never heard of again. More than fifty years were to pass before a successful colony would be planted in New France.

JEAN RIBAULT AND THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA

In 1562, nearly thirty years after Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, another French expedition came to the shores of the New World, seeking the balmy south instead of the frosty north. It was in the charming month of May that the sea-tossed voyagers reached land on the coast of Florida and sailed into the noble St. John's River, which, from the time of its discovery, they named the River of May. All they saw filled them with delight. There were forests of mulberry-trees covered with caterpillars, but these they mistook for silk-worms, and dreamed dreams of a great silk industry. Proceeding up the coast they came to the spacious Port Royal harbor, which they took to be the outlet of a broad and noble stream. So deep was it, they said, that the greatest ships known could anchor safely in its waters, while the pines near at hand furnished pitch for their ships, and the moss which covered the tallest trees of the coast served them in place of oakum.

It was religious persecution that sent these emigrants across the seas. They were Protestants, or Huguenots, who had suffered much from their Catholic enemies in France, and were seeking a place of refuge in the New World. Their leader was Jean Ribault, a brave captain of Dieppe, France, and on his vessels were some of the young nobility of France, members of the Protestant party. The famous Ad-

miral Coligny had sent them abroad, that they might found an empire in the New World where they could worship God in safety in their own way.

Ribault was not prepared to plant a colony on these new shores, but he erected a monument of stone engraved with the arms of France, and left twenty-six men to hold the spot for France till he should return. The fort he built was named Fort Carolina in honor of Charles IX. of France. It has given its name to two of the American States.

Ribault expected to return without delay with supplies and colonists, but when his ships reached France he found that the Catholics and Huguenots were at war, and it was impossible just then to return to the aid of the pioneer party he had left. After looking to sea for months for the promised sails and seeing nothing but the unbroken waves, the soldiers lost heart. They grew sullen and hard to manage; their commander was harsh and hot tempered, and his cruelty to the men gave rise to a mutiny in which he was killed.

Where was Ribault? Would he never return? Weary with waiting, they began to build themselves a vessel in which they could go back to France, and so eager were they to reach their old homes that they set sail with not half the needed stores. Fortunately an English vessel met them when famine was busy among them. Those who were nearest death from starvation were set on shore in France. The strongest were taken to England. And thus ended the first attempt to plant a French colony in the south.

In 1564 France was at peace again and a second expedition was sent out, this time under a mariner named Laudonnière, who had been with Ribault in the former voyage. Sixty days' journey brought the fleet to Flor-

ida, and this time the emigrants were landed on the banks of the River of May. Port Royal had proved a scene of suffering and misfortune, and they avoided it in favor of this verdant and beautiful situation. They built a fort which, like the former, they named Fort Carolina, and gave vent to their joy in a hymn of thanksgiving. They little dreamed that before them lay the most terrible and ruthless tragedy known in our history. The story has been often told, but, brutal as it is, we are obliged to tell it once more.

At first all was full of cheer and promise to the colonists. The air was sweet and balmy, nature was replete with enchanting scenes, the soil was richly fertile; it seemed a western paradise. The natives received the strangers with warm greetings and hospitable hands. The French, full of joy, raised a monument with a crown of laurel on its top and baskets of corn around its base. There seemed no reason, except in the nature of man himself, that the new colony should not be one of success and happiness.

Unfortunately, though religion had prompted the expedition, many of those taking part in it were dissolute men, with no religion in their hearts and no wisdom in their heads. They wasted their supplies of food; they robbed the natives and turned them from friends into enemies; they rebelled against their leaders; and a party of them, pretending that they wished to escape from famine, made Laudonnière sign an order permitting them to take ship and sail to New Spain. What they really wished to do was to turn pirates and prey on Spanish commerce. Luckily for honest mariners, they met with ill-fortune, their vessel being taken and they made prisoners. The few who escaped in a boat had to put in at Fort Carolina, and

Laudonnière taught them a lesson by hanging the ringleaders.

While this went on the colony fell into a desperate state. The natives would neither give nor sell them food, they had wasted their own, no supplies came from France, and for months the colonists had almost no food save that which the forest supplied. When May of the next year arrived they determined to build the best vessels they could and do their utmost to get home to France. In August, while they were still at work, help came to them. Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman of title who had turned slave merchant, arrived in their harbor. He had just sold a cargo of negroes in the West Indies whom he had stolen in Africa, and was on his way home with the money won is this terrible trade.

Cruel as he had been to the blacks, he was full of kindness for the suffering whites. He gave them a good supply of provisions, and also a vessel from his fleet, in place of the wretched brigantines they were building. Soon afterwards, when they were almost ready to set sail, to their delight a squadron of French ships sailed into the harbor. At their head was Jean Ribault, who had come out to take command of the colony, bringing with him provisions, garden seeds, farming tools, domestic animals, and new emigrants. All was joy, their sufferings were forgotten, they felt sure of making themselves a happy home on Florida's verdant soil. Yet, unknown to them, the terrible tragedy which was to come upon them was now very close at hand.

The leading cause of this event was that Frenchmen had settled on land claimed by Spaniards, heretics on soil claimed by sons of the church. The Spaniards had deserted Florida twenty years before, but Spain still

held that Florida was hers, and that Florida extended north as far as the seas of ice. It was not until 1565 that they attempted to take possession again. Then a daring and cruel adventurer, Pedro Menendez by name, who had grown rich in the usual ways of the Spanish-Americans, offered to conquer Florida for the king, he to be made its governor.

He was preparing his expedition when news came to Spain that a colony of French Huguenots had settled in Florida. Menendez at once declared that all these heretics must be killed. In this way it happened that about the time that Ribault left France to visit his colony, Menendez left Spain to destroy these colonists. He had a large fleet, in which there were more than twenty-five hundred persons, soldiers, sailors, priests, and emigrants, the greatest expedition Spain had ever sent to the New World.

He met with a tempest on his way and two-thirds of his ships were scattered over the seas, but with the remainder he reached Florida shortly after Ribault had put into the River of May. It was on August 28, St. Augustine's day in the Roman Church, that he came in sight of the coast. A few days later he discovered a fine harbor and beautiful river, and gave them the name of St. Augustine. Here still stands the city of St. Augustine, founded by him, and the oldest city in the United States.

After deciding on this place for his settlement, he sailed north to where the French fleet lay at anchor. "Who are you and what do you want?" he was asked. "I am Menendez of Spain," he replied. "My king has sent me to put to death all the Protestants in this region. The Catholics among you I will spare; every heretic shall die."

Ribault was taken by surprise and was not ready to

fight, so he cut the cables of his fleet and put to sea, outsailing the Spaniards, who followed him. As they could not overtake him they returned to St. Augustine, landing and taking possession in the name of the king. Philip II. of Spain was proclaimed the sovereign of all North America.

Meanwhile the French were in a state of indecision. What should they do; stay where they were and defend themselves against the Spaniards, or put to sea and attack them? Unluckily, against the advice of his officers, Ribault resolved upon the latter course. It might have succeeded, but the elements were against him. He had not long left the harbor when a fearful storm burst upon his fleet, driving the ships before it and hurling them upon the coast, every vessel being wrecked. Most of the men reached the shore, but the entire fleet fell a prey to the waves. The Spanish ships escaped with much less loss.

It was a terrible misfortune for the Huguenots, who were now at the mercy of their foes. Menendez led his men overland upon their fort, attacked and captured it, and put to death every soul found in it, not only the soldiers, but the aged and sick, the women and children, nearly two hundred in all being ruthlessly massacred. Only Laudonnière and a few others, who had fled to the woods, escaped. Some of these gave themselves up to the Spaniards and were instantly murdered. The others succeeded in reaching two small French vessels still in the harbor, and in the end made their way to France with the story of the massacre.

Meanwhile Ribault and his shipwrecked men were seeking to make their way through the forest towards Fort Carolina, of the fate of whose garrison they knew nothing. A party of them, about two hundred in num-



STREET VIEW IN ST. AUGUSTINE

ber, were met by messengers from Menendez while halting at Matanzas Inlet, with promises of safety and good treatment if they should surrender. They were also told of the capture of the fort. There seemed but one thing to do, if they would escape starvation. They yielded and were ferried across the stream, ten at a time. As each detachment landed they were led behind a sand hill and their hands tied behind their backs.

When they were all thus helplessly in the hands of their foes they were questioned, and those who said they were Catholics or mechanics were led aside. Then a signal from Menendez was given, the trumpets sounded, the drums were beaten, and the Spanish soldiers, sword in hand, fell upon the helpless captives, cutting them down until not a man of them remained alive and the soil was deeply stained with their blood.

"We do this to you not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans," said the ruthless Menendez.

A day or two later Ribault, with three hundred and fifty men, the remainder of the shipwrecked crews, appeared at the inlet and were met in the same way. Ribault and one hundred and fifty of his men, despairing of escape, agreed to surrender and were ferried across and bound and massacred like their comrades. The other two hundred, vowing that they would not trust the word of a Spaniard, slipped away into the forest and nothing more was ever heard of them. Thus ended the bloodiest deed of treachery and murder ever perpetrated on American soil, one which ever since has been a foul blot on the honor of Spain.

It might be thought that when tidings of this atrocity reached France the nation would have risen as one man to avenge its slaughtered sons. But these were Protestants, heretics; they had no right to live; and

the government let the deed of blood pass without a protest. Not so one of its sons, Dominic de Gourges, a bold Gascon soldier, a good Catholic, but a man who held that the honor of France had been tarnished, and that blood was more than creed. He determined to avenge the murder and redeem his country's honor.

De Gourges sold his property and borrowed what he could from his friends, and with the proceeds equipped three ships. Then, on August 22, 1567, he sailed for Florida with one hundred and fifty armed men, not to found a peaceful colony, but to avenge the slaughtered colonists. Reaching the mouth of the St. John's River, he took by surprise two small forts which the Spaniards had built there. The garrison of the large fort heard of his coming and were filled with terror, thinking that he had a large force of men. This stronghold, built near where Fort Carolina had stood, was soon in his hands, most of its defenders being killed. He took revenge for the massacre of the Huguenots by hanging the remainder upon the neighboring trees, placing over them the following words: "I do this not as unto Spaniards or mariners, but as unto liars and murderers."

Then he sailed back to France, sorry no doubt but for one thing, that he had not caught the arch-murderer, Menendez, to hang him highest of all.

MARTIN FROBISHER AND THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

It is certainly a little singular that the busy and bustling people of England, who in the later centuries became the most active of all in the work of discovery and colonization, should in the early days have shown so little interest in the great new continent, which the Spanish were busy in exploring and settling, and in the investigation of which the French were showing considerable activity. After the voyage of the Cabots,—Venetians whom Henry VII. graciously "permitted" to go to America,—eighty years passed before another ship left the shores of England on a voyage of discovery. Ships crossed the ocean it is true, but these were privateers or pirates, in search of the rich galleons of Spain, or fishing boats seeking the fertile banks of Newfoundland. None of them carried discoverers or colonists.

We must go forward to the year 1576 for the first voyage of discovery from England after that of the Cabots. In that year Martin Frobisher, a sailor of unusual daring and enterprise, set sail upon the western seas. What he was seeking was not discovery in America, but a waterway by the north to China. In 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby had endeavored to reach China by sailing northeast around the continents of Europe and Asia. Frobisher's purpose was to sail northwest in search of a passage around the continent of America. His goal was that northwest passage which men long continued to seek but which no ship passed until that of Amundsen in 1905.

In his mind this was "the only thing in the world that was yet left undone" by which fame might be won. Little did Frobisher know how many things were left undone. Too poor to buy a ship for himself, it took him years to get any one to help him. Then Dudley, earl of Warwick, came to his aid. In the month of June, 1576, his little fleet, consisting of two small barks and a pinnace, set sail on the Thames, Queen Elizabeth kindly waving the mariners a farewell—it was all she did for the enterprise.

The little pinnace, of ten tons burden, went to the bottom in a storm. The sailors on one of the ships, frightened at the wild waves, turned about and sailed back home. With the other, a vessel of twenty-five tons,—not much larger than the barge of a man-of-war,—the dauntless Frobisher kept on. He reached at length the barren shores of Labrador. Sailing north from here, he found a passage or inlet which opened into a strait. He was now among a group of islands in the latitude of 63° N. Hopeful that this lane of water might lead to the Pacific he sailed westward, venturing into this realm of the icy north far beyond the goal of any former navigator.

But his voyage ended in failure. Lost in labyrinthine passages, he was at length forced to turn back, with nothing to show but a native of the country and some stones he had gathered in proof that he had taken possession in the queen's name.

These stones led to an unlooked-for result. In those days America was a synonyme for gold-mines, and when word came from a London refiner that one of the stones brought by Frobisher contained gold there was an instant excitement. The very word gold was enough to fill men's minds with visions of unfathomable wealth. Possibly the fabled El Dorado lay in the

frozen north instead of the sunny south. There were those who wanted to lease the new lands from the queen, and the fleet that was quickly fitted out had for its goal, not the Pacific, but the hoped-for mines.

Gold! it was like rich food to the hungry. The queen, who had given nothing to the former expedition but a wave of her august hand, now fitted out a ship at her own expense, in hope of wealth unmeasured. Others did the same, till there was quite a fleet. As for mariners and adventurers, far more offered than the ships could hold, and those who were left behind felt that they had been robbed of fortune. Finally, in May, 1577, the hopeful party set out for the new El Dorado "with a merrie wind."

Reaching America, the fleet of ships sailed into a throng of icebergs, and for a time the dread of shipwreck and death drove from their minds the thirst for gold. Fortunately they were in the summer of the north, a season of almost perpetual day, and the perils surrounding them could be seen and avoided. Into the strait formerly traversed by Frobisher he sailed again, though not as deeply as before. He and those with him were no longer thinking of China, but of richer spoil than the East could give, and the land they reached held large heaps of earth which promised the wealth they coveted. Spiders were there, in multitudes, and they had heard that "spiders were true signs of a great store of gold." The greedy crews hastened to freight their ships with this questionable substance, Frobisher working as eagerly as the meanest among his men.

What the goldsmiths of London had to say about this spider-haunted earth we are not told, but in the next year the gold-thirst was far from being quenched,

and the finest fleet ever yet sent across the ocean, fifteen sail in all, was despatched under the command of Frobisher to bring back a cargo of the gold-bearing rocks. This was not all. A colony was to be formed in the realm over which frost reigned as king, a hundred men being sent for this purpose. What though no tree, not even a shrub, grew on those barren shores! Glistening gold lay there in heaps, enough to make England the richest of lands, and this wealth must be seized and held for Britain and its queen.

Elizabeth now paid a good share towards the fleet, there were soldiers as well as sons of the gentry among the colonists, and three of the ships were to be left with them, while twelve returned with cargoes of the shining ore. Nobody cared now about the northwest passage and the riches of China. The land of gold that glistened in their eyes banished the wealth of Asia from their vision.

Gayly onward went the fleet, blown by the winds of hope. But trouble lay before the ships, which, when they neared the western coasts, became lost amid a multitude of icebergs, some of them vast in size, and, as they melted under the midsummer sun, pouring torrents of sparkling water down their glassy sides. The tumbling ice crushed and sunk one vessel, its crew being with difficulty saved. In the train of the ice came blinding mists, and the ships went astray, entering what is now known as Hudson Strait, instead of the passage they sought.

Frobisher was delighted with this broad opening, which he thought must surely lead to the Pacific, but he was not sent to win glory as a discoverer, but to gather gold, and he sailed hither and thither in search of the gold-laden isles, often in danger from ice and rocks, once very near shipwreck, but finally reaching

the haven he sought, in the Countess of Warwick's Sound.

By this time sailors and colonists had lost all their enthusiasm. The latter had no taste for this world of chill desolation; the former were ready to mutiny. One vessel, carrying food for the colonists, stole away and set its sails for England's shores. The others reached an island on which was enough of the black ore they sought "to suffice all the gold-gluttons in the world." All thought of forming a colony was now given up. The crews set themselves eagerly to loading the ships with these precious stones, and back they sailed with glowing visions of enjoyment from the wealth beneath their feet.

We are sorry that so promising a story should end so flatly as this one must. Many of our readers may have read tales that seemed cut off short at the end, leaving the finish of the plot untold. So it is with this. The stone-laden fleet got back to England, and there the story ends. Not a word more is told us. The historians of the voyage say nothing about what was done with the cargoes, around which so many warm hopes centred. No doubt it was mere "fool's gold" they carried, and they were ashamed to tell the world that they had been fools. No doubt the goldsmiths now found that the black ore held no yellow metal in its crevices. All we know is that the story here breaks off, and silence reigns. Likely enough there were bitter maledictions of the hasty refiner whose false cry of gold in the stones sent them on a costly and hopeless quest, but all we can say is that no more ships were sent out to the polar regions in search of gold, for no more is told us.

Frobisher went to the north no more, but he firmly believed that a short route to China and the East lay

amid those channels he had traversed. He was not alone in this belief, and the plan he had conceived was pursued by another bold mariner seven years after his return. This was John Davis, or Davys, a seaman who had won reputation for skill and daring, and whom the British government sent out in 1585 for the same purpose that had taken Frobisher to the northern seas on his first voyage. He was not sent for gold, —Queen Elizabeth and her court had lost faith in polar gold,—but to seek for a route to Asia by way of the northwest.

Davis had no better fortune than Frobisher, though he sailed much farther north than any man had done before him, and became the pioneer in polar discovery. Sailing around the southern cape of Greenland, he shaped his course up the west coast of this great island, which he justly named Desolation. He found, however, "many green and pleasant islands bordering the shore," and a sea free of ice. Heading now northwestwardly in hopes of reaching China, he came upon a westward shore in latitude 66°. In this a broad opening, now named Cumberland Strait, yawned before him, and along it he went for about one hundred miles. Then, as the season was growing late and ice beginning to form, he turned his prow homeward for Merrie England.

Davis had found enough to raise hopes of finding more, and he was sent out again in 1586 and 1587. In the latter year, sailing in a little vessel of twenty tons, he entered the wide passage now known as Davis Strait, and emerged into the broad sea called Baffin Bay, keeping on till he attained the high latitude of 73°. The natives came out in their skin canoes, and by their signs he judged that there was a wide sea to the north. The waters he was in were free of ice, and

hope blossomed in his heart. But as he went on, ice blocked his way, and a fierce north wind assailed his little craft. Discouraged by this, and by the loss of some men he had left behind to fish, he gave up the attempt and sailed for home. Thus ended the polar work of the father of Arctic discovery.

Yet Davis felt sure that the pathway to Asia lay in the track he had followed. He named the farthest point he reached the Cape of God's Mercy, in the fond belief that the northwest passage led that way. He found the sea he had reached free of ice, and the air tolerable, and he went on with the curious argument that the climate at the pole must be delightful, and that the people dwelling there "have a wonderful excellency and an exceeding prerogative above all nations, for they are in perpetual light and never know what darkness meaneth, by the benefit of twilight and full moons." What he said agreed with his summer experience, but later explorers have not found the polar region a realm of delightful climate and richly favored people.

We may close this record of early polar discovery with the story of William Baffin, who went to the seas of ice twenty-five years after Davis, and like his two predecessors made three voyages to those waters, these being in 1612, 1615, and 1616. He was seeking the northwest passage which Davis fancied he had found, and in his last voyage entered and explored the large basin between Greenland and the western isles now known as Baffin Bay. Both Davis and Baffin spent lives of adventure after these voyages north, and both were killed in the Eastern seas.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN THE TRACK OF MAGELLAN

It is not much to the credit of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that some of the famous mariners of that showy reign were what we would call pirates in our day. Chief among these was Sir Francis Drake, the sea-king, who became illustrious by a course of what we must designate as splendid piracy, for it consisted in robbing the ships and settlements of Spain, with which country his nation was at peace. Oxenham, who followed in his path, was caught by the Spaniards and hung, and no one in England had a word to say against it. But Drake covered his crime against the law of nations by the glamour of brilliant deeds and glittering success. So no one called him a pirate, and the queen was glad to make the bold rover a knight of her realm, while she laughed behind her fan at the protests of Spain. As Drake was a discoverer and explorer, as well as a rover, his story must be told here.

Having made himself a terror to the Spaniards of Mexico and the West Indies and crossed the isthmus to the walls of Panama, taking treasure everywhere with a free hand, the daring rover determined on a feat far surpassing the exploits of any of his rivals. He would sail to the Pacific and take golden toll from the galleons and cities of Spain in that ocean on whose waters none but Spanish ships had ever been seen.

In 1577 he sailed from Plymouth, England, with a fleet of five ships, bound for Peru and a golden market. By October of the next year he found himself

with a single ship, the "Golden Hind," in waters which no keel had ever troubled, those of Cape Horn. His other ships had been lost or left behind, and of his crews only some sixty men remained, but he went on with as undaunted a heart as though he were still admiral of a gallant fleet.

Avoiding the Straits of Magellan, where Spaniards might be met and his coming made known, he ventured into new waters, his little craft daring the perils of the Horn, on whose rocky coast he was the first man to set foot. Then, stretching up into the broad Pacific, the adventurers sailed on until the coast of Chile lay before them. They were nearing the land of golden promise. Here on the hills sheep and cattle browsed and corn and potatoes grew, there being every sign of a prosperous community.

After some dealings with the Indians, a chief came on board, who told them that a large galleon, richly freighted with treasure, lay ready to sail in the harbor of Valparaiso, to the south of where they were. Bitterly hating the Spaniards, he was quite ready to pilot their foes, and within a brief time the "Golden Hind" sailed into the harbor, and Drake, to his delight, saw the treasure-ship at anchor.

There was no suspicion in the Spanish crew. Never had foreign keel cut those waters before. Little heed was paid as the stranger craft glided alongside, and the crew awoke to their peril only when the English sailors, armed to the teeth, sprang over the bulwarks and leaped to the deck. Hardly a blow was exchanged as the captors drove the panic-stricken Spaniards headlong down the hatchway and took possession of the ship. A rich prize it proved, with a freightage in gold valued at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and other valuable wares. Of Chile wine there were

full two thousand jars, and in this the crew drank deeply to their victory. An armed force sent ashore raided the town, gathering more gold in houses and churches, and then the "Golden Hind" sailed in triumph away, much the richer for her cheap victory.

Other treasure was picked up as they followed the coast northward, in one place a heavy weight in silver bars being taken from a surprised party of carriers. At Arica, a small coast town, Drake was told by an Indian of a heavily laden galleon which had not long before passed by, sailing northward. Here was another golden opportunity. All sail was made in pursuit, the admiral offering a heavy gold chain to the first man who should see the prize. The chain was won by his brother, John Drake, who soon after pointed to the sails of a great ship, still half hidden by the morning haze.

Not dreaming of an enemy in those waters, the Spanish captain let the "Golden Hind" come close aboard, and signalled for its officers to visit him. They did, with an armed crew behind them, and before many minutes the captain and his men were under hatches, and the victors were adding richly to the wealth in gold and silver they had already taken. Then the Spanish captain and crew were set on shore and their ship left to the mercy of wind and wave, while the "Golden Hind" sailed triumphantly away.

Wealth enough had been won in this easy way to make all on board rich, and Drake had some thoughts of turning his prow homeward. But up the coast, not far away, lay Lima, the capital of Peru, and he hoped here to add largely to his treasure-store. So onward gallantly bowled the "Golden Hind" until the port of this town was reached and the few ships that lay there were raided—little being obtained.



THE HARBOR OF VALPARISO, CHILE

As yet the career of the rovers had been like a golden holiday, but now the tide of fortune was to turn. A messenger sent from Valparaiso reached Lima with news of the dangerous craft on the coast, shortly after Drake had entered the harbor. The governor had supposed the stranger to be a Spanish pirate, and was making deliberate plans for its capture. Learning that it was a heavily armed English vessel on a raid for spoil, and already well laden with gold and silver, his movements gained new vigor. Gathering in all haste a large body of armed men, he led them to the port.

Unluckily for the "Golden Hind," she lay in the offing in a dead calm, while a land breeze favored the two Spanish ships which the governor manned and took out, their crowded crews eager to take the rich prize that seemed to await them. There were anxious souls on board the "Golden Hind" just then. It was hopeless to fight those hundreds of armed Spaniards, and unless a wind reached them soon all would be lost.

But luck changed for the rovers when the breeze that impelled the Spanish ships reached their sails, and the "Golden Hind" began slowly to move through the rippling water. Soon her sails filled with the freshening breeze, and she swept more rapidly onward, keeping fair pace with her pursuers.

On went the chase and the pursuit. Now the wind sank, now it rose, and the distance varied, the Spaniards at times coming near enough to reach the English ships with their shots. The "Golden Hind" sailed well, but the Spanish ships did not lack speed, and it began to look as if the hitherto prosperous career of the British freebooters was at an end.

Fortunately for the latter, the governor, in his haste, had neglected one matter of importance. He expected

that a short run would bring him up to the English ship, and neglected to provision his craft. As a result the Spanish mariners found themselves without food, and the disappointed governor was obliged to give up the chase. He still had hopes, however, of capturing the audacious Englishman. On reaching Lima he hastily provisioned his ships, and sent them out again, with a third added, in chase of the "Golden Hind." But Admiral Drake was not the man to be caught after gaining such a start, and the pursuing Spaniards had seen their last of his ship.

To this point the story of Francis Drake had not been one of discovery, but of what we can only designate as piracy. To-day such a man would very likely have ended his career by being hung. But in those days nations looked on such matters differently, and success brought the bold freebooter high honor, as we shall see. We have now to follow Drake through his course of exploration and discovery.

The Strait of Magellan was his nearest way home, but he feared that Spanish ships might be awaiting him there, and with his rich freight of gold he did not care to risk an encounter with his sixty men against possibly hundreds of foes. So he headed north with the forlorn hope of finding the northwest passage, of which Martin Frobisher was then in search, and reaching England by sailing round America in the north. We know to-day how hopeless this project was, but no one knew then.

Up the South American coast the rovers sailed, still taking prizes and looting towns, their store of treasure growing as they went. Then the Isthmus of Panama was passed and the North American shores were reached. As April of the next year came and passed they left the land and stood boldly out to sea.

Drake fancied that the American coast ran in a straight line to the north, and wished to get a good seaway, but he was surprised, after sailing for some five weeks northwestwardly, to see land on his right. It must, he thought, be a large island, but after following it for many miles he became sure that he had struck the continent again, and that the coast ran northwest instead of north.

The coast he saw was that of California. He was not the first to discover it, for the Spaniards of Mexico had been there before him. But there were none of these foes there now, and the rovers found no inhabitants but Indians,—not semi-civilized ones like those of Mexico and Peru, but the simple and ignorant savages of the north. They proved to be very friendly, luckily for the mariners, for the much battered "Golden Hind" sprung a leak, and all the cargo had to be taken ashore and the ship thoroughly repaired.

The harbor they had reached seems to have been that known as the Golden Gate, the entrance to the splendid bay of San Francisco. Drake and his men wisely kept on the best of terms with the Indians, making them presents and winning their favor to so great an extent that, when they saw that their white guests were about to leave, their hospitable souls were filled with grief. Tears flowed from their eyes, moans came from their lips, and they wrung their hands as if they had lost their dearest and best. As the ship glided majestically away a large body of Indians gathered on the hillside, building bonfires as a farewell token to their departing friends, who waved their hats in return. Rarely have the whites dwelt long with the red men and parted from them in such amity.

It was now the 23d of July, 1579. Northward sailed the rovers along the coast, hoping as they went to

find some passage through which they could sail to the Atlantic. Little dreamed they that this ocean lay three thousand miles away, with mighty plains and mountain-chains between. Drake and his men were now in new waters and in the realm of new discovery, and the secrets of the land were all unknown.

They kept on until they had skirted the whole western coast of the present United States, their journey ending at about 48° north latitude, near the northern boundary-line of the great republic. But the passage Drake sought was not found; the season was advancing and the air growing colder; the passage to the east might lie thousands of miles northward still; to go back through the Spanish seas was too dangerous; finally the rover captain took a bold decision, the path that Magellan had followed lay open still, he would head his vessel westward across the broad Pacific and take her round the earth, being the first of men after Magellan to accomplish this glorious deed.

Before leaving the American coast he landed and took possession of the region he had discovered in the name of Queen Elizabeth, christening it New Albion. Then, on the 29th of September, he spread his sails to the wind and stood out boldly into the Pacific's waves, heading for the far-away Moluccas in Asia's seas.

The voyage was prosperous, the winds proving favorable and the storms not serious, and after weeks in which only the rolling waves were seen, the sight of green hills met the glad view of the mariners. On the 4th of November the island of Ternate was reached, and the "Golden Hind" made harbor in the isles of spices, the verdant Moluccas.

The king of Ternate gave the adventurers a warm welcome, and they spent three weeks in his hospitable

waters. But danger awaited them when they took to the sea again, for on December 10, when off the island of Celebes, the hitherto fortunate ship ran aground on a shelf of rocks. By good luck her bottom was not pierced and no water came through, but before they could get afloat again they had to throw overboard eight of their cannon, part of their provisions, and three tons of cloves which the Moluccas had added to their cargo. Thus lightened, the "Golden Hind" found water beneath her keel once more, and her course was shaped for the island of Java, where she was thoroughly overhauled.

The lost spices had been replaced at a later isle, and on the 25th of March, 1580, the noble little ship set out on the last great portion of her long journey, heading for the Cape of Good Hope, which was reached on the 15th of June. She had on board then fifty-seven men, and three casks of water as a provision against thirst. On the 12th of July the equator was crossed, on the 16th fresh water was taken in on the coast of Guinea, and on the 26th of September English soil was sighted and the joyful adventurers beheld their native land again, after an absence of nearly three years.

Drake, the second to circumnavigate the globe, had been far more fortunate than Magellan, in reaching home in safety after his many perils, and with wealth enough on board to satisfy the desires of himself and all his men. Great was the joy with which the mariners were hailed, as they sailed in triumph into Plymouth harbor. What mattered in those days the rights and protests of Spain? The queen, after some hesitation, came down to Deptford, where the "Golden Hind" lay, shared in a banquet with her captain, and then knighted him as Sir Francis Drake, approving

warmly of all he had done, and practically snapping her fingers at Spain.

As for the people of England, they hailed the fortunate freebooter as their greatest hero of the sea. It was not so much the gold he had gained as the brilliancy of his exploits, the great daring with which, in his single small ship and with his three score of men, he had braved the Spaniards of the colonies and the perils of the two great oceans, that won him the hearty plaudits of his countrymen. The " Golden Hind " was ordered by the queen to be preserved as a monument to England's glory. But after a century passed it decayed and had to be broken up, a chair, made of its sound timber, and presented by Charles II. to the Oxford University, being all that was left of the good little ship.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, HIS FAILURE AND HIS FATE

While Martin Frobisher was seeking for mines of gold in the frozen soil of the Arctic zone, and Francis Drake was getting gold in the easier way of robbing Spanish ships and towns, other English adventurers were engaged in the more laudable enterprise of trying to found colonies on the shores of the New World. Several such efforts were made before one succeeded, and as these efforts have their place in the story of American exploration, we shall tell the tales of the several earnest men engaged in them.

First in the list, after Frobisher's hopeless effort to plant a gold-mining colony on the northern isles of ice, comes Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a gallant soldier of Queen Elizabeth's wars. When the wars ended and Gilbert's sword was thrown out of business, his active mind turned to another field of enterprise. At that time the Grand Banks of Newfoundland were thronged with fishermen, fully four hundred vessels crossing the ocean annually. Many of these were manned by Englishmen, who, as we are told, "were commonly lords in the harbors." Gilbert thought that it would be an excellent idea to make them lords on the land as well, by founding a colony in Newfoundland and taking possession of that large island for his queen and country.

He had no trouble in getting a patent for the land. Kings and queens in those days were always ready to give away what did not belong to them. It was decreed that if he should establish a colony within six

years from 1578, when the patent was given, all the land within two hundred leagues of his settlement was to belong to him and his heirs, with full rights to make laws for and govern the people.

Gilbert went into the enterprise with energy. Volunteers were plenty, and at first all looked well. Then quarrels began; some wanted this, and some that; many dropped out in disgust, and when, in 1579, Gilbert and his followers set out, there were but few under his flag, and ill luck went with them and forced them soon to return,—all but one vessel, which the waves swallowed up. The sea had taken toll from the fleet.

It was 1583 before he was ready to start again. All now seemed promising. The queen herself bade him good-bye and presented him with a golden anchor,—perhaps as a token that he could anchor his colony safely on those far western shores. Parmenius, a scholar from Hungary, went with the expedition. He would doubtless have been its historian had fortune permitted him to return.

Few of those who sailed from Plymouth harbor so bravely were to see the green shores of England again. If ill luck attended the first expedition, double ill luck went with the second. They were not two days out, the English coast had not fairly vanished from view, when the largest ship of the little fleet turned in its track and hurried back to port. The excuse was that an infectious disease had broken out on board. The true reason probably was that the disease of faint-heartedness had infected captain and crew.

This desertion was a sore blow to Gilbert, but he was not one of the fainthearted kind, and kept steadily on his course, reaching Newfoundland in good season. On the 3d of August he sailed into the harbor of St. John's, and was not there long before he made it

known to the fisher-folk that he had come to take possession in the name of his queen. They were all bidden to take part in the ceremonies, the Spanish, Portuguese, French, and such other foreigners as might be there. The English present needed no summons. The ceremonies were simple enough, being a mere declaration, with the necessary waving of the British standard, that he claimed that land for the august Elizabeth, England's sovereign queen, and the planting of a wooden column to which the coat of arms of England was nailed fast. As for the fishermen present, all were granted lands, with the condition that they should pay a quit-rent. We do not know just how the foreign fishermen viewed this proceeding, but there was nothing for them to do but submit. Whoever had the right, Gilbert had the power.

But to make a claim and to raise a column is not to found a colony, as Sir Humphrey was soon to learn. Those with him explored the land and the hills, looking for the precious metals, as was so much the fashion in those days. Most of those who went to the mountains came back saying that they had found hopeful signs. The "mineral man" of the expedition was ready to pledge his life that the hills were full of silver ore. It was, or seemed, a great discovery. He was bidden to keep his knowledge to himself, and specimens of the supposed ore were carried on board the ships by stealth, lest the foreign fishers might suspect.

Meanwhile the main purpose of the expedition did not prosper. Gilbert had brought with him a sorry lot of men, his sailors being little better than pirates, and bent on robbing every ship that came in their way. It was an evil that in those days infected mariners everywhere, and Drake's and Gilbert's men were only carrying out the ethics of their profession in that age.

The robbing of Spanish galleons in times of peace went far to make piracy a trade, and many besides those named took part in it.

With men of this kind it was not easy to found a peaceful colony. All went wrong; order could with difficulty be maintained on shipboard. One of the ships was abandoned as unseaworthy, and with the three remaining Gilbert set sail for the shores of the mainland on a tour of discovery. Other misfortunes followed. When they were off the coast of Maine the gross carelessness of the crew ran the largest of the ships on the rocks, and it went to the bottom with nearly a hundred of its men. Parmenius, the Hungarian scholar, went down with it, and also the "mineral man," with all his ore. The ore doubtless was of no more value than Frobisher's gold-bearing stones, for silver has not since been found in Newfoundland.

We now come to the pathetic and tragic climax of our tale. With the two small vessels left there was nothing to do but to hasten back to England. Sir Humphrey had chosen for his flag-ship the smallest of his craft, the little "Squirrel," a bark of only ten tons, a diminutive craft utterly unfit to be afloat on ocean waters during the months of storm. He had chosen it as convenient for approaching the coast and entering harbors. Those about him now begged him to go on board the larger vessel, the "Hind," but he refused to leave the little company who had been his comrades in all their dangers.

It was a noble but a fatal resolution. As they sailed, the winds rose in their might and the seas grew high and rough. The oldest sailor on board had never seen "more outrageous seas." The little "Squirrel," laboring in the billowy waters, threatened momentarily to go to the bottom. In that hour of danger Sir Hum-

phrey, staid old soldier as he was, showed the calm courage that had carried him through many campaigns. He sat abaft in his ship, with a book in his hand, like a scholar in his library, and as the "Hind" came within hearing distance he called out to them that noble sentiment, which has since held place among the world's proverbs, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

A stormy night followed the stormy day. Through the hours of darkness the vessels labored on. Finally, as midnight came near, the lights of the little "Squirrel," which had as yet been visible from the deck of the "Hind," suddenly disappeared. It was the last ever seen of the vessel or any of its crew. The tumultuous waves had claimed their victim, and the brave old sailor was gone. The "Hind" rode out the storm, and reached an English harbor in safety, with the doleful news of Gilbert's tragic fate.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, THE PRINCE OF COLONIZERS

We have now to tell the story of the great pioneer among English colonizers, the man who devoted his life and his fortune to the work of founding a colony in America, but who was pursued by a persistent ill fortune that made sport of all his efforts and robbed him of the honor which should of right have been his, that of establishing the first English colony in the New World.

Walter Raleigh—Sir Walter Raleigh, as he afterwards became and is known in history—was a step-brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and sailed from England with him in his first unsuccessful voyage. In Gilbert's second voyage, that of 1583, the ship that deserted and returned had been fitted out by Raleigh. Thus misfortune seemed to dog his footsteps from the start. It continued to haunt him in his many efforts to plant a colony on America's shores.

The fate of poor Gilbert did not deter his enthusiastic step-brother. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who readily granted him in 1584 a patent which gave him almost kingly powers in any colony he might found. He did not propose to settle the chilly north, like Frobisher and Gilbert, but chose the sunny south, the salubrious land to the north of Spanish Florida.

When Raleigh's plans were made known colonists crowded in. The balmy realms he sought were more to their taste than the regions of frost. Two vessels were sent out, filled with men and amply provisioned, on a voyage of investigation to the North American

coast. Raleigh did not go himself, but chose able mariners to command, and it was a hopeful crew that, on the 2d of July, 1584, came within sight of land on the Carolina coast. There is a strain of poetry in the story they tell, that the nearness of land was heralded to them by airs breathing fragrance, "as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers."

Reaching a promising harbor on the 13th, they landed and took possession in the queen's name. The spot on which they stood was Wocoken Island, one of those that skirt for many miles the coast of North Carolina. Stormy enough in the winter season, only sweet and gentle breezes were found there in that month of July, and the visitors were overjoyed with the beauty of that islanded ocean and the charms of nature which they beheld. The lofty trees, the luxuriant vines, the shady arbors, the numbers and variety of birds, the new and fearless animals, all filled their souls with rapture, and words hardly served them to describe the beauties of the scene.

The dusky natives, who gazed with timid wonder at the newcomers, were as gentle and friendly as they found nature to be. Passing to Roanoke Island, in the inner waters, they were entertained by its chiefs with simple but warm hospitality, and they tell us that "the people were most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age." Their reception, indeed, was everywhere of the friendliest, and might have been followed by genial and happy intercourse had the visitors met their hosts half way in this spirit of amity. As it was they were soon to change this sentiment to one of distrust and hostility.

No colonists were left on the first visit. The ships

returned to England, bringing with them two of the natives, and with such glowing descriptions of what they had seen among those "hundred islands," bathed by the soft waves of a summer sea, that the queen, enchanted by their vivid account, gave these sunny regions the name of Virginia, in honor of her own reign as a virgin queen. To Raleigh she gave the honor of knighthood, adding the knightly "Sir" to his name, and rewarded him with a monopoly of sweet wines in her kingdom, a grant which brought him in the wealth needed to continue his work.

After the glowing stories that Captain Amidas and Barlow of the returned ships had spread abroad, colonists were to be had in numbers, and in April, 1585, a second expedition was sent out, comprising seven vessels and with one hundred and eight colonists on board. Raleigh stayed at home as before, but his able friend, Sir Richard Grenville, took command, and Ralph Lane, a distinguished soldier, was named as governor of the colony to be founded.

On June 26 the fleet came to anchor at Wocoken, and soon sailed through Ocracoke Inlet and up the sound to Roanoke Island. From here Grenville, Lane, and others made an excursion along the coast, lasting eight days. They found the natives everywhere hospitable. But at one of the Indian villages a silver cup was stolen, and as there was delay in getting it back, the headlong Grenville ordered the village to be burned and its crops of corn destroyed. Soon after he sailed back to England, having worked mischief through his hot temper for those he left behind.

As for the land, it was still described in the warmest language. "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world. The climate is so wholesome that we have not one sick since

we touched the land. If Virginia had but horses and kine, and were inhabited with English, no realm in Christendom were comparable with it."

Hariot, the historian of the expedition, went into more detail. He made a close observation of the land, its products, and its people, and was especially enthusiastic about the abundant production of maize. The potato he found to be very good food, and he learned to smoke tobacco like the natives, thinking it to have healing qualities. He described the people, their dress, modes of life, manners, and customs, at length; the cruelty of their wars, their arts in peace, their system of government, and religious ideas.

Meanwhile the natives were far from pleased when the ships sailed away and left so many men behind. The unjust act of Grenville had excited their fear and distrust, the fire-arms of the whites filled them with terror, and they were shrewd enough to foresee that more of the English would come, and that they would in the end be killed and their land taken.

What could they do to get rid of these unwelcome strangers? The first effort came when they found that the white men were eager for a yellow metal which they called gold. One of the savages, an adept in the art of lying, sought to send them afar in search of this metal. The story he told them was certainly alluring to men who were blankly ignorant of what lay in the interior of the continent. The river Roanoke, he said, had its springs in a great rock far within the land, and beyond this rock was a mighty sea, so near the stream that in times of storm the salt water dashed over the rock and mingled with the fresh water of its springs. Here dwelt a nation rich in gold and skilled in working it, and pearls were so plentiful that the shores of their city glittered with them. It is perhaps wrong to charge

this Indian tale-teller with intentional falsehood. It may have been that traditions of Mexico and the western ocean had reached his ears.

Lane was quite ready to believe him. He took a boating party up the Roanoke, forcing his way against its swift current, and keeping on until all their provisions were gone and they were obliged to kill and eat the very dogs they had taken with them. Lane's quick return put an end to any plan which might have been entertained of killing the whites left behind, and the Indians were next inclined to leave their fields unplanted, and thus starve out their visitors. This plan was also given up. To starve the whites might be to starve themselves. But Lane distrusted them. He feared that they were forming a compact with their neighbors to attack and destroy the whites, and resolved to give them a bloody lesson. He asked for an interview with Wingina, the most active of the chiefs. It was granted, and Lane and a number of armed men were welcomed to his modest dwelling. Immediately, without waiting for any show of hostility, the visitors attacked Wingina and his attendant warriors, and killed them all.

This act of bloodthirsty treachery took place on the 1st of June, 1586. It was not calculated to improve the safety of Governor Lane and the colonists, and their courage began to fail. They looked in vain for supplies from England, and many among them began to sigh for their native land. Their hopes revived when, a few days later, the sails of a numerous fleet whitened the seas. It proved to be Sir Francis Drake, with twenty-three ships under his command. He had been cruising for Spanish prizes in the West Indies, and had seen fit to stop at his friend Raleigh's settlement on his voyage home to England.

Drake gave them a ship and some boats, but a storm destroyed these, and the colonists lost heart so utterly that in the end he took them all on board his fleet and set sail for home. Thus ended the first English colony in America. They left a little too soon, for they had barely gone when a ship arrived with all the stores they needed. Finding the island deserted, it turned back home again. Two weeks later Grenville appeared, with three ships abundantly supplied. In vain he sought for the colonists, and in the end set sail, after leaving fifteen men on Roanoke Island to hold the place till new colonists could come.

Raleigh had now much reason to feel discouraged. All these expeditions had been sent out at his expense and all had ended in failure. Most men would have withdrawn from the attempt after this experience, but his resolution held firm. He would not give up. So far he had sent men only, now he would send colonists with their wives and families, that they might make homes in the western world. "The City of Raleigh" was to be founded with a full municipal government. John White was named its governor. Laws and rules were made for him. A squadron of ships was got ready, Raleigh paying for them all. All the queen had yet been willing to give was the name of Virginia to the new province.

Setting sail in April, 1587, Roanoke Island was reached in July. Here the fifteen men whom Grenville had left were sought, but only their bones were found, and their fort was a ruin. It looked as if the savages had taken revenge on the white strangers, and the spectacle was far from reassuring to the new comers. They landed, however, took possession of the fort and the dwellings left by Governor Lane, and the new city of Raleigh began its history.

From the start there was trouble. One tribe of Indians was bitterly hostile. A party of the English, coming upon some Indians at night whom they thought belonged to this tribe, killed a number of them before they learned that they were murdering their own friends. When the ship returned White went with it to bring out fresh supplies. But before he went a girl child was born to his daughter Eleanor Dare, the wife of one of the colonists. This, the first English child born on United States soil, was given the name of Virginia Dare. He left behind him eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children, one of them being his new-born granddaughter. Not one of these was ever to be seen again.

There was war in Europe to make trouble for the colonists. When Governor White reached England he found that country in a fever of excitement. Spain was making ready a mighty fleet, one of the greatest ever known, which was to carry a powerful army to England's shores, conquer that island, and make good Catholics of all its people by aid of persuasion or force. The "Invincible Armada" this expedition was called, and all the best soldiers and sailors of England were preparing to defend their country. Among them were Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, Grenville, and Lane.

It was a bad time to send aid to the colonists, but Raleigh did not forget the poor folks he had sent across the seas, and gave White two vessels laden with supplies to take to them. These ships had a false captain. Instead of going direct to America he spent some time in search of prizes. As a result he was badly whipped by a French man-of-war, and one of his vessels plundered. They both had to go back to England, and the colony was left to its fate, much to the distress of its founder.

Raleigh was generous and warm-hearted, but his fortune could not bear such continual drains. He had already spent more than forty thousand pounds on his colonies and was now too poor to spend more. Very likely most of our readers know that the "Invincible Armada" did not conquer England, but was conquered itself, being utterly beaten by the English bull-dogs of the sea. But the great sea-fight with Spain delayed matters in England, so that two years passed after White left Roanoke Island before he was able to return in search of his colony, his daughter, and his little granddaughter, Virginia Dare.

When he landed on the island he found, to his dismay, that the settlement was a ruin and the colony had disappeared. Not a trace of man, woman, or child could be found. There were no signs of them either living or dead. The only trace of their fate was a tree in whose bark the word "Croatan" had been cut. Croatan was an island not far away, the people of which had been friendly to the English. Had the settlers made their way there? It would not have been difficult to learn, but Governor White now showed a faint heart. The season of storms was at hand, he said; the ships were in danger. Deserting in their extremity even those of his own blood, he turned and sailed back to England, having proved as base and cowardly as the soldier who flies from the field of battle when his friends and comrades are in danger.

No one ever saw the unfortunate colonists again. Five times afterwards, it is said, the kind-hearted Raleigh sent out ships to search for them, but they had vanished as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. The story of the "lost colony" has since led to much surmise. They may have been

murdered by the Indians; they may have mingled with them and become half Indians themselves. Long afterwards there were found among the tribes of that region Indians with blue eyes and light hair and skin, and some think these might have descended from the lost colonists.

No other man was so earnest in the colonization of the United States as Sir Walter Raleigh. He spent his fortune, he gave years of time, to this cause, only to meet with failure in the end. In all these efforts he had not crossed the ocean himself, but in his later years he did so on an expedition of discovery and exploration of which something must be said.

In former stories we have spoken of El Dorado, the fabled land of gold in South America, which Spanish explorers made many vain attempts to find. The tale was one that stirred up Raleigh's imaginative mind, and he determined to seek for it himself. In 1595 he set out, with five vessels, in search of this golden realm, sailing to Guiana, on the northern coast of South America, where it was supposed to lie. Reaching the mouth of the great Orinoco River, he went up it in boats for a distance of three hundred miles, seeking vainly for the city and land of gold, but finding them not. He came back as empty-handed as he had gone, and wrote a book entitled "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana." He had not yet lost faith in its golden treasures.

When Queen Elizabeth died Raleigh's era of good fortune came to an end. He was accused of treason, convicted without proof, and sentenced to death. Being reprieved, he was sent to prison in the Tower of London and kept there for thirteen long years, and while there wrote an excellent "History of the World." He was let out in 1615, broken in health

and partly paralyzed, on his offer to sail to Guiana and open its mines of gold. Furnished with a fleet of thirteen vessels, he went there in 1617, and once more journeyed far up the Orinoco, exploring in every direction, but finding no mines and no traces of the long sought El Dorado.

Many were his adventures on this expedition, one of them being a fight with the Spaniards of St. Thomas, in which his son Walter was killed. On his return to England the king of Spain demanded that he should be punished for his attack on a Spanish settlement. James I. was quite ready to favor Spain. Raleigh had found no gold, he had many enemies, he had been condemned to death for treason in 1603, so the king called up this old sentence and ordered him to be beheaded. Thus perished one of the greatest men connected with the history of colonization in America, a man of the noblest impulses and of unyielding persistence. Misfortune pursued him, but he made himself an undying name in his great field of enterprise. Two centuries after his death North Carolina revived in his memory the "City of Raleigh," and made it its capital.

BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD AND OTHER DISCOVERERS IN NEW ENGLAND

After 1492 it was long the custom of mariners, except those who went to the far north, to follow in the track of Columbus, and make their way to America by the route of the Canary and West India islands. Bartholomew Gosnold, an English adventurer, made his first voyage by this route, but in his second, concluding that this was a roundabout and needless course, he decided to sail straight across the Atlantic.

Raleigh, the great colonizer, helped him, and in March, 1602, he set sail in a small vessel which in seven weeks brought him to Cape Elizabeth, on the coast of Maine. Gosnold's voyage is of interest, for he sought to found a colony on the New England shores before that of the Pilgrims. If he had been successful, the honor of the first colony would have fallen to New England instead of to Virginia.

Sailing down the coast and stopping at various points, he discovered on the morning of May 15 a long, sandy promontory to which he gave the name of Cape Cod. This spot became famous in later years as the first landing-place of the Pilgrims, but Gosnold was the earliest of English birth to set foot upon it, or, so far as we know, upon New England soil. At that time, little more than three hundred years ago, there was not a man of white skin in the whole region between Florida and Greenland.

Doubling Cape Cod, Gosnold sailed onward along the coast until he entered the stately sound now called Buzzard's Bay, but which he named Gosnold's Hope.

One of its islands he called Elizabeth, in honor of the queen. The whole group of islands now bears this name.

The adventurers were delighted with the beauty and fertility of the land they had reached. Here were noble forests, containing many stately trees, and wild fruits in abundance. Flowers in profusion bloomed before them, the eglantine, the honeysuckle, the wild pea, and others unnamed. Here grew wild berries, the strawberry and the raspberry, while grapevines festooned the trees. Sassafras, a valued medicinal plant, was plentifully seen. Elizabeth Island held a broad pond in whose centre was a rocky islet. On this was built a fort and a storehouse for the defense of the pioneer colony of New England.

Sassafras root, then looked upon as of sovereign value in medicine, was so abundant that Gosnold loaded his ship with it, and then prepared to return with the story of his discoveries, first selecting a party of settlers to hold the fort. But when the time came for sailing these refused to stay. The Indians, at first friendly, were becoming hostile, provisions were lacking, they had good reason to fear death from the natives or from starvation, and when, in June, the ships set sail, no man was willing to stay behind. In five weeks they were home again. They had been only four months absent, and not a sick man was on board.

The story told by Gosnold and his men was an inviting one. They had found the voyage short and safe, the climate pleasant, the country delightful. So promising did it all seem that the merchants of Bristol quickly organized another expedition to the same shores, sending out in 1603 two ships under the command of Martin Pring. He was as successful as Gosnold had been before him. He coasted along the shores

of Maine, entering its rivers and harbors, and landed also in Massachusetts, seeking sassafras, but finding none. Then he sailed on until he reached Old Town Harbor in Martha's Vineyard. Here the sassafras cureall was found, and loading his ships he sailed back to England with the valuable cargo.

Shall we go on with the story of these New England explorations? They are of importance as events in early American discovery. Pring had told as enticing a story as Gosnold, and in 1605 an expedition was sent out under George Waymouth, an experienced sailor, who had already been to Labrador. Like Gosnold, he reached shore at the sandy coast of Cape Cod. Here he found himself among dangerous shoals, and stood out to sea to escape them, heading northward until he came to the group of islands now known as St. George's, and passing through them into a fine harbor, easy to enter, with good anchorage, and well protected against the winds.

The climate seemed to him delightful; the sea was crowded with fish; trees of noble growth and girth bordered the shores; the silver fir yielded a gum which to his fancy was as fragrant as frankincense; so pleasant in every way seemed the land that many of the ship's company would have been glad to settle there had he been prepared to leave them.

Making in his pinnace a tour of discovery around the bay, he came in the last days of May to the mouth of what seemed a noble river, broad and deep, and sending its current strongly into the bay. It was the stream now called St. George's River, up which soon afterwards he took the ship, sailing between its forest-bordered sides for some eighteen miles. Its verdant banks, its breadth,—from half a mile to a mile,—its fine coves, the strength of its tides, were all highly

admired, and the explorers deemed themselves in a land of plenty and delight.

When the ship reached shoal water Waymouth took his boat and was rowed ten miles farther up the stream, his pleasure at the fertility of the soil and the richness of the vegetation increasing with every mile. At the point where the river turns to the westward he planted a cross, as a memorial of his visit, and turned down stream again.

He had found the natives friendly and willing to trade, bringing otter, beaver, and deer skins to exchange for the trinkets of the whites. Like others before him, he requited them for their friendliness by decoying five of them on board his ships and carrying them away with him to England. His purpose was to have them taught English, that they might serve future expeditions as interpreters.

Reaching Plymouth on his return home, Waymouth gave three of his dusky passengers to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the governor of that town, and spoke to him with the utmost warmth of the fertility of the country he had visited, its delightful climate, its rich fisheries, and the readiness of its people to exchange costly furs for trifles. But above all these Gorges was interested in the story of the fine and safe harbor which had been found, for so far the English explorers of the coast has met with little evidence of good harbors.

Such were the voyages which were to lead to the pioneer colonies of the United States. We need but say further here that Sir Ferdinando Gorges was for the remainder of his life actively interested in the colonization of New England. He sent out ship after ship, planted a colony in 1607 on the coast of Maine, which endured for a year,—the cold of the winter proving too much for the endurance of the settlers,—and

finally, after the Pilgrims and the Puritans had made their settlements, he was granted in 1636 large possessions in Maine, of which he was made lord proprietor.

Captain John Mason was associated with him in this grant, which embraced the region between the Merrimac and Kennebec Rivers. Here, after establishing some fishing villages, they divided their claims, Mason taking the country west of the Piscataqua River, which he named New Hampshire, after Hampshire, his home in England. Gorges took the country east of that river and named it Maine,—perhaps as the "main" land, to distinguish it from the coast islands.

JOHN SMITH AND THE EXPLORATION OF THE CHESAPEAKE

In the month of April of the year 1607 a small fleet, composed of three vessels, and carrying one hundred and five emigrants, came within sight of the American shores. An ill-chosen party they were to be sent abroad to plant a colony in the wilderness. Gentlemen many of them called themselves, but gentlemen in those days was apt to mean worthless idlers. Among them were only twelve laborers and only a few mechanics. They had been bidden to land on Roanoke Island, the scene of Raleigh's unsuccessful venture twenty years before. Fortunately a severe storm carried them past the Carolina islands and into the magnificent Chesapeake Bay, the broad expanse of which they viewed with the greatest delight.

Heaven and earth, they thought, had never framed elsewhere so noble a place for men to dwell in. Into the bay poured the waters of a broad river, which they named the James, after James I., then king of England. Up this stream they sailed for about fifty miles, and on the 13th of May came to a peninsula jutting into the river, which they chose as a suitable place for a settlement, naming it Jamestown.

Among these colonists there was only one man of whom we wish to speak in particular, for he was the soul of the colony, and the most astonishing man for the variety of his adventures who ever sought America's shores. He bore the plain name of John Smith, but of the many men who have borne this name Cap-

tain John Smith, as he is called in history, was the prince. Never abler man took part in the founding of a colony and never had man more worthless material to deal with. It was due solely to him that the Jamestown colony did not prove a quick and dismal failure, like all those that had gone before it.

Before he crossed the seas Smith had had an extraordinary career as a soldier. While quite young he had taken part in the wars in the Netherlands. Later he was shipwrecked and robbed and fell into great want in France. He visited Italy and Egypt, and fought against the Turks in Hungary, fighting three of them in single combat between the armies, and killing them all. Taken prisoner in 1602, he was sold to slavery among the Turks. His master treated him cruelly, but Smith gained revenge by killing him and riding off to safety on his horse. He escaped through the forests, but was too fond of adventure to keep quiet, and made his way soon to north Africa, where there was talk of war. Finally he got back to England, and there he joined the expedition to Jamestown. He was to play as active a part in America as he had played in Europe, and make himself one of the most famous pioneers of the New World.

It is not our purpose to describe in detail the doings of Captain Smith. These have been so often told that we shall pass them by and confine ourselves to his discoveries. It is as an explorer of the Chesapeake that his name finds place in this work.

The "gentlemen" at Jamestown did as little work, except in the search for gold, as possible. While they were seeking gold he, far more wisely, was seeking food, and they soon would have been starving if he had not induced the Indians to help them. His first exploration came when the gold-seekers began to com-

plain that he had not ascended the Chickahominy, a small river that ran into the James. They got it into their wise heads that the Pacific Ocean lay not far away, and that this river might lead to it and its possible hills of gold. The reason they did not try the larger river, the James, was doubtless that the rapids and falls above Jamestown cut off navigation on that stream.

We do not know that Captain Smith expected to reach the Pacific by rowing up a creek, but he had the instinct for adventure and discovery, and went up the Chickahominy in a barge until he could get no farther. He then paddled twenty miles higher up in a canoe. Here he was in the marshes near the river's head and the Pacific still very far away.

This journey led to the most perilous of all Smith's adventures. Taken prisoner by the Indians, he would have been killed on the spot if he had not amused their chief by giving him a little pocket compass. The strange movements of the magnetic needle astonished his captors so greatly that they spared his life. He had many adventures among these Indians, and astonished them still more when he sent a written message to Jamestown and received a reply. The mystery of the "talking paper" was still greater than that of the needle that always pointed to the north.

In the end Smith was taken to the village of Powhatan, the great chief on the York River, and it was here that took place the most romantic of his adventures. He tells the story himself, and therefore some do not believe it. But there was nobody else to tell it, and Captain Smith was not much given to lying. Besides, the tale he told was not unlike other tales in Indian history, so that we have much warrant to believe it.

This is the oft-told tale. When the captive was brought before Powhatan, he found the great chief reclining on a sort of throne, while around the wigwam sat a row of men and behind them a second row of young women, decorated with feathers and beads and with their heads and shoulders painted red. When the prisoner entered they all gave a terrific yell. He was brought water to wash with and food to eat, and then the Indians began a long talk of which he understood not a word. But he knew its meaning too well when two large stones were brought in and laid before Powhatan, and he was seized and thrown down, his head on the stones, while some sturdy savages stood over him with their war clubs raised in the air.

At this moment Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of Powhatan, a girl of twelve or thirteen, who had begged his life from her father, ran forward and laid her head on his. This act of his daughter touched the old chief's heart, and the captive's life was spared. Two days later Powhatan permitted him to return to Jamestown, on the condition that he should send him two great guns and a grindstone. Smith was quite willing. He would have offered them a ship if they had asked for one. He showed the cannon and the grindstone to his guides and bade them carry them home. But when they found how difficult these were to lift they were very well satisfied to take home some smaller presents.

This adventure only whetted Smith's taste for exploration, and on the 2d of June, 1608, he set out on an important work, that of exploring the great Chesapeake Bay, tracing its sources, and gaining information about its inhabitants. The equipment for this important expedition was a very small one, consisting of an open barge, with fourteen men besides himself, —seven soldiers, one doctor, and six "gentlemen," the

latter nearly worthless for an excursion of such risk and length.

Sailing down the James to its mouth, they crossed the bay to Cape Charles, and proceeded up its eastern shore, carefully examining every bay and inlet, giving names to the isles and headlands they met, and visiting the chiefs. These Smith found in different moods, some peaceful, some warlike. But he had insinuating ways that disarmed them all, and those who fired upon his party at first were soon ready to trade with them for their finest furs.

After following the eastern shore for many miles up the bay, he crossed over and found himself at the mouth of the Patuxent River. Here no inhabitants were visible, except the wolves, bears, deer, and other fourfooted residents of the forest. The "gentlemen" in his party by this time were thoroughly weary of the journey, and begged him to go back, but he refused and went on till he reached a point where the width of the bay was reduced to nine miles. As a number of the wearied were now sick he turned back, and on June 10 came to the mouth of a splendid river, the Potomac. The sight of this fine stream so revived the sick that they were quite willing to go up it, and the little barge ascended above the sites of Mount Vernon and Washington and to the falls above Georgetown.

For thirty miles no inhabitants were seen, then they came upon two natives, who became their guides up a little creek. Suddenly they found themselves in a great ambuscade, as it seemed, there being from three to four thousand fierce-looking savages, "so strangely paynted, grimed and disguised, shouting, yelling, and crying, as so many spirits from hell could not have showed more terrible."

The small boat's crew seemed utterly lost before this

screaming horde, but their captain was an adept in dealing with the natives. He had his men train their guns and fire so that the Indians could see the bullets strike the water. The loud noise, the strange effect, excited their fear and wonder, and in a moment down went their bows and arrows and signs of peace followed their show of hostility.

Farther up the river other tribes were met, all of them friendly, and on their way back they came across some great rocks which showed shining spots in places which the rains had worn bare. At once the old thought of gold arose. Up the rocks they scrambled and eagerly scraped up the yellow spangles with which the ground was covered. One of the natives, seeing their eagerness, told them of a mountain near by where plenty of yellow stuff was to be found, and guided some of them to it. The substance found appeared to be antimony. Some of it was afterwards sent to England and pronounced to be of no value.

Farther down the stream Captain Smith met with a serious adventure. The river was full of fish. Among those caught by them was a sting-ray, a fish quite unknown to those present, and from its dangerous spine Smith received an ugly wound. The pain was so intense, and his head and arms became so frightfully swollen, that he thought he was fatally poisoned. Death seemed near at hand, and in his seeming extremity he picked out a spot on a neighboring island for a burial-place, and some of the men even landed to prepare a grave for their dying leader. Fortunately it was not needed. The remedies of the doctor mitigated the pain and reduced the swelling, and by evening the wounded man had so far recovered as to partake heartily for his supper of the fish to which he owed his wound.

Not long afterwards the explorers reached Jamestown, their trip having occupied them twenty days. But Captain Smith was far from satisfied, and a month later was off again on a second trip to complete his exploration. This time he passed the Potomac and ascended the Patapsco River, on the banks of which dwelt a warlike and powerful tribe, the Massowomeks. He had been warned against them, and as many of his men were sick, he made them lie down in the bottom of the boat and raised their hats on sticks to make his force appear as formidable as possible. Luckily these savages proved peaceful, as did nearly all he met.

The journey led past the site of the future city of Baltimore, whose harbor was probably entered and explored. They went on till they reached the head of the bay at the mouth of the Susquehanna, a mighty stream coming down from hundreds of miles to the north. Here dwelt the tribe to which this river owes its name, the Susqusohannocks, whom Smith speaks of as a nation of giants. He measured the limbs of some of them and gives figures which are incredible. One of those he speaks of would have put to shame Goliath of Gath by the girth of his mighty calves.

They were a populous people, to whom the whites came as a revelation. The simple-minded savages looked upon them as divine visitors and tried to worship them. Before they parted they gave Smith and his men presents of some of their most cherished treasures. Far up this stream, the whites were told, lived a mighty nation, the Mohawks, " who dwelt upon a great water, and had many boats and many men," and who " made war upon all the world." This was the first news heard of the powerful Iroquois tribes, who then ruled the country for many miles around.

From this point the return journey began, following the western shore of the bay. As before every inlet was explored, names were given to points of prominence, crosses were raised, holes were bored in trees and writings placed in them, and other signs of possession were made. Reaching the mouth of the Rappahannock, they proceeded up this stream. Here savages were met who had heard of the whites at Jamestown and their doings and had no welcome for such dangerous visitors. They attacked them fiercely with spears and arrows, and followed them down the stream, still firing on them from the woods. It would have gone ill now with the explorers but for the fact that they had obtained from the Massowomeks a number of shields tough enough to turn the sharpest arrow. These Smith placed along the sides of the boat, and by their aid saved his crew. On September 7 the party safely reached Jamestown again, after a narrow escape from destruction in a severe storm off Old Point Comfort.

We have here given an account of a passage in the life of John Smith of which little is usually said, but which formed a very important part of his work. The whole journey, with its many ins and outs, was computed by him to be over three thousand miles in length, and, in view of its many incidents and adventures, may be classed as worthy the age of romance in American history. The map he prepared of the bay was correct as showing all its outline features. He visited all its inhabitants and made friends with all except the truculent savages of the Rappahannock, opening the way for colonial expansion. In view of the slenderness of his means, the courage and resources shown, and the valuable results, this two months' summer trip of Captain John Smith was a memorable exploit, which has

placed his name among the list of those who have enlarged the boundaries of geographical knowledge.

We shall say nothing here about the remarkable ability of Captain Smith in managing the unruly settlers at Jamestown. This does not belong to our subject. It must suffice to say that a serious accident in 1609 obliged him to return to England, and that, though he made another visit to America, he never saw Virginia again.

In this second visit he made a close survey of the northern coast, from the Penobscot to Cape Cod, prepared a map of the coast, and gave the name of New England to the country. The titles of New Spain and New France had already been given to other sections of the continent, but of those three titles that of New England alone survives.

In 1615 Smith set out with the purpose of founding a colony in New England, but severe storms drove him back. When he set out again French pirates intercepted his ships, and he escaped alone, in an open boat, from the harbor of Rochelle. But he continued vigorously to recommend the colonization of New England, was appointed admiral of that country for life, and lived to see the settlements of the Pilgrims and the Puritans established on its shores.

HENRY HUDSON AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON RIVER

A MARINER of note and fame was Henry Hudson, an English sailor who in the years 1607 and 1608 made two voyages in the track of Frobisher and Davis, seeking that "will-o'-the-wisp," a northwest passage to Asia. He then left the English and entered the Dutch service, and in 1609 set out again for the same purpose, in a ship of the Dutch East India Company. His ship bore the strange name of the "Half-Moon."

Touching at Newfoundland, he sailed on to Labrador, and then turned to the south, thinking, like many before him, that somewhere there might be a waterway through the continent to the Pacific. He entered Penobscot Bay; he landed on Cape Cod, which he named New Holland, and kept on until he reached Chesapeake Bay.

Knowing that an English colony was settled there, he turned to the north again, and in a few days reached the entrance of another great body of water, now known as Delaware Bay. Here he claimed possession of the country for Holland, but failed to sail up the bay, continuing along the low New Jersey shores till at length he came in sight of the Highlands, or Navesink Hills. This the journalist of the voyage thought "a very good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see." It must have appeared so after the sandy beaches they had just skirted.

On the following day he rounded a low "sandy hook," and on the morning afterwards the "Half-Moon" cast anchor in a fine inlet, at a short distance

from the shore. They were in the outer waters of New York Bay, or, as they called it, "the great North River of New Netherland."

Soon the natives came paddling in their canoes to the ship, seeming to be highly pleased by the visit of the whites, and viewing with wonder their great white-winged canoe. They brought green tobacco, which they offered in exchange for knives and beads. They wore deerskin clothing, had copper pipes and ornaments, and Indian corn for food. During that day and the next they continued to visit the ship, some of the later comers being dressed in feathers and furs.

Meanwhile some men were sent in a boat to explore the bay and what seemed the channel of a large river, and found the land to be covered with trees, grass, and flowers, and the air filled with a delightful fragrance. But on their return, for no apparent cause, a party of Indians made a fierce attack upon them, killing one and wounding two others of the boat's crew. This made Hudson suspicious of his visitors, and he would permit no more to board his vessel. Two men then on board he held as prisoners, but they afterwards escaped.

As yet the "Half Moon" had lain in the outer bay, but the anchor was soon lifted, and the ship passed through the Narrows, entering the fine inner harbor. Before them lay the wooded island on which has grown up the greatest city of the continent and the second city of the world. Into this broad harbor poured the current of a splendid stream upon whose waters Hudson looked with delight and hope. Might this not be the channel he sought, the liquid avenue to the Pacific, the continental waterway to the wealth of the Indies? Flowing from the far interior, no man in those days could guess how far inland it might extend or what

marvels might lie upon its banks. He determined to ascend it and see whither it led.

The Roanoke, the Chickahominy, and other streams had been ascended with the forlorn hope of reaching the Pacific, and now this great river was to be added to their number. On the afternoon of September 12 Henry Hudson began his voyage up that noble stream which through its later history was to bear his name.

Far up the stream went the adventurous voyagers, past the columned wall of the Palisades, through the mountain gap of the Highlands, beholding new scenes of beauty or grandeur at every turn, while the natives thronged to the banks and gazed upon the ship with wonder, many of them coming out in their canoes with forest commodities to sell.

Hudson viewed these dusky visitors with suspicion. The unprovoked attack which had been made on his boat's crew had taught him to doubt them, and he resolved to try an experiment which, by throwing them off their guard, might induce them to reveal any treachery they had in mind. His purpose was to loosen their tongues with the fire-water of the whites and get them to speak freely while under its influence.

He invited several of the chiefs into his cabin, set out brandy before them, and drank some of it himself as an example. The savages did the same and quickly felt the effects of the strong liquor, one of them becoming so intoxicated that he fell to the floor in a stupor. The others, frightened at seeing their fellow seemingly dead, fled from the cabin, leaped into their canoes, and paddled in all haste to the shore.

Hudson's experiment had not been much of a success. Some demon, the natives thought, had taken possession of their friend, and a number of them came back with a quantity of beads, which they put in his



THE HUDSON RIVER FROM WEST POINT

hand, as an aid to help him get rid of the fiend. The next morning they were early on board, and when they saw the chief restored, brought back to life, as it seemed, they were wild with joy. To reward Hudson they brought him tobacco and beads, made him an oration of which he did not understand a word, and then brought on board a great platter of dressed venison which he understood better, and which they signed to him to eat with them. Then, bowing to him with deep reverence, they departed, all but the restored chief. After his taste of the dangerous but alluring beverage of the whites he preferred to remain on board. Such was the introduction among the Indians of this region of that demon of drink, which was to prove the ruin of so many of their descendants.

Hudson continued his course up the river until he came to a point a little below where the city of Albany now stands. To his disappointment he found the river here narrowing and shoaling, and the hope of reaching the Pacific by its waters began to die out in his mind. To satisfy himself he sent a boat some twenty or twenty-five miles higher up the stream. It grew steadily narrower and shallower as they advanced, and it became evident to them that the head of ship navigation was reached. No indications of the great western ocean had appeared, and Hudson decided to turn back. He had at least discovered a splendid river and a noble harbor, even if the main object of his search lay beyond his reach in the unknown west.

The descent of the river proved to be much more rapid than the upward journey had been. It was not without its adventures. When near Stony Point a number of Indians boarded the ship, and one of them stole some articles from the cabin. He was shot and killed by the mate, a severe punishment for a trifling

fault, and one which was destined to bring a quick reprisal. On the following day, while the "Half Moon" lay at anchor some distance farther down the stream, a canoe put off from the shore. Among the Indians on board Hudson recognized one of those he had held captive and who had made their escape on the voyage up stream. On seeing this man, treachery was feared, and he and his companions were ordered off. Two other canoes filled with armed men followed, paddling under the stern, and making an attack with arrows. The sailors fired back, and after three of the assailants had fallen the others hastened to the shore.

It was soon evident that the hostile spirit was general, more than a hundred armed men now pushing off from the land and making a threatening approach. To repel them, one of the ship's cannon was fired, killing two of the savages and driving the others in panic flight to the woods. But even the thunder of the cannon, so terrible, when first heard, to the American natives, did not deter these daring savages, for some nine or ten of the boldest of them sprang into a canoe and paddled out towards the vessel. Their effort was hopeless against the well-armed whites. A cannon-shot pierced their canoe and killed one of them, while a volley of musketry prostrated three or four more. The others hastened ashore and the battle was at an end. Some five miles farther brought the "Half Moon" into wider waters, where the mariners were beyond the reach of their foes.

The ship was now near the bay, and the exploration of the river was completed. It had been followed from its mouth to the head of navigation, and though Hudson had neither found a northwest nor a transcontinental waterway to the Pacific, he had made a splendid

discovery and secured a valuable possession for his employers. For himself he had won such fame as the attaching of his name to the noble river he had traversed would give. His work was done, and setting all sail he put to sea, glad to be able to carry to Holland the news of his discovery.

The Dutch were not hasty in taking possession of the territory found by Hudson. For years they had no more than a trading station on Manhattan Island, at the river's mouth. In 1615 a settlement was made at Albany, where the "Half Moon" had stopped in its upward course. The country was named New Albany, a title to be changed to New York when the English succeeded the Dutch in possession. As for Captain Hudson, a few words must suffice to finish the story of his exploits.

In the following year, in a final effort to find the northwest passage, he discovered and explored the immense bay in the north of the continent which, like the river he had found, still bears his name. Here he passed the winter, suffering for want of provisions. In the next spring the crew, angry at his desire to continue his researches, broke into mutiny, forced the captain and eight of his men into a small boat, and sailed away. Nothing was ever heard of them afterwards, and of Henry Hudson there remained only the fame of his discoveries.

There is an amusing story connected with the coming of the first English ship to the Hudson, which may serve to round up our narrative. This was in 1633, the English captain being one Jacob Elkins, his ship the "William." Wouter van Twiller, the Dutch governor of the fort on Manhattan Island, sternly bade the interloper depart, and refused him permission to go up the river. If he should attempt it, the governor

declared it would cost him his life. To add to the force of his words, he bade his men to hoist the flag of the Prince of Orange on the fort and fire three pieces of ordnance in the prince's honor. Elkins at once ordered the English flag to be hoisted on the "William," and three guns were fired in honor of the king of England. Van Twiller, in a rage, now bade Elkins take heed what he did, if he did not want to pay with his neck for his insolence. Elkins in retort hoisted anchor and sailed defiantly up the stream until he came "near to a fort called Orange."

By this time the doughty Dutch governor was in a state of high fury. Bidding all the inmates of the fort to assemble before his door, he ordered a barrel of wine to be broached, filled his cup to the brim, and drank a bumper, crying out, "Let all who love the Prince of Orange do the same and help me to repel that insolent English dog." The barrel of wine was soon emptied by the thirsty Hollanders, but they did not seem eager to meddle with the daring Englishman, even with all the "Dutch courage" they had imbibed.

Our tale goes on to tell that Elkins and his men went ashore a mile below Fort Orange, landed their goods, set up a tent, and opened a lively trade with the Indians. When Houten, the commissary at the fort, heard of these proceedings, he embarked with a trumpeter on a shallop, which was shadowed with green boughs, and sought the insolent strangers. As the chronicler says, "By the way the trumpet was sounded, and the Dutchmen drank a bottle of strong waters of three or four pints, and were right merry."

Finding that neither the trumpet nor the bottle scared the English, the Dutch set up a tent beside theirs, displayed their own goods, told the natives that

the English goods were worthless, and did all they could to take their trade away. But as it happened the Indians knew Elkins, who had lived four years among them and spoke their language, so they bought his wares in preference to those of the Dutch, and he stayed there fourteen days, doing a thriving trade.

By this time Van Twiller had completed his plans to get rid of the insolent enemy, and sent a Dutch officer up the river with a party of soldiers in three small vessels. He bore two letters, in which Elkins was ordered to up anchor and be off. Soldiers were also sent from Fort Orange, "armed with muskets, half pikes, swords, and other weapons." Reaching the trading point, they drove away the customers of the English, and ordered Elkins to strike his tent and depart. In the presence of this strong force he changed his tone, pleading instead of defying, declaring that he was on British soil and had a right to trade there. But the Dutch had seen and heard enough of him, and as he showed no signs of decamping they pulled down his tent, hustled his goods and his men on board, "and as they were carrying them to the ship sounded their trumpet in the boat in disgrace of the English."

And thus ended the contest, the whole affair being ridiculous enough to find a place in Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, THE FOUNDER OF QUEBEC

SIXTY-EIGHT years after Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence and visited the Indian town at Montreal a second adventurer from France followed his track up that great stream. This was the famous Samuel de Champlain, one of the most active and adventurous of the French pioneers in the New World. His name still survives in America in that noble inland body of water, Lake Champlain, which he was the first to visit and explore.

Born in 1567 at a seaport on the Bay of Biscay, Champlain fought for King Henry IV. in the navy and the army, and won the high esteem of that warlike monarch. When the wars had ended the soldier's active spirit would not let him rest. There was adventure to be had on the seas, if not on the land, and he determined to go to the West Indies and see for himself the Spanish fountains of wealth. Little cared he that the Spaniards had threatened every intruder with death. He was used to peril, and the spirit of romance and enterprise was in his blood.

He spent two and a half years in the West Indies and Mexico, visited Panama, and was far-sighted enough to suggest the plan of a ship-canal across the isthmus, which would vastly shorten the voyage to the Pacific. More than three centuries have passed since then and the canal proposed by Champlain is only now being made.

All this but served to give Champlain a longing for new adventure. In the north lay a vast wilder-



MONTREAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

ness of untravelled woods and unknown waters. New France it was then called, and vain efforts to settle it had been made. In 1603 our adventurer put to sea again, as part of the company of two tiny vessels, one of twelve and one of fifteen tons, which made their way across the stormy Atlantic and entered the broad waters of the St. Lawrence gulf. Thence sailing up the river in the path of Cartier, they came at length to the forest and mountain-marked site of Montreal. Changes had taken place there since Cartier's visit. The Indian town of Hochelaga had vanished, and only a few wandering natives inhabited the region. Evidently war, with its changes, had been busy in the land.

Champlain, eager for discovery, pushed on up the stream in an Indian canoe, but soon the surging rapids of the St. Lawrence were reached, and after a vain effort to pass them the adventurer returned; yet his soul was filled with desire to explore that great chain of rivers and lakes which the Indians told him stretched far away to the west, and much of whose waters he was to traverse in later years. Returning to France, he was quickly back again, and was one of the most active of those who founded the first permanent French colony in the New World, that of Port Royal in Acadia, or Nova Scotia, as it was later called.

But we must go on to the year 1608, when our explorer made his second visit to the St. Lawrence, this time as captain of a small French ship, the "Honfleur." It was an epoch-making voyage, for it was destined to establish the dominion of France on the great Canadian river, in the picturesque settlement since known as Quebec. Steep cliffs here overlooking the river attracted the attention of the experienced

soldier. He recognized the situation as one that would be easy to defend, and soon the axe-men were at work among the forest trees and laborers were busy in erecting buildings and surrounding them with palisade and moat. Cannon were mounted, and the first settlement and fort on the St. Lawrence was completed. It stood near where is now the market-place of the lower town of Quebec.

Here, with twenty-eight men for a garrison, the hardy soldier spent the bitter Canadian winter that followed. They had the cruel experience of Cartier and his men, the dread disease of scurvy breaking out among them. By the middle of May only eight of the twenty-eight remained alive. But their leader had escaped the disease, and with the coming of spring, and the arrival of a vessel with supplies and fresh colonists, his active spirit was astir. There was a vast unknown country to be explored. Who knew but that the waters before him might prove that channel to the Pacific which had so often been vainly sought? Champlain was not the man to be idle when there were discoveries to be made and adventures to be achieved, and the year 1609 was not far advanced when he was out upon the most memorable enterprise of his life, that which led to the discovery of Lake Champlain.

This discovery was made in a way that appealed alike to the instincts of the explorer and the soldier. It was reached through the pathway of war. To the south dwelt a great race of warlike savages, the lords of the wilderness, the ruling tribes in all the northeastern region of the country. They had long been the terror of all the dwellers on the St. Lawrence, the tribes of the Hurons and Algonquins, with whom they were constantly at war.

A young chief who visited Quebec and saw with amazement the works and the arms of the whites, was quick to perceive what splendid allies these men would prove in their war with the terrible Iroquois, and he begged Champlain to join him in the spring in a campaign against the enemies of his people. Champlain readily consented. This was an enterprise of the kind he loved. And it would aid him in the work of discovery which he had in mind.

The month of May was well advanced before the warriors whom Champlain had agreed to join in their warlike raid made their appearance at Quebec. After some delay, given up to feasting and war-dances, the party at length set out, twelve white men in all, and with them a horde of painted and savage allies, hideous in their war array. The whites were in a small shallop, the Indians in a multitude of canoes, which hundreds of sturdy arms forced upward against the swift current. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter and in time reached the mouth of the stream now known as the Richelieu, or the St. John, leading southward to the forest-girdled lake they sought. Here the warriors encamped for two days, fishing, hunting, and feasting, their halt ending in a quarrel which led to three-fourths of the party taking to their canoes and paddling off home, leaving the remainder to proceed against their formidable foes.

Soon, in the warm air of June, the warriors were afloat again, gliding up-stream between living walls of green, the shallop soon leaving the canoes behind and passing onward until in the distance was heard the gurgling sound of rushing waters, while through the clustering leaves the gleam of flashing foam appeared. The sound was most unwelcome to Champlain. The Indians had lied in telling him that he would find an

open channel for his boat. Leaving it in charge of four men, he took to the woods with the others and pushed his way up-stream through the damp and dense forest. The surging roar of rapids attended them. Through the leaves they saw that rocks were thick in the channel, with the water boiling under and plunging over them in impassable fury.

Disappointed and angry, the French leader returned. His allies had deceived him. The shallop could not go on. Yet he had no thought of turning back while before him lay that unseen lake, with its many islands and its forest borders, which the Indians had traced for him in outline. There was fame in its discovery; there was adventure in fighting the forest warriors; he resolved to go on. Two of his men volunteered to go with him and the others were sent back with the boat.

Soon the savage horde was traversing the forest shades, their canoes on their heads, until the rapids were passed and smooth water once more appeared. Then they embarked again, sixty warriors in all, the French allies finding places in the canoes. For miles and miles they followed the St. John, past marsh and meadow, island and woodland, all well filled with game, stopping as night approached. Selecting a suitable spot, they formed a barricaded camp, for they were now on the battle-ground of the tribes, and caution was needed. Feasting on the food brought in by the hunters, the warriors threw themselves on the ground to sleep, taking no precaution to guard their camp other than to send out scouts to trace the neighboring forest for hostile signs. This was the custom of the forest warriors, who never troubled themselves to place sentinels.

Day broke over the forest again, and once more the

fleet of canoes was set afloat, the river widening, and great islands appearing as they went on. Broad reaches of water spread before them, and the day had made no great progress when Champlain's eyes beheld with delight the widening waters of the splendid lake which bears his name. It apeared to him like a sea in the wilderness, stretching far onward beyond the limit of vision, and widening until its green-walled shores lay far away to right and left. Mountain-ranges closed it in—the lofty ridges of the Green Mountains to the east, with patches of snow still on their peaks; the Adirondacks to the west, then as now the favorite resort of the hunter.

At night they encamped again, and from this time moved only by night, resting in the forest during the day. They were now in the land of their foes, and strict precaution was needed. Thus their progress continued until the night of the 29th of July. They were now approaching that promontory of rock on which Fort Ticonderoga was afterwards built, and beyond which stretches away the island-studded waters of beautiful Lake George. This was their goal if no enemy was sooner seen, but they were not destined to reach it, for about ten o'clock at night they saw a fleet of canoes on the waters before them.

It was a band of the Iroquois. These alert warriors at once recognized the newcomers for foes, and dashed to the shore, where, with fierce war cries, they hastily began to fortify themselves. The allies remained on the lake, fastening their canoes together with poles, and answering the yells of their foes with as wild and fierce cries of defiance, while the two parties hurled back shouts of abuse and menace at each other till daylight drew near.

Champlain and his two men now put on their ar-

mor and prepared their arquebuses, the predecessor of the modern musket, for the coming fight, then lay down in the bottom of their canoes, or covered themselves with Indian robes, that the enemy might not see them. As they reached shore and landed the Iroquois left their barricade. Tall, strong men they were, some two hundred in number, far outnumbering their enemies. The latter, anxious at this display in force, called loudly for their champion, and Champlain came forward through their opening ranks, and for the first time was revealed to the astounded Iroquois. Never had they seen a white man before, and as this apparition burst upon their gaze, clad in shining armor and carrying strange weapons, they looked on him in stupefied amazement.

His arquebuse was levelled; its report was deafening to their unaccustomed ears; a chief fell dead; the allies yelled and sent out a flight of arrows. The Iroquois, with trembling hands and scared hearts, sent back their shafts, but when new shots came from the flanks of the foe and new warriors fell, panic terror overcame them, and they broke and fled as if from demon foes.

Everything was abandoned, their weapons being flung down in their wild haste; while the Hurons hotly pursued, killing them at will or bringing them back as captives. It was one of the most complete victories ever won in the American forests. The blow had been struck, the dreaded Iroquois defeated; the victors hastened back with their captives and spoil, and before many days Champlain was again in Quebec, with the story of his exploit and his discovery. The exploit was one for which the French were to pay dear in the time to come. It aroused against them the hatred of the valiant Iroquois, and in later years

the disgrace of that defeat was wiped out in torrents of French blood.

For many years afterwards Champlain made the development of the settlement of Quebec his constant care, returning almost annually to France in the interest of his colony, but seeking the St. Lawrence again with the coming spring and doing his utmost for its advancement. The difficulties before him were immense, and only his indomitable energy and persistence enabled him to succeed. Twenty years after the first settlement Quebec contained only about one hundred and five persons, of whom no more than one or two families supported themselves by farming, the rest living on supplies from France. The precarious chances of fur trading had stood in the way of settled industry.

In 1628 it seemed as if the dominion of the French in New France was to pass away forever. An English expedition led by David Kirk, a French Huguenot, entered the St. Lawrence, captured the supply ships coming to the aid of the colonists, and in the following year forced Champlain and the few defenders of Quebec to yield it to English hands. Soon after a treaty of peace was made between England and France, in which it was agreed that New France should be restored to its old owners, but five years passed before this was done, and it was not until 1633 that the keys of the citadel were given back into the hands of Champlain. Two years later death came to close the career of this greatest of the pioneers of France in America, the romantic and adventurous explorer who did so much to widen the knowledge of this section of the New World.

We have so far related but one of his daring exploits. A very brief description of the remainder must

suffice. In 1613, three years after his adventure on Lake Champlain, he set out with five companions in two small canoes for an excursion up the Ottawa River. Starting from Montreal, they made their way for many miles through the virgin wilderness of the north, most of it unbroken forest, making long portages past rapids and cataracts, and through almost impassable tracts of evergreen woodland, paddling up long stretches of placid waters, until the villages of the Ottawa Indians were reached, on that broad expansion of the stream now known as Lake Coulange. Tedious and dangerous had been the journey, but the daring explorer was not yet content. He had been made to believe that he was on the way to a great sea, and his mind was filled with visions of accomplishing the great feat so often attempted, and reaching the treasure-laden shores of China, India, and the spice islands. Only when his dusky hosts, with much difficulty, taught him that he had been deceived, and that no such sea lay ahead, did he consent to return.

Two years later he was off again, now on his greatest journey of discovery. There was war as well as exploration in his mind. He had agreed to join the Hurons and their allies in a bold invasion of the Iroquois country, and, not finding them where he expected, at Montreal, he set off once more up the Ottawa. This time he passed Lake Coulange and continued upward, finally leaving the Ottawa for the little Matawan, which he ascended for about forty miles. Here a portage track was reached, and the canoes were carried through the forest till the small expedition, consisting of ten Indians and three Frenchmen, stood on the borders of Lake Nipissing.

Past the leafy shores and verdant isles of this for-

est-girdled lake and down the swift current of French River they went, paddling onward day after day through an unbroken solitude, until their food was consumed and they had but wild woodland berries to eat. At length the day came when they suddenly saw before them a band of three hundred Indians, and learned that the great lake of the Hurons was at hand. Soon the "Mer Douce," the great fresh-water sea they sought, came into view, and before them, as far as eye could see, spread the vast expanse of Lake Huron, stretching for hundreds of miles away.

Launching their canoes upon the waters of Georgian Bay, its great inlet, they coursed along the eastern shore for more than a hundred miles, then left it to follow an Indian trail inland, till they came to an open country with broad fields of maize, and in its midst the Huron town of Otouacha, the principal settlement of the Huron nation, which here occupied an area of sixty or seventy miles.

Here, after days of feasting and carousing, a powerful war party was gathered and set out, following a succession of rivers and lakes to the river Trent, which led them to another of America's chain of inland seas, Lake Ontario. With this ended the series of Champlain's great discoveries, which had included the great lakes Huron, Ontario, and Champlain, and a host of rivers and lakes of interior Canada, to which his indefatigable thirst for adventure had led him.

The present expedition ended in a crossing of the lake, an invasion of the Iroquois country, and an attack on a fortified town of the tribe of the Senecas, near one of the lakes of central New York. It ended differently from Champlain's previous contests with this people. While they defended themselves bravely, the Huron warriors were uncontrollable, being deaf

to all commands, and exposing themselves wildly in the open field to the arrows of their foes. Order could not be restored among them, and Champlain, wounded by two arrows, was disabled. In the end, their expected allies not coming, they retreated in disorder, followed by their triumphant foes, and finally succeeded in reaching the dwellings of their tribe.

Champlain was obliged to spend the winter with the Hurons, returning by way of the Ottawa in the following spring. This was the last of his expeditions. During the remainder of his life he was kept busy in the difficult task of sustaining his colony at Quebec, and finally, when success began to dawn brightly before him, death suddenly carried him away. Thus lived and died the heroic pioneer of French Canada.

JAMES MARQUETTE, THE FIRST EXPLORER OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE years that followed the death of Champlain, France's pioneer discoverer, were years of wonderful activity among the French adventurers in the New World. Two classes of men, with two purposes in view, were unceasingly active in the work of exploration. One of these was the Jesuit priests, who faced the greatest perils and hardships, and some of whom endured the most terrible tortures, in their efforts to carry the truths of Christianity to the savage tribes. The other was the hunters and trappers, who widely traversed the wilds in search of furs. In all directions they spread, up countless streams, over multitudes of lakes, traversing broad new regions, making their way farther and farther into the interior, with a persistence and intrepidity rarely equalled in human history.

Champlain had traversed the waters of Lakes Huron and Ontario. Jean Nicolet, in 1634, was the first to gaze on Lake Michigan. Fathers Chamonot and Brébeuf stood on the shores of Lake Erie in 1640, and Lake Superior was reached by some forgotten wood-rangers in 1659. Niccolas Perrot, a daring pioneer whose adventures were thrilling, was the first to stand on the site of Chicago; Father Abanal, crossing the northern wilds, came to the chill waters of Hudson Bay in 1671; and Father Hennepin, gazing through the dense forest leafage in 1678, looked with wonder and awe upon the stupendous cataract of Niagara.

While not the first to see, he was first to describe, this inimitable wonder of nature.

Father Claude Alloüez, in 1665, passed by river and lake to Superior's inland sea, built a chapel on its southern shores, and founded the mission of the Holy Spirit, around which he gathered representatives of far-away tribes and taught them the principles of peace and mercy. Among them came warriors from the prairie-dwelling Sioux, the buffalo-hunters of the far west, and from the tribe of the Illinois, who told the story of a noble river which ran through their country, flowing far to the south. The Sioux also dwelt on this mighty stream, to which they gave the name of Messipi.

The tidings of some new marvel of nature to be discovered seems always to have roused the adventurous spirit of the French. As fresh stories of the great river came to their ears a strong desire to traverse its waters arose, especially in the mind of James Marquette, a missionary priest, who came from France about 1668 and founded the mission of St. Mary at the Sault Ste. Marie. He proposed to explore this magnificent river, of which the natives spoke in such glowing strains, as early as 1669, but his labors among the tribes obliged him to defer this enterprise until 1673.

Whither the wonderful stream ran no one knew. It might flow due south to the Gulf of Mexico. It might turn to the west and form the often sought channel to the waters of the Pacific. At any rate its exploration was a noble enterprise, worthy the utmost daring of the sons of France. Some Indians, who heard the bold purpose of Father Marquette, sought to dissuade him with stories of the warlike natives who dwelt upon the great river, the devouring monsters that swam in

its waters, and the terrible heat of its lower course. But the worthy priest was not to be checked. He replied to their remonstrances, "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls."

His chosen companion was a forester of experience from Quebec, named Joliet. Ascending the Fox River from Green Bay, Lake Michigan, on the 10th of June, 1673, the two canoes of the expedition were lifted from its waters and carried across a narrow portage to the Wisconsin, upon whose surface they were launched. Here their Indian guides left them, and the daring voyagers, with five of their countrymen as their sole companions, trusted themselves in their frail birch-bark canoes to these unknown waters.

Down the Wisconsin River they floated in utter solitude day after day, neither man nor beast appearing on its leafy shores, the ripple of the waters below their canoes and the lowing of distant buffaloes being nearly the only sounds that met their ears. Seven days of this solitary journey, then with joy they beheld the mighty flood they sought pouring swiftly past, and were soon afloat on its broad bosom, the first of white men to behold its waters in their upper course.

Launched upon the smooth current of the Father of Waters, they floated by green islets, between park-like borders, past shallow reaches, the resort of water-fowl in vast multitudes, but beheld no trace of man until they had gone nearly two hundred miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin. Then, on the sandy beach, the tracks of footsteps were seen. A little path led inward, opening into a beautiful prairie. Leaving their companions in the canoes, Marquette and Joliet followed the path. What awaited them, how they would be received by the savages of this new region, they could not surmise, but they went stead-

ily forward, one with the meek devotion of the priest, the other with the bold daring of the forester.

A six-mile walk brought them to a village on a river bank, with two other villages visible in the near distance. Uttering a loud cry of warning, they walked on. The startled inhabitants sprang out and gazed upon them with wonder. The tidings of the white men of the East had come to their ears, but these were the first to meet their eyes. Evidently there was no hostility in their hearts. Four old men came forward with the peace-pipe, and offered it with the words, "We are Illinois," equivalent to, "We are men."

"How beautiful is the sun when thou comest to visit us," said an aged priest, to whose cabin they were led. "We greet thee with friendship; thou shalt enter our dwellings in peace."

For six days the visitors remained with these friendly hosts, Marquette telling the natives the story of the one true God, and asking them about the great river and the tribes along its banks. Joliet told them of the power of the French and how they had chastised the all-conquering Iroquois, welcome news which the villagers celebrated by joyful ceremonies and a banquet of hominy and fish and the choicest game the prairie afforded. When at length they took their leave hundreds of warriors went with them to their canoes, and the principal chief hung around the neck of Marquette a peace-pipe ornamented with the heads and feathers of brilliant birds. This was the sacred calumet of the Indians, the symbol of peace, a safeguard against warlike tribes.

As yet success had attended them, and they went joyfully onward. For many leagues the canoes glided down the broad current, now passing a range of perpendicular rocks, which took on the shapes of mon-

sters to the eyes of the travellers, now reaching that notable point where the murky waters of the Missouri pour impetuously into the clearer and calmer Mississippi,—a mighty stream which Marquette hoped some day to ascend in search of the western sea.

Somewhat more than a hundred liquid miles were left behind them when the waters of another great stream were reached, now coming from the east. This was the Wabash, as then known, the Ohio of our day. The Shawnees, a peaceful tribe, had their villages along its banks, far from the lakes of New York, yet not too far to be safe from the attacks of the terror-inspiring Iroquois.

The explorers had now journeyed hundreds of miles southward and marked changes in climate and surroundings began to appear. The thickets of strong canes bordering the stream became so close and dense as to defy even the powerful buffalo; the assaults of mosquitos and other annoying insects were almost unbearable; the sun poured down its rays in such intensity that the sails of the canoes had to be converted into awnings; forests of great and lofty trees replaced the open prairies they so long had traversed; they were in a new realm of nature, with fresh scenes and marvels for their eyes.

The shores of Missouri were left behind. The river border of Arkansas was traversed. At length they reached a point not far north of the southern boundary of the present State of Arkansas, and now for the first time signs of hostility met their eyes. A crowd of armed warriors sprang into their canoes, made of the trunks of hollowed-out trees, and paddled towards them with frightful yells. For the moment death threatened the voyagers; but when Marquette held up the peace-pipe there was a sudden

change. The warriors threw down their weapons, changed their war-whoops into shouts of welcome, and escorted the visitors, whom they had taken as a party of their hereditary enemies, gladly to the shore.

The voyagers were now near the end of their journey. After a hospitable reception by their new hosts, they were escorted down the stream the next day by a party of these to the village of Arkansea, some eight or ten leagues farther. Half a league above the place they were met by some of its people, in two boats, their chief singing and holding up the pipe of peace, to which Marquette responded by displaying his calumet.

The travellers had now reached a point below the mouth of the Arkansas and were among tribes whose languages they could not understand. They were below the region of wintry chill and the lands of the fur trade, buffalo skins being here the tribal treasures. But what the visitors were principally interested in was the fact that these people had steel axes, evidence that they had traffic with the Spaniards of the south, or mayhap with the English of Virginia. Convinced at length that the river they were on turned not to the east or the west, but was that great stream which De Soto had discovered and which had its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, Marquette and his associate decided that it was needless for them to go farther, and on the 17th of July, thirty-seven days after they had left the waters of Fox River, they bade farewell to their hospitable hosts and turned their prows up stream.

The journey was now one of steady effort. The former easy yielding to the current was now replaced by a vigorous battle against its force. But strong arms sent the canoes upward until, some distance above the outlet of the Missouri, they reached the mouth of a

fine stream from the east, the Illinois. Entering this stream in preference to returning to the Wisconsin, they made their way through a level and splendid country, the fertile prairie region of Illinois. Its tribes were friendly and hospitable, and begged the good priest to return and dwell among them. One of their chiefs guided the explorers to Lake Michigan at the site of Chicago. From here they went northward up the lake, reaching their starting-point at Green Bay in September, 1674.

A few words will suffice to complete the story of these discoverers. Joliet went east to Quebec to tell the governor of their exploit, and with this he passes out of history. Marquette, whose health had grown feeble, returned to the Illinois in 1675, and there gathered all its people, several thousand in number, preached to them, and founded among them the Mission of the Immaculate Conception. Then, feeling that his life was nearing its end, he went by way of Chicago to Mackinaw, and here, left at his own desire alone on the banks of a little stream, the good priest breathed his last. On the highest bank of the stream, which bears his name, the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Thus passed away one of the most ardent in good work and most famous as a discoverer of the many earnest and devoted missionaries of New France.

In 1680, three years after the death of Marquette, a second priestly explorer helped to complete the knowledge of the great river. This was Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan monk, who formed one of the attendants of Robert de La Salle, the famous explorer with whom we have next to deal. As a preliminary to his own descent of the Mississippi, La Salle sent Hennepin to visit its upper reaches, from the mouth of

the Illinois northward. Bearing the calumet in token of his peaceful mission, and invoking the aid of St. Anthony upon his enterprise, Hennepin and his two companions made their way down the Illinois and up the Mississippi, passing the Wisconsin, from the waters of which Marquette had embarked on the flood. Being taken prisoner by the Sioux Indians, they were carried to and beyond the great falls of the river, which, in honor of the chosen patron of the enterprise, they named the Falls of St. Anthony.

On a tree near the falls Hennepin engraved a cross and the arms of France. He and his companions made journeys of exploration in the surrounding country. On their return they ascended the Wisconsin, crossed to the Fox River, and completed their journey at the French mission-settlement on Green Bay. The exploration of the Mississippi had thus been completed from the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of the Arkansas River.



RAPIDS OF ST. ANTHONY, MINNEAPOLIS

ROBERT DE LA SALLE AND THE FATHER OF WATERS

The French of Canada had traversed in Indian canoes the chain of great lakes from the St. Lawrence to the western shores of Lake Superior. They had floated in birch-bark canoes down the mighty river of the west from the land of winter to that of summer. It remained to trace this vast stream, the "Father of Waters" of the Indians, through its whole length, and the man for that work was ready in Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, the greatest of all the pioneer explorers of France. The story of his life would need a book to tell it in full. We can give it here only in mere outline.

Born at Rouen, France, in 1643, La Salle sought his fortune in Canada in 1667, engaging in the fur trade, a vocation which took him far into the woods and wilds. Full of youthful enterprise and more ardent for discovery than for wealth, he explored Lake Ontario and made his way to Lake Erie, no doubt passing that wonderful abyss into which the Niagara pours its waters in the most sublime of cataracts. In his woodland journeys he is said to have gone as far as the Ohio, being the first of white men to behold that noble stream, the possession of which in later times was to lead to years of war between England and France.

After spending a number of years in this work, the enterprise of La Salle was rewarded by his being made a noble of France and put in command of Fort Frontenac, at the head of Lake Ontario, where the

city of Kingston now stands. This gave him dominion over a wide territory and full control of the trade with the Iroquois tribes, and he might have made himself one of the money kings of New France had not a new and nobler ambition developed in his soul.

Joliet, the forester, on his way east from his voyage down the Mississippi, stopped at Fort Frontenac and told its governor the story of his adventures upon that vast stream. La Salle was familiar also with the narrative of De Soto and his discoveries upon its lower waters, and the desire was born in him to explore this wonderful stream to its mouth, raise there the banner of France, and add a new and noble province to the colonial domain of his mother-land.

Full of ambitious plans, he went to France, where he won the support of the king and his ministers, and on his return to Frontenac in 1678 it was with sailors and mechanics, merchandise for trade, and materials for ship-building. As an aid to his enterprise he had also been given the sole right to trade in buffalo robes. We cannot tell how broad and brilliant were the visions which filled his imagination, what imperial projects he devised, what ardent hopes inspired him, but doubtless he saw spread before him the opportunity for a mighty empire, covering the immense territory between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, linked by great lakes and streams easily traversed throughout their vast extent, and tied together by an extended chain of thriving settlements. What glowing visions of this nature arose in his mind we do not know, but what he did fills a broad page in the history of human enterprise.

La Salle had brought with him an Italian named Tonti, who was for years his faithful lieutenant and trusted comrade. He had also with him Father Hen-

nepin, the priest spoken of in the preceding tale. Sending these out to win the friendship of the neighboring tribes, he set his ship-builders at work on the Niagara River, and in 1679 launched the first vessel ever seen on the lakes, the "Griffin," a bark of sixty tons, on which the natives gazed with deep astonishment and its builder with aspiring hope. On the 7th of August its sails were spread to the winds and it glided away over the waters of Lake Erie with its complement of fur traders and explorers, the enterprising La Salle at their head.

The green isles of the Detroit were passed, Lake St. Clair was traversed and named, the mariners were tossed by storms on the broad Huron, and anchor was finally cast in Green Bay, on Lake Michigan. Here the adventurers landed, freighted the bark richly with the buffalo robes obtained from the natives, and sent it back to find a market and bring supplies. And here came one of La Salle's greatest misfortunes. The "Griffin" never reached harbor. It probably went down with its rich lading of furs in the storm-haunted lakes.

After a period of weary waiting for his vanished bark, La Salle made his way by streams and swampy portages to the Illinois River, and in Indian villages on its shores the winter was passed. It was a weary and discouraging winter. Discontent and dread filled the hearts of the men, and despondency affected the active spirit of the leader, and when in the spring he built a fort on the stream, he named it Crevecœur, or break-heart fort.

Still no tidings of the "Griffin" reached him. The nearest French settlement lay many hundred miles away. Food and supplies were failing; the Indian tribes around him were not to be trusted. At Quebec

were envious foes seeking to wreck his enterprise; the way before him was dark. Men of ordinary calibre would have despaired and abandoned the enterprise under these discouraging circumstances, but the resolution of La Salle was all enduring, and misfortune only nerved him to greater efforts.

Leaving Tonti to fortify a lofty cliff in the vicinity, and sending Hennepin to explore the upper Mississippi, he set out himself on foot on the great journey to Montreal, a thousand miles away. With four French companions and an Indian guide the daring adventurer trudged on, day after day, through forest and plain, now wading across fields of melting snow, now crossing streams on cakes of floating ice or stopping to build a bark canoe, meeting difficulties and enduring hardships which broke down all the party except the indefatigable leader. When Lake Erie was reached they were all sick except La Salle, and he had to take them across in a canoe. At Niagara he heard the disheartening news that a store-ship from France, sent him with fifty thousand livres worth of supplies, had been wrecked in the St. Lawrence and all its cargo lost. Yet with unflagging energy he went on, until Montreal was reached and his thousand miles of wilderness journey was completed.

Collecting men and supplies he made his way back in canoes, but ill fortune dogged his footsteps still. At Fort Frontenac word reached him that the garrison at Crevecœur had mutinied, pulled down the fort, and made their way to Lake Michigan, leaving only the faithful Tonti and a few followers. They were now cruising in canoes on Lake Ontario proposing to finish their work of mutiny by murdering him. They fell into their own trap, La Salle capturing them and sending them in chains to Montreal.

He now made his way to the site of the future Chicago and had his heavily laden canoes dragged over the icy surface of Chicago River and the snowy waste leading to the Illinois, proposing to rescue Tonti and rebuild the fort. Tonti was not there. During the summer of 1680 a war party of Iroquois had attacked the tribe of the Illinois, and Tonti and his men had been forced to flee, making their way to Green Bay on Lake Michigan. In May, 1681, La Salle returned for supplies to Montreal, meeting his friend Tonti on the way and paddling with him the length of the lakes.

This caused another year of delay, and it was not until the early months of 1682 that La Salle and his company were able to set out on the final journey in their canoes and a barge which he had constructed on the Illinois. Reaching the mouth of this river, on the 18th of February, the adventurers entrusted themselves to the broad current of the greater stream, and began their long journey downward.

Like Marquette and his comrade, La Salle soon reached the locality where the turbid Missouri pours its yellow flood into the clearer waters of the Mississippi. Thence the mouth of the Ohio was soon reached, and the expedition stopped here for ten days to hunt and collect food-supplies, the natives telling them that they would find no good hunting-grounds for many miles below. Finally the vicinity of the Arkansas, where Marquette's journey had ended, was reached, and, as before, the Indians here showed signs of hostility, which quickly changed to amity when the pipe of peace was displayed.

For two weeks La Salle and his men remained with these friendly Indians, dwelling in their villages, and being treated with warm hospitality and regaled with all the luxuries their hosts possessed. On leaving he

took possession of the country in the name of his king with impressive ceremonies, the natives looking on with interest and delight, not dreaming, in their simple souls, that the soil on which they and their ancestors had dwelt for ages was being claimed as the property of a king who as yet did not even know that such a country or such a community existed.

On the 17th of March the canoes were launched again, and now entered upon waters never before traversed by white explorers. A few days of travel in this unknown region brought the voyagers to a lake-like expansion of the stream, the banks of which were far more densely inhabited than any place they had yet seen. No fewer than seventy-four villages were counted on its opposite shores, the houses being well built and comfortably furnished, and presenting a very different appearance from the wigwams of the northern tribes. This populous settlement was under a kingly ruler, whose power was far greater than that of the chiefs of the north. They were a frank and genial race, who lived largely by tilling the ground, and had fruit-trees of various kinds. For several days the explorers stayed with this friendly people, who did their best to make them welcome, though all their intercourse was conducted in the language of signs, no word being understood.

A man of kindly disposition, engaging in his manners, and treating the natives in a wise spirit of friendliness, La Salle was received by the inhabitants of this locality in a very different spirit from that which De Soto had aroused by his harshness and cruelty. But the journey was not to be solely peaceful, a tribe of fiercely hostile natives being met with lower down the stream. Here a long island divided the river, and as they floated down the narrow channel they were

startled by war-whoops and the fierce beating of drums, a throng of warlike warriors appeared, and a flight of arrows greeted their every attempt at friendly intercourse. For the first time the sacred calumet, the pipe of peace, proved of no avail, and the voyagers were obliged to row to the opposite bank and trust themselves to the swift current and the vigorous use of their oars and paddles, La Salle bidding them not to fire, as that could do no good. The warriors ran down the stream, still sending their arrows in showers, but by good fortune no member of the party received a wound.

They had no further experience of this kind. A few days more and they floated past the site where the city of New Orleans now stands, on waters before traversed only by the wretched remnant of De Soto's proud train of Indian canoes, but now crowded with the busy fleets of commerce. Not far below this point the head of the delta was reached, and here the small fleet of canoes was divided into three sections, each following one of the principal branches of the river. Soon they found the water growing salty in taste and the current becoming slow, and a few days more brought them into the open waters of the Gulf.

The great journey was completed. The mighty river had been traversed from the Falls of St. Anthony, well up towards its sources, to the outlet of its waters into the Mexican Gulf, and the mystery which had brooded over it for nigh on to two centuries was at an end. La Salle had won for himself imperishable fame, and the name of the Mississippi has since been associated with those of its two daring discoverers, Hernando de Soto and Robert de la Salle.

Ascending the west branch till solid ground was reached, La Salle planted a massive column engraved

with the arms of France, and beside it a great cross, while at its foot he buried a leaden plate with a Latin inscription telling of the exploit and bearing the date of April 9, 1682. The whole country was claimed for France, with the valley of the Mississippi and the many rivers flowing into it, the vast territory being named Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV., then on the throne of France. This done, the voyagers retraced their course up the stream with few incidents except a severe battle with the hostile tribe which had assailed them so virulently during their descent.

La Salle had won success in the face of the deepest discouragement. The remainder of his life was to be largely a record of misfortune, followed by a violent death. Seeking France in 1683 and telling there the story of his discovery and of the splendid opportunity of planting a colonial empire for France on the fertile banks of a great river and in a climate of unceasing summer, he was heard with delight and hope, and in July of 1684 the port of La Rochelle saw the sailing of a small fleet, bearing two hundred and eighty persons and abundant stores and supplies for the purpose of colonizing Louisiana.

Disaster hovered over the enterprise from the start. The colonists were not the sort of people to found a successful colony, being composed of undisciplined soldiers, ill-trained mechanics, gentlemen volunteers, and worst of all a naval commander who managed to wreck the whole business by his pride and lack of sense.

From the start there were disputes between La Salle and Beaujeau, the naval commander, the latter always wrong, but too obstinate to be moved. On January 10, 1685, they reached the locality of the mouth of the Mississippi, but the fleet passed it, and

Beaujeau refused to return. Finally a bay on the coast of Texas was reached, and La Salle, as nothing could be done with the self-willed commander of the fleet, resolved to land. Now came the greatest misfortune of all. The store-ship, abundantly laden with supplies of all kinds for the colonists, was wrecked by the carelessness of its pilot and dashed to pieces by a gale of wind, the great bulk of its stores being lost. Discouraged and disheartened, a number of the men deserted to the fleet, which soon sailed away, leaving a wretched company of about two hundred and thirty gathered in a fort hastily erected from the fragments of the wrecked ship. Rarely had the work of colonization been started under such discouraging circumstances.

La Salle was nearly the only man among them with courage and resolution. He had a place of shelter built in a fertile spot abounding in game and beside waters filled with fish. Arms had been saved from the wreck, and by their aid the colonists were able to provide themselves with food. The stronghold finished, the energy of La Salle led him in other directions. He set out in canoes to seek the Mississippi, but after an absence of four months and the loss of a dozen men he returned in rags, the victim of ill fortune. No trace of the river had been found. Then, with twenty companions, he set out on a journey of discovery towards New Mexico, hoping to find the rich mines which the Spaniards said lay in that region. From this journey he returned with no prizes except a few horses and some corn and beans.

But nothing could discourage La Salle. The colonists had suffered from sickness and Indian attacks until only some forty remained alive. Determined to try and save this feeble remnant of his colony, La Salle

now formed the stupendous plan of travelling overland from the coast of Texas to Montreal, there to obtain aid for the slender company left. Taking with him sixteen men, and leaving the others to garrison the fort, he set out on foot for far distant Canada, taking the horses he had brought from the west to carry the needed baggage and supplies.

Dressed in the skins of animals, wearing shoes made of green buffalo hides, and otherwise illy provided for their great task, the party followed the streams leading northward to the hill country in which they rose. The start was made in January, 1687. By mid-March they had passed the basin of the Colorado and were on a branch of the Trinity River. Here came the tragedy in which ended the career of the great explorer.

La Salle's misfortunes had affected his temper and made him stern and harsh. In the party were men of mutinous spirit who hated him for his sternness. Two of these, named Duhaut and L'Archeveque, while on a buffalo hunt with Moranget, a nephew of La Salle, quarrelled with and murdered him. Wondering at the delay in the return of his nephew, La Salle went in search of him, and meeting with the mutineers, La Salle asked Duhaut, "Where is my nephew?" For answer Duhaut fired and La Salle fell dead.

"You are down now, grand bashaw! you are down now!" cried the murderer, and the two despoiled his remains, leaving them naked on the prairie, to be devoured by wild beasts.

Thus, on the 20th of March, 1687, miserably perished the most daring of French explorers, a man of extraordinary resources and unyielding energy, the greatest among the discoverers and explorers of the Mississippi, and the father of colonization in its vast valley.

A few words will complete this story of enterprise and crime. The two murderers were themselves killed in a quarrel with some of their associates in mutiny, the latter then leaving the party to join a band of Indians. Only seven men were left, including the brother and another nephew of the slain leader and Joutel, the commander of the soldiers, to whom we owe the history of the enterprise. These obtained a guide to the Arkansas, and finally reached a branch of the Mississippi, on an island of which, to their joy, they beheld a large cross. Near it was a log hut, in which were found two Frenchmen, one of them being Tonti, La Salle's former faithful companion, who had descended thus far in search of his old friend.

The survivors of the party at length reached Quebec. As for those left in the Texas fort, the most of them were killed by the Indians, a few being rescued by Spaniards, who had been sent to drive the French from soil claimed to belong to Spain. Such was the fate of the first French colony in the South.

LEMOYNE D'IBERVILLE AND THE FRENCH COLONY IN THE SOUTH

In 1685 La Salle had sought the mouth of the Mississippi in vain. Fourteen years later a more fortunate explorer followed in his track, and succeeded in planting a successful colony on the borders of the Gulf. This was Lemoyne d'Iberville, son of Charles Le Moyne, a citizen of Quebec, and an active agent in the effort to drive the English from Hudson Bay. His son, Iberville, followed him in this work, but in 1698 transferred his energies to a new field, in the endeavor to succeed where La Salle had failed.

With his two brothers, Sauvolle and Bienville, and a company of two hundred emigrants, chiefly men, but a few of them women and children, Iberville set sail from the port of Brest in October, 1698. The expedition made a hasty start, for colonial enterprise was now active among the English, and they might at any time seize upon this promising locality. There were even reports that a colony of French Huguenots was about to be sent there from England, and, to allay suspicion, Iberville gave out that he was bound for the Amazon country.

On December 4 the ships put in to the Spanish port of Cape François, in the island of San Domingo. A man of genial character, Iberville won confidence and affection wherever he went. The governor of San Domingo received him with a warm welcome, and was highly impressed with his judgment and ability.

Leaving San Domingo on New Year's Day of 1699, the expedition sailed past Cuba, and made land on the Gulf coast in the evening of the 23d. It was a sandy

coast, and the smoke of fires could be seen inland. Three days later, as they cruised to the west with a close eye on the land, the masts of vessels were seen behind a sandy island and a sloop came out to observe the strangers. They proved to be off the harbor of Pensacola, which had just been settled by Spaniards from Mexico, who as yet held out no welcome to foreign visitors. Iberville had no desire to disturb them and kept on his course, being off Mobile Bay in foul weather on the 31st, and ten days later seeking shelter behind Ship Island, on the Gulf coast.

On the 27th of February Iberville set out with two barges, following the coast westwardly. Three days later he found himself among promising indications. There were floating tree trunks and turbid waters, fresh in taste, while the boats were soon struggling against an out-setting current. Rowing upward, Iberville quickly discovered that he was in the mouth of a large river, closed in by a thick green wall of willows and canebrakes. As he went on up its channel his mind was disturbed by doubts as to its being the Mississippi, and he kept a keen lookout for traces of La Salle's former presence. To make his own route sure, he marked a tree with the cross at every landing place.

Fires were seen in the distance. Now and then Indians were met, but these paddled away swiftly in their canoes. One day the display of trinkets enticed a savage, and after that others came out, ready to trade meat for shining toys. After some days the site of the future city of New Orleans was reached, and here Iberville was glad to find a portage leading to a large body of water by which their ships might quickly be reached. Farther up the stream lay the country of the Bayagoulas, a friendly tribe, and they were entertained by a chief who wore a serge cloak,

given him, as he made them understand, by a white man, like themselves. This went far to dispel their doubts, and Iberville for the first time felt sure that he was indeed in the great stream he sought, and which he had been the first to enter from the Gulf.

Farther on dwelt the tribe of the Houmas, and in one of its villages a glass bottle was seen, a certain evidence of intercourse with the whites. This village contained about two hundred cabins, grouped around a temple built of logs, palisades surrounding the whole. From this point they continued their course upward, piloted by Indian guides, and everywhere welcomed and feasted by the natives. In some villages they were entertained by singing and dancing girls. In return they gave presents to their hosts. While assured now that he was on the right stream, Iberville looked for one more link of evidence. In 1686 Tonti had descended the Mississippi to its mouth in the hope of meeting his chief. Disappointed in this, but trusting that La Salle might yet come, he wrote a letter which he gave to an Indian chief near the river's mouth, telling him that he must give it to a Frenchman who was likely to come up the stream. The story of this paper had made its way among the tribes, and was now told to Iberville. Hoping to find it, and by its aid to dispel his last lingering doubt, he turned his boats, and soon was swiftly gliding down the stream which had been ascended with such labor.

On reaching the vicinity of the site of New Orleans, Iberville left the stream and crossed with two canoes to the body of water he had found on his way up, now known as Lake Pontchartrain, hoping to find the Gulf and his ships by this route. His brother, Bienville, continued downward with the barges, asking all the natives he met about the letter. By the

promise of a hatchet it was at length brought forward by the old chief who had kept it, and after fourteen years fell into the hands of a countryman of him to whom it was addressed. The reading of it settled all doubts. They were, indeed, on the stream they had sought. Bienville reached the ships shortly after his brother, bringing the evidence that removed their final doubt.

The river found, it remained to establish the colony and send the ships back to France. The place selected for the settlement seemed by no means a desirable one, being a sandy peninsula at the entrance to a bay. Here was no fertile soil on which to raise food for the colony, but of this little was thought. Some Spanish deserters had told them of mines to the west, and the fatal gold fever had attacked them. They expected to be fed from home and then pay their way with gold. Landing the supplies and arms brought for the colonists, Iberville prepared to depart with the ships, leaving his brother Sauvolle in command. Under him was the youthful Bienville, a boy of eighteen, yet with courage and ability that was to stand him in good stead during many years of struggle and trial in Louisiana. The settlement, numbering ninety souls in all, was named Biloxi, after a neighboring tribe.

The prospects of the new colony were anything but encouraging. The heat, the blinding reflection from the sands, the nauseous water, the sparse supply of food, and fear of Indian attacks, all worked on the minds of the settlers and helped to depress them. The Spaniards were also dangerous neighbors and the English might at any time appear. Bienville, full of youthful activity, went on a scout eastward and found that Pensacola was not very far away. Then he went west to the Mississippi and met on its waters an English

ship. Its captain he knew, having met him in Hudson Bay. The Englishman said that he was seeking for the Mississippi. Bienville told him that the French were in possession, and he went away without trouble, though he said that he might return. His ship was the first ever seen on the waters of the great river. Fortunately for the French settlers no more English appeared.

Iberville returned before the year was out, bringing provisions and sixty bushrangers from Canada. He had been directed to explore the country for mines or other treasures, and brought with him an adventurer named St. Denys and a geologist, Le Sueur. With the latter he soon made his way to the Mississippi, and a fort was built on the high ground fifty-four miles from the Gulf. While at work on it, in February, 1700, they were surprised by the appearance of Tonti, La Salle's old companion, who had made his way down the stream with boats loaded with furs and manned by Canadians.

The chief mission of Le Sueur was to learn if there was any value in certain deposits of "green earth" which he had found near the upper Mississippi some years before, when he had spent several years among the Sioux. With twenty men and some Indian guides the geologist set out in search of this. Passing up the whole known length of the river to the Falls of St. Anthony, he followed the Minnesota River to the green earth locality. Loading his canoes with this material, he set off down-stream in May, 1701. But misfortune followed him, and he never saw his mines again, the Sioux growing hostile and driving off his men. As for the lading of green earth, it probably went to the river's bottom, for no statement of its value was made.

Iberville soon followed Le Sueur up-stream, leaving the low country, and reaching higher lands in the domain of the Natchez Indians, an Indian nation of peculiar character. They worshipped the sun, and had temples and priests and a high chief,—the Great Sun they called him,—who had great power over his subjects. Of this interesting people we shall only say here that their friendliness to the French was ill requited, for in later years they were treated so unjustly that they broke into revolt, the result being that the whole nation was destroyed.

By the time at which we have now arrived, the spring of 1700, the French were becoming more familiar with the Mississippi, and several parties had passed up and down its waters. Bienville, with Tonti and St. Denys for companions, made a journey of several hundred miles up the Red River, to find if the Spanish of Mexico had posts upon it, while Iberville took steps to keep the English from reaching the Mississippi, if they should push their way to the west. This done, in May, 1700, the founder of the colony set out again for France in the interests of the settlers, returning in December, 1701. He found a population of about one hundred and fifty discouraged and discontented souls in the unhealthy settlement at Biloxi, where Sauvolle had died of fever, leaving his young brother Bienville in command.

The situation was so bad that a change had to be made, and a more healthy site was chosen at the head of the Bay of Mobile, where a fort had already been built. Iberville's active labors had not proved of advantage to his health, and he was a sick man when, in 1702, he left for France, never to return. Illness prevented his coming in 1703. In 1706 he was in the West Indies in command of a fleet sent to drive

the English from those islands, but here death put a final end to his enterprise.

Iberville, on his last departure from Biloxi, had left the colony in anything but a flourishing condition. It consisted then of scarcely thirty families, inhabiting a dreary and noxious coast region, unfit for cultivation even if the people had shown any inclination for farming. As it was, they spent their time in search of pearls, mines, and buffalo wool, looking to France for food and other supplies.

We may briefly review the later history of the colony. The departure of Iberville in 1702 left his brother Bienville, then only twenty-one years of age, in full control. For many years later this energetic young man was to be the vital spirit in Louisiana, though not always its governor. In 1716, ten years after the death of Iberville, the population of Louisiana had increased to only about seven hundred souls, and the colony was by no means flourishing. But the Mississippi had become a channel of travel between the lakes and the Gulf, traders bringing deerskins and furs down it in large quantities, while posts—some of which were in time to develop into cities—had been established on its banks. The beginning had been made, though the end was distant.

An active development of Louisiana began in 1717, as a result of the operations of John Law, the famous financier of France. This adventurer organized an association named "The Company of the West," or, as it is usually called, "The Mississippi Company." Its capital was fixed at one hundred million livres. A great colony was to be founded, the resources of the country, agricultural and mineral, were to be developed, and the shattered finances of France to be restored through the profits of this enterprise. Bienville was

appointed governor-general, and was expected to produce great wealth from the fields and mines of the province. Six thousand white settlers and three thousand black slaves were to be sent out, and it was hoped that the colony would flourish like the rose. Unluckily, the company began by sending out vagrants and criminals, a class of people that Louisiana had been better without.

As yet the principal settlement had been at Mobile, but in 1718 Bienville decided to start a trading-post on the Mississippi. The most suitable place was a spot about one hundred miles from the Gulf, where, in a curve of the stream, the banks rose about ten feet high. Elsewhere the shores were low and subject to overflow, and here the traders' cabins soon began to rise, several hundred colonists coming out during the year. In this modest way began what is now the populous city of New Orleans.

Meanwhile John Law's wild operations were approaching their end. In December, 1720, the great bubble he had blown up burst, and ruin came to trusting millions in France. It was June of the next year before the news of this catastrophe reached Louisiana, where it caused the greatest alarm. But the colony had been put on a solid basis, and was now safe from disaster. In five years the Mississippi Company sent out seven thousand white settlers and six hundred negro slaves. Though the mines were not found, agriculture and trade became active, and all seemed going well.

Bienville made New Orleans the capital of his province in 1722. In 1743, then sixty-two years of age, and weary of a career that had been full of trouble and annoyance, he retired, leaving in Louisiana a population of about six thousand, whites and slaves. The

great prosperity he had looked for had not come, but New Orleans had built up a considerable trade, and in the days to come the city he had founded was to grow into one of the great marts of commerce of the land.

It may be stated, in closing this story of discovery and settlement, that in 1763, twenty years after Bienville's return to France, the city of New Orleans and all the French territory west of the Mississippi River were ceded to Spain, when France gave up all her possessions on the North American continent after the French and Indian War. France obtained possession again in 1801, but in 1803 Napoleon ceded the whole region to the United States.

SIEUR DE VÉRENDRYE AND THE SEA OF THE WEST

Of all the hopes that filled the souls of the explorers of America none were more persistent than that of discovering a great western sea. We have found this leading Lane, Smith, Hudson, Champlain, and others to river journeys into the interior. These hopes survived until far later years. Even when the country had been penetrated as far as the Mississippi, and shown to be of great width, every westward pointing river was looked upon as a possible channel to the vast Pacific. The Missouri in particular, from its abundant flow, seemed full of promise, and from the days of Marquette onward there were plans or efforts to ascend its turbid current.

Of the three nations which took a principal part in the discovery and settlement of the New World,—England, Spain, and France,—the adventurous sons of France were far the most earnest and enthusiastic in geographical discovery. The early Spaniards were daring and active in exploring the new-found continent, but their labors were solely given to the quest of gold-bearing El Dorados, rich empires like those of Mexico and Peru. Discovery for its own sake alone did not trouble their sordid souls. The English, on the contrary, devoted themselves to developing the agricultural resources of the country, and only as new fertile soil was needed did they push deeper into the land. Of geographical research for itself they cared little, and their few attempts at this—like those of John Smith and Henry Hudson—were efforts of a few months at the most.

The French in the New World showed a very different spirit. In adventurous daring and persistent exploration they left their rivals far in the rear. Men like Champlain, La Salle, and others of the early French stand alone in their unceasing efforts to extend the boundaries of geographical knowledge. The names of numbers of men might be given the best years of whose lives were spent in travel in the wilderness, and we owe to these daring heroes of adventure a far more rapid acquaintance with the geographical features of the continent than would otherwise have been attained. The fur-hunters, the wood-rangers, the river and lake voyagers, who freely associated with the natives and adopted their woodland ways, made many contributions to this knowledge; but the chief workers in this field were those enthusiasts who gave their lives to the cause. The work of some of these has been described. There is one less known, but not less worthy, of whom we must here speak.

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de Vérendrye, was an American by birth, born in the town of Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, of whose governor he was the son. He became a soldier of varied activities. In the colonial wars he took part in raids on the New England settlements, and he was once left for dead on a battle-field in Flanders, where he fought as a soldier of fortune. He was nearly fifty years of age when he began that career as a discoverer to which he gave the remainder of his life. It was the great salt sea of the West, or a vast intermediate lake, to the discovery of which his efforts were mainly directed.

In 1727 Vérendrye was put in charge of a fort on Lake Nipigon, lying north of Lake Superior. Here he heard from the Indians the story which they had

told to earlier generations, of a river flowing to the west and a mighty lake of salt water at its mouth. The desire was then born in him to lay bare the secrets which were hidden in the unknown west, and he made his way to Quebec to lay his plans before the government and obtain aid and support. The tale he had to tell came to him from Pako, an Indian chief, who had an enticing story of a vast lake in the region of the sunset whose waters flowed in three directions, one river carrying them to Hudson Bay, a second to the Mississippi, and a third to the remote west. The latter stream had a tidal ebb and flow and poured its waters into a great salt sea, on the shores of which a race of dwarfs dwelt. A belief of this kind was common among the Indians of that day. The English at Hudson Bay were told of rivers flowing to a great western ocean where ships sailed with men who wore beards. One half-breed said that he had seen this ocean, with large black fish sporting in its waves.

Vérendrye gathered from the stories told him that the central lake, with its three outflowing streams, was only about twenty days' journey from Fort Nipigon, and could be reached in a few months from Montreal. As it proved, the government had less faith than he in the romancing Indians. The utmost the king would do was to grant him a monopoly of the fur-trade in this wild region if he could get merchants to aid him. In the end a company was formed to trade with the western tribes.

It was on the 8th of June, 1731, that Vérendrye and his companions set out in canoes from Montreal on a long journey into the unknown. He had with him his three sons, Father Messager, a Jesuit missionary, and a number of boatmen and hunters. Equipped for the journey by the fur-company, he was expected to live

by hunting and trading for furs, to seek the great lake and the western ocean, and to claim the country for the king.

He reached the waters of Lake Superior by midsummer, and left them in late August, making his way to the west. His immediate goal was the lake called by the Indians Ouinipigon (now Winnipeg), which reports made him look upon as an expansion of the central lake he sought. Winter was spent on Pigeon River, where he built a fort to protect his supplies, leaving men to guard it as he pushed onward the next spring. Rainy Lake was passed and by July the Lake of the Woods was reached. On the west side of this far interior body of water he built a stockade named Fort St. Charles, and spent there the second winter of his long and arduous journey.

Canoes laden with furs were sent back to Montreal, with an account of the progress he had made, and by September of 1733 some supplies reached him from the company. Beauharnois, the governor of New France, took much interest in his exploits, but this was not the case with the king and his government. Stories reached France of the hardships and perils the party had met and of the death of Vérendrye's nephew, and the expedition seems to have been looked upon as the hopeless effort of an over-enthusiastic adventurer, who ought not to be encouraged.

Meanwhile Vérendrye continued his efforts. In the spring of 1734 he sent one of his sons to build a fort on Lake Winnipeg at the mouth of the river flowing from the Lake of the Woods. This he named Fort Maurepas. Later in that year he returned to Montreal to consult with the company, but by the autumn of 1735 he was back at Fort St. Charles. The conditions he found there were discouraging. Food had

grown so scarce that famine was prostrating the garrison. The perils of the enterprise increased as the months and years passed on, one of his sons was killed by a war-party of the Sioux Indians, and by 1737 disasters accumulated to such an extent that he despaired of success and felt inclined to abandon the whole project.

Ten years had passed since the romances of the Indians had first aroused the ambition of discovery in his mind, six years since he had begun his hopeful journey from Montreal, and he had yet advanced only a few hundred miles westward from Lake Nipigon, while the hopes of further progress grew daily more faint in his mind. In October he advised the powers at Montreal that his losses in men and stores had been so great that he was disposed to abandon the enterprise.

But this was not the true spirit of the adventurers of New France, and in the next year, 1738, we find Vérendrye inspired with fresh hopes. The Indians about Fort St. Charles had regaled him with fresh tales of western wonders, telling him that on the great river he sought were walled towns, peopled by whites. These men had no fire-arms, but they worked in iron and wore iron armor. On the Missouri lived a strange tribe called the Mandans, who were likely to know the way to the distant sea and could furnish him with guides to its waters.

Vérendrye, his old hopes revived, decided that the Mandans must be visited. In the summer of 1738 he set out from Fort Maurepas, passing in canoes up the Red River of the North and turning into the Assiniboine, on which he built another fort which he named Fort La Reine. This was one more of the various forts which he scattered about during his career, as

centres of dominion and of the trade in furs. He was making his track secure as he went.

On the 18th of October, 1738, he set out on his long overland journey to the Missouri, with a party of fifty men in all, some of them Indians. Nearly seventy years before Marquette and Joliet had fancied, from the great body of water that poured from its mouth, that this broad stream might be the main channel to the western sea. French adventurers had explored its lower waters, but Vérendrye was now to strike it far up its channel, where dwelt that peculiar tribe of which he had been told.

It was on the 3d of December that he entered a village of the Mandans. Were they Indians? They did not look like them, many of them being of light complexion, and numbers of their women having flaxen hair. Their features also differed from those of ordinary Indians, and their habitations and customs were unlike those of the tribes he had known. In later years they were often spoken of as the white Indians, and some observers thought that the blood of the whites ran in their veins.

Vérendrye made but a short stay among this interesting people. He questioned them closely, and was told by them that white men who rode horses and wore iron armor when they fought dwelt only a day's journey off. These were probably the Spaniards of New Mexico—dwelling in fact many days' journey away. What he learned about the western sea we are not told. He took formal possession of their country in the king's name,—they knowing nothing of what the ceremonies meant,—left two men with them to learn their language and what else they could, and set off for La Reine fort, suffering more from fatigue during the journey than ever before.

The two men left among the Mandans returned in September of the following year. Their story was that while they were there some men from a western tribe had come to the village to trade. These told them that men with pale faces like their own and wearing beards lived near their home. They built forts of brick and stone and mounted them with cannon. They had oxen and horses, wore cotton clothing, cultivated grain, worshipped the cross, and had books with which they prayed. Near where they dwelt was a great water, which rose and fell and which no one could drink. The best we can conjecture is that these Indians had some knowledge of the Spaniards of California.

Vérendrye soon after made his way to Montreal, where he spent two years in efforts to straighten out his affairs, which were in a bad shape. He was at La Reine again in 1741, and the next year sent his sons on a new expedition. They sought the Mandan towns, and went on far to the west, passing from tribe to tribe. Everywhere they heard of the great sea, but it always appeared to lie in the territory of the next tribe. At length, on the 1st of January, 1743, they came to the outlying ridges of the Rocky Mountains. The cliffs seen were perhaps those of the Big Horn Range, near the sources of the Yellowstone. "Well wooded and very high," they seemed to the travellers, but these little dreamed of the vastness of the rolling mountain-ranges upon which they were the first of white men to gaze. Still less did they dream of the many hundred miles of mountain and plain which lay between them and the sea they sought.

Returning to the banks of the Missouri by the spring of 1743, the discoverers of the Rockies buried there a leaden plate engraved with the royal arms. They

reached La Reine in July, after an absence of fifteen months, during which they had gone far beyond the utmost outpost of former travel and reached the foothills of the mighty mountain-barrier of the west.

With this discovery of his sons ends the record of Vérendrye's explorations. Misfortunes harassed his few remaining years. He told the ministers of the government of the discoveries he had made, the forts he had built, and the new discoveries that awaited those with the daring to seek them, but he could not move them to come to his assistance. His sons went to Quebec with a similar purpose, but neither the officials nor the merchants would listen to their words. Vérendrye's fur-trading enterprise had not been successful and the dealers were not willing to risk any more money. The wearied and worn-out explorer died at Three Rivers, the place of his birth, on the 6th of December, 1749, after a career of persistent research which compares well with that of any of the American pioneers.

Vérendrye dead, La Jonquière, then governor of Canada, decided to follow up his researches, and the younger son of the explorer, one of the discoverers of the Rocky Mountains, sought an appointment to this work. But the governor had plans of his own, commercial as well as geographical, and the son of the dead hero was rejected, Legardeur de St. Pierre being chosen for the task.

St. Pierre was experienced in forest lore. He came of a race of foresters and for many years had himself been a wood-ranger. But he lacked the wholesouled enthusiasm of Vérendrye, and though he was three years absent (1750–1753), he had barren results to show. The hardships of the journey were too much for him, and he went no farther than Fort La Reine.

From that point he sent out a party to the Saskatchewan, who ascended that stream to the Rocky Mountains, they being the first to give the name of Rocky to the range. They built a fort three hundred miles above the river's mouth, but soon abandoned it and fell back to La Reine.

It was in October, 1753, that St. Pierre returned to Quebec, with very little to show for his three years of absence. Other French explorers were out at the same time, some of them seeking the sources of the Mississippi. But war with the English began in 1754, and with it all the researches of the French came to an end. Under the treaty of peace of 1763 New France ceased to exist, and English succeeded French rule in Canada. From that date geographical research ceased in Canada, except that conducted in the interest of the Hudson Bay Company.

VITUS BERING AND THE DISCOVERY OF BERING SEA

Much has been said about the discovery of northwest and northeast passages, and of the various people who undertook to find them, and just here it may be well to say precisely what these passages signify. It was found in time that the continent of America was complete from Labrador to the Strait of Magellan, and that there was no place where a ship could sail across it into the Pacific Ocean, on its way to India and the East. But there were waters north of the continent, and it was hoped that by sailing to the northwest an open passage might be found to the Pacific on the north like that of the Strait of Magellan on the south. It was also thought that by sailing to the northeast, and passing north of Europe and Asia, a passage to the Pacific might be found much shorter than that by way of Africa and the Cape of Good Hope.

Such were the famous northwest and northeast passages which were sought for centuries in vain. In fact, it was not known that the Pacific could be reached at all by this route. America appeared to stretch in its northern part far to the west and Asia far to the east, and no one knew but that they might join together and no body of water exist between them. In that case a vessel traversing either of those passages would have to pass north of all the continents of America, Asia, and Europe, and come out into the Atlantic from which it started. Here was a question which was not settled until 1728, when Vitus Bering, a bold Danish mariner, sailed north in the Pacific and

discovered the narrow channel, only thirty-six miles wide at its narrowest point, which separates America from Asia. Until that date it was not known that America was a completely separate continent. It is to Bering that we owe this discovery, and therefore the story of his voyage is of importance to us all.

Bering, or Behring,—for his name will be found with both these spellings,—was born in Denmark in 1680. But though a son of that land of famous sea-kings, most of his life was spent in Russia, the navy of which he entered while quite young. Here he won renown in the war with Sweden, and in 1724, when Peter the Great wished to settle the eastern boundaries of his kingdom, he picked out Vitus Bering for the work.

Siberia had been discovered and conquered by the Cossack brigand Irmak, between 1560 and 1580, as far as the Obi River. Thence others pushed eastward in search of gold and furs, and in 1706 the peninsula of Kamtchatka was discovered and added to the Russian Empire. But how much farther Siberia might extend in the north no one knew. The whole question about the borders of Asia and America was a mystery. Nothing was known of the Pacific north of Japan on the Asiatic side and nothing north of Drake's "New Albion" on the American side. Some believed that the two continents were joined, a land-bridge passing from one to the other. Others thought that they were separated. But no one knew anything about it, and it was for this reason that Peter the Great wished to learn where his empire ended on the east, and chose the Danish navigator to try and find out. In those days Russia had no mariners of experience and skill of her own, and Peter himself had gone to Holland to learn how a ship should be built.

It was no small task that lay before the modern viking. He was to start from the eastern shore of Kamtchatka and see if any strait between the continents could be discovered. But the starting-point of the expedition was St. Petersburg, and between this city and the Kamtchatkan peninsula lay some five thousand miles of largely unknown country, more than half of it a wild wilderness, inhabited by savage tribes, and with no Russians except a few outpost dwellers, mainly Cossack barbarians. To cross Siberia in those days was a venture fit to try the stoutest souls, and many were the troubles through which the bold Dane passed before he reached Kamtchatka and began the building of his stout little ship, the "Gabriel."

The building of the ship itself was no trifle in that remote outpost of the empire, destitute of any conveniences for the work, and to which the necessary tools, rigging, and supplies had to be transported from far distant Russia. The ship, built at a point near Cape Kamtchatka, was finally launched in the summer of 1728. Supplies on board and anchor raised, the sails were set to the wind, and the little bark glided away on its route to the north, keeping within sight of the coast as it went. On the 11th of August land was seen to the eastward, this proving to be an island which Bering named St. Lawrence. On the 14th was seen, in 190° E. longitude, the cape now known as East Cape, and which forms the most easterly extremity of Asia. Not knowing this, Bering sailed on to the north, leaving the cape behind and coming into what seemed an open sea, with no land in sight. The American coast, some forty miles away, was not visible from his deck. For a day longer he sailed on into the Arctic Sea, then turned and came back, still without seeing the American coast.

Bering was satisfied that he had completed his work. He believed that he had found the end of Asia and proven that no bridge of land joined the continents. That he was correct later voyages made clear, and the strait through which he passed is rightly known by his name, while the sea south of it is also named after him, under the title of Bering Sea.

He had discovered the extremity of Peter the Great's empire, though Peter was never to know it, for he had died three years before. But there was much still to be done. The great project of charting the whole northern coast of Siberia was planned out. The western shore of America, to which Bering had come so near without seeing it, was to be discovered and explored. For all that was known a great open sea might lie between the two continents. This question was settled in 1732, when Gvosdjeff, a Russian sea-captain, sailed into the strait and discovered the American coast, and the real narrowness of the dividing line between the continents became known.

Much had been done with the small resources at the command of the navigators, but before a longer voyage could be undertaken better facilities were needed. To supply these the town of Petropavlosk in Kamtchatka, was founded as a base of operations, and two ships, named the "St. Peter" and "St. Paul," were built. These were larger and better-appointed vessels tnan the little "Gabriel," and in command of them Bering set out on his second voyage of exploration in 1741.

His course lay at first to the southeast. Some mapmakers of the period had found in their fancies a new land, called by them Gamaland, and supposed by them to lie somewhere in the Pacific eastward from Japan. Bering looked for this imaginary island or continent

in vain, sailing south to 46° N. latitude and to near the 180th degree of longitude. This bootless search caused him to miss the Aleutian Islands, since he next steered to the northeast and came upon the coast of Alaska at the point where looms in view the lofty peak of Mount St. Elias.

In the return of the expedition a more direct route was taken, and the long chain of the Aleutian Islands discovered. As these are practically mountain-peaks, ascending from the sea-bottom and continuing the main Alaskan mountain-range into the ocean, they are held to be a portion of America and to constitute its most westerly extremity. Thus was completed the discovery of this section of the North American continent.

Bering's return was a chapter of misfortunes. Provisions ran short and hunger attacked the crew. With it came the dread disease of scurvy, the bane of the mariner in those days. Their ill fortune culminated in a wreck, a storm throwing Bering's vessel on a desert island in the easterly section of the Aleutian group and about one hundred miles from the Kamtchatkan coast. Here scurvy and ague attacked the daring navigator, and he died in the midst of his discoveries. The scene of his death has since been known as Bering Island.

Death came to many of his sailors as well as to himself, while the survivors, saved from starvation by eating the sea-otters and foxes which they found on the island, built a rude vessel out of the fragments of the wreck, and succeeded in getting back to Petropavlosk, from which they had set sail. Nor did they return empty handed, since they brought with them the furs of the otters and foxes they had killed and eaten on Bering Island.

Shall we go on to tell how Russia gained a footing

in America? The valuable sea-otter furs led to this. Adventurers, who were little better than freebooters, began to cross to the Aleutian Islands in search of furs, the sea-otters being there very plentiful, while China was ready to purchase their furs at high prices. In time the roving fur-traders were followed by colonists, who founded trading-posts on several of the islands, and pushed on from point to point until the American coast was reached and occupied.

The early fur-seekers had been very cruel to the natives, and when the colonists came the coast Indians looked upon them as enemies. Missionaries were brought over, Greek churches were built, and an effort was made to save the souls of the poor savages. But it cannot be said that much effort was made to save their bodies, which were more to them than their souls. Certainly they found the newcomers more of oppressors than of Christian friends.

This first colony in Alaska was not a prosperous one, and its people were not thrifty. They could not raise any food from the earth, for the land was too cold for that, being laden with ice for much of the year, so their only occupation was that of hunting otters and seals for their furs. And the settlers were little more than vassals of the Russian dealers, while the Indians were treated as if they were slaves.

One of the trading-posts was founded on the large island of Unalaska about 1773, and another on the island of Kadiak in 1783, and by 1789 there were eight of these posts, with some two hundred and fifty Russian colonists. Sitka was founded at a later date to check the enterprise of the people of the Hudson Bay Company, who were looking for furs in these quarters. These posts were long controlled by private dealers, but in 1799 the Russian-American Company was

formed under the sanction of the emperor, and from that time on it was the power in this region, to which the name of Russian America came to be applied. The company had its head-quarters on Kadiak, but afterwards removed them to Sitka. Its claims grew extensive as the years passed on, since it declared that the whole western coast of America, from Bering Strait down to and beyond the mouth of the Columbia River, was Russian territory.

It is an interesting fact that these Russian claims had a share in causing the Monroe Doctrine to be proclaimed. This is how it came about. The western coast as far south as California was not occupied, and Russia showed a disposition to seize it as her own. In 1821 the Emperor Alexander issued an ukase in which he claimed the whole northwest coast down to the 51st parallel of north latitude, and even forbade any foreign vessel to come within one hundred miles of its shores. A Russian settlement had also been made on the coast of California, and it seemed likely, if Mexico should gain its freedom from Spain, that Russia would take possession of California.

This act of Russia was a main cause of the declaration in the Monroe Doctrine that the American continents are not to be considered as open to future colonization by any foreign power. The Russian claim was settled, however, before the Monroe Doctrine was issued. The autocrat of Russia did not care much for his American possessions, which seemed then of very little value. So when a protest was made by the American minister he readily withdrew his claim, and the southern limit of Russian America was fixed at the parallel of 54° 40′.

In 1867, when the United States offered to purchase the whole of Russian America for $7,200,000 in



SITKA, ALASKA

gold, the Russian emperor was quite willing to sell, probably thinking he was getting a good price for an unprofitable piece of land. If Alaska, as this country is now called, were in the market to-day, one hundred times this figure would doubtless be considered too low a price. To the Russians it was valued only as a fur-yielding country. Furs are still obtained there, but its great value to the United States is for its fisheries, its abundant timber, and its gold and other minerals, the full extent and abundance of which is still far from known.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY AND THE WORK OF THE FUR-HUNTERS

We have elsewhere given the first chapter in the history of Hudson Bay, that great ocean cup which dips far down from the Arctic Sea into the north-east section of America, reaching from the realm of ice well down towards the Great Lakes. We have told how Henry Hudson, its discoverer and explorer, was set adrift on its waters by his mutinous crew, to perish by storm or hunger. Expeditions were sent out in the following three years in search of the famous discoverer, but no trace of him was ever found.

This much was found, that this section of North America was one of the richest fur-bearing lands in the world. It was not long before the daring wood-rangers of France were making their way far into the forests and up the streams, trading with the Indians for furs. Miles did not count with them in their eagerness for trade, and the shores of Hudson Bay were not too far distant for their footsteps to reach. This state of affairs troubled the English, who also had a fancy for furs and the gold they brought in, and in 1670 Prince Rupert, the dashing cavalry hero of the English civil war, asked the king, his cousin, to give him and some of his friends the territory of Hudson Bay and grant them the sole right to its trade and commerce.

Charles II. did not hesitate. He was always ready to give away lands to which he had no better title than to the mountains of the moon. Ten years later he gave to William Penn the great province of Penn-

sylvania, and he freely gave away other sections which he did not own. So Rupert and his friends were granted all they asked, and the famous Hudson Bay Company was formed, with the full right to all the products of that country, which was long known as Rupert's Land.

A rich land it was for the fur-hunter, a mighty preserve, as we are told, "for fur-bearing animals and for Indians who might hunt and trap them." Here the beaver built on every favorable stream, and here lived multitudes of "otters, martens, musk-rats, and all the other species of amphibious creatures, with countless herds of buffaloes, moose, bears, deer, foxes, and wolves."

Verily, for those who wanted furs, here was the place to seek them, and the company was not long in setting up trading-stations on the shores of the bay, and soon its agents were shipping to London vast quantities of furs bought from the Indians for a mere fraction of their value. But it cannot be said that Rupert and his friends got much profit from their trade. On the contrary, it was a losing game, and before 1700 they were more than a million dollars out of pocket.

This happened because they held a disputed claim. It was not disputed by the Indians, who were the original owners, but by the French, who maintained that their settlement on the St. Lawrence gave them the right to all the country lying north and west of Quebec and Montreal. It was not long, then, before they were sending war-parties to the north and knocking to pieces the English forts. Now these were taken by the French and now they were taken back by the English, and there was no end of trouble. Among the parties engaged in this was Iberville, the founder of

Louisiana, and there were others as active as he, so that the Hudson Bay Company found its claim a costly one to hold.

This thing came largely to an end in 1713, when the war between England and France ceased, and, in the treaty of Utrecht, Hudson Bay and the country for many miles to the south were ceded to England. But for long after that the Company did not show any enterprise. While the French were making their way for hundreds of miles inland in search of furs, the English kept close to the shores of the bay and waited for the Indians to come to them. As late as 1749 there were only four or five trading-posts on the coast, with about one hundred and twenty traders, and some envious persons made an effort to take from the Company its charter, as a "non-user."

In 1763 the great war between the English and French colonies ended in a treaty which gave to England the whole of Canada. The region of fur animals now belonged to the new owners of the country, who did not show any lack of enterprise. They were as daring and adventurous as the French had been before them,—many of them, indeed, being the French who continued to live in the country under English rule. They penetrated the country in every direction, going far into the northwest and not hesitating to seek furs in the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. These individuals at length combined into the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal, and from that time for many years there was a fierce competition between the two companies, the Hudson Bay Company being now thoroughly wakened up.

It is not the disputes and conflicts of these two companies that we are here concerned with, but the discoveries to which the search for fur-bearing animals

led, so we shall say no more about the struggles of the companies, but go back to our main subject.

At the start, as was above stated, the Hudson Bay Company's agents waited for the Indians to bring them furs. But this was not the French way, and the agents after a while found, if they wanted a fair share of the trade, they must go after the furs themselves. So they began to make long journeys into the interior, seeking the natives in their villages, learning their languages, and adapting themselves to their way of life. It was hard to carry civilization into the wilderness, and on their trips these adventurers had to live like the savages. After 1763, when the fur-hunters from Montreal became more enterprising and daring, those of the Company had to keep pace with them and go still farther into the land. And this led to the discoveries of which we propose to speak.

When the Hudson Bay Company was formed the idea of finding a northwest passage to India was still very much alive, and to discover this passage was one of the things the Company was expected to do. But it did not trouble itself to do anything of the kind. It was kept too busy in gathering furs and in fighting off the French. It was also expected to settle the country granted it, and thus form a great English colony in the north. This also it did not try to do. Colonists would interfere with the fur-trade, and the fur-trade was the life of the Company. So the most it ever did was to build posts at Hudson Bay and at points through the wilderness, where the hunters could bring in their furs and exchange them for goods. There were also ships to carry the forest spoil to London and a warehouse there to store it in, and that was all that was done.

The Company was formed to make money and did

not want the outside world to know too well what it was doing in the wilderness, so colonists were not invited, and only its own agents found a welcome at its posts. But among those agents were many daring and enterprising men, and important discoveries were made in that vast frozen region of the north. Two of the fur-hunters rank with the great discoverers, and of these two we wish to speak. One of them was an agent of the Hudson Bay Company and the other of the Northwest Company.

Furs were not the only things brought in by the natives. Some of them brought fragments of copper-ore. When asked where these came from, they spoke vaguely of a great river in the north where plenty of such material could be found. From this the river, which no white man had yet seen, came to be called the Coppermine River, and the agents of the Company grew eager to find it and discover its mines of ore. At length, in 1769, the Company's head man on Hudson Bay chose one of his trustiest people and sent him into the wilderness in search of the river and its mines.

Samuel Hearne was the name of this man. He had been a midshipman in the British navy, had proved himself a daring dealer with the Indians, and was fond enough of adventure to welcome this perilous task. Taking with him some Indian guides, he plunged into the wilderness, living as they lived, fasting when food animals were scarce, and feasting when they were plentiful, for he and his guides had to live largely on the produce of the land. Many were the miles they traversed, many the hardships they endured, but the farther they went the farther away the Coppermine River seemed. Twice Hearne sought it in vain, but he was one of the men who do not give up, and on the

third attempt he reached its banks. He found the stream only to be disappointed, for no copper worth gathering appeared on its shores.

The persevering traveller had many adventures and passed through many new scenes. Tribe after tribe was visited, of different habits, some of them incurably savage, but with them all the pipe of peace was a sacred emblem, and when he had once smoked it with them in their huts he was an honored guest, welcome to the best they possessed. But to most of them a white man was a being unknown, and they viewed his white skin and light hair with the deepest curiosity.

Hearne had supposed that the Coppermine ran into Hudson Bay. He discovered that it ran into the Arctic Ocean, and in the true spirit of a discoverer he followed it to its mouth, at a point far to the west of Hudson Bay. He was the first of white men to stand on the shores of that northern ocean and gaze out on its broad spread of waters, and when he came back and told his tale his find was hailed as a great geographical discovery. The waters he had gazed upon were viewed as a part of that northwest passage so often and so vainly sought. Hearne returned in 1772, having given more than two years to his labors.

A greater than Hearne, the greatest of all the discoverers in the broad northwest, was Alexander Mackenzie, an enterprising Scotchman, who began his career in Canada as a clerk of the Northwest Fur Company. For eight years, from 1781 to 1789, he lived as a trader at Fort Chippewyan, at the foot of Lake Athabasca, discovered by Hearne in 1771, and lying midway between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountain range.

A born explorer and adventurer, Mackenzie grew restless in view of the lack of knowledge of the great

surrounding country. How far away lay the Pacific Ocean? How far north lay the Arctic sea? What lay between? These were questions which wrought within his mind and of which he grew eager to find the answer. Mackenzie was a man who, when his mind was made up, was not to be deterred by any obstacles. He determined to reach the two oceans, and set out on his first great journey, that leading to the Arctic Ocean, in 1789.

From near his point of departure the Slave River flowed northward, and the traveller followed it to the Great Slave Lake. Thence northward for more than a thousand miles ran the great stream known after its discoverer as the Mackenzie River. In our days the Athabasca River, Slave River, and Mackenzie River are looked upon as a single stream, passing in their course through the large lakes mentioned, and having a total length of two thousand miles. The Mackenzie, ice-closed through the greater part of the year, is in the summer season open to travel, and the daring traveller floated in his canoe down its thousand miles to its outlet in the Arctic Sea. He was the second of white men to gaze upon that watery domain, his point of view being far to the west of that on which Samuel Hearne had beheld its waves.

In this enterprise Mackenzie had accomplished only half his proposed task. The Pacific still lay at some unknown distance to the west, and this he was determined to see. As he went down the Mackenzie he asked the natives about the country that lay beyond the western mountain-wall, but all they could tell him was that there dwelt people so fierce that no stranger dared go among them. Little as this was, that little was not true, as Mackenzie was to discover.

Returning to Fort Chippewyan, he set out from there

in 1792 for the foothills of the mountains, and there spent the winter, preparing for his mountain-climbing journey in the following year. When spring came again and the streams cast off their icy chains, he was ready for his difficult enterprise. With his guides and companions he set out, taking a single canoe to carry his food and supplies, a strong one, yet light enough for two men to carry it around rapids and falls. By its aid the small party made its way with toil and hardship up a mountain stream, swollen with the melting snows, and in its higher reaches continually choked with rocks or broken with rapids. So frequently were these met with, and so great became the toil of carrying the canoe around them, that the men grew disheartened and wished to return. The mountains could not be crossed, they said. But Mackenzie said they could and should, and by his cheerful temper gave them heart for further efforts.

Questioning the mountain Indians he met, he was told by them that he would find the route much shorter by land than by stream. Taking their advice, he left the canoe and traversed the mountains on foot. Food here was plentiful. The mountain streams were at this season crowded with salmon, and the natives were living in plenty. As for the fierce tribes of which he had been told, none of them were met. The Indians of the hill country, to whom a white man seemed a being from some remote planet, were kindly and hospitable, sharing food and shelter with him and his men, and helping him with aid and counsel.

The journey, toilsome as it had been, was not so long as he had feared, and on the 23d of July, 1793, Mackenzie and his men traversed the final miles of their journey and stood on the Pacific shores near the Straits of Fuca, which now form the dividing-line

between Canada and the United States. He was the first man to cross the continent in its full width since Cabeza de Vaca, two hundred and fifty years before.

Hearne and Mackenzie were not the only men whom the fur-trade inspired to discovery. There were others of minor importance who helped to make the vast region of British America known to the world. As for the two competing companies, the Hudson Bay and the Northwest, after many years of bitter struggle they gave up the fight, joined into one in 1821, and until 1859 this combination, under the old name of the Hudson Bay Company, had a monopoly of the fur-trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Great Lakes, and the Arctic seas. It even made a vigorous effort to add Oregon to its territory and secure that splendid domain for Great Britain, but in this effort it met with defeat.

In 1859 the fur-trade of Canada was thrown open to the competition of the world, and in 1869 the Company ceded its territorial rights to the British government, receiving $1,500,000 in money, and retaining all its forts with fifty thousand acres of land, and also one-twentieth of all the land within the "fertile belt" from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. Thus the great Company founded by Charles II. nearly two hundred and fifty years ago is not yet extinct, but still carries on the business of collecting furs and also enjoys a large income from the sale of its fertile lands.

WASHINGTON AND GIST AND THE FORTS ON FRENCH CREEK

Those who have read the last few tales will see how active the French were as explorers. Far and wide they went, traversing the woods, the streams, the lakes, seeking the mountains and the seas beyond, eager for furs and mines, but paying little heed to agriculture, that true foundation of a successful colony.

All this time the English had been as busy, but in a different way. They had planted flourishing colonies on the Atlantic shores in which agriculture was the principal industry, and in which the population rapidly increased. But they troubled themselves very little about discovery and exploration, and while the French were founding their trading-posts in the vast interior, the English were planting the soil and moving inward from the coast only as new farms were needed for new settlers. Thus their progress in occupying territory was slow, though their population grew much more rapidly than that of the restless French.

All this was due, not so much to difference in enterprise, as in the purpose of the two peoples. In the case of Spain, it was the eager search for gold that led adventurers through vast territories. In the case of France, it was the trade in furs, and still more the noble waterways which opened before them. In the case of England, on the contrary, the practice of agriculture tied the people to their farms, and they moved

into the interior only as new areas of fertile ground were found and opened.

The settlers were long in reaching the mountains and slow in crossing them. But at length, about the time that French enterprise reached its climax, that of England fairly began, and adventurous scouts pushed over the mountain-ridges and into the country beyond. Rivalry with the French for the possession of the Ohio Valley had much to do with this, and led in the end to the seven years' French and Indian War. It is our purpose here to give the story of some of these adventurers, and especially that of Christopher Gist, whose connection with Washington gives a historic interest to his career.

As late as 1748 very few white men had made their way into the splendid and fertile Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. In that year George Washington, then a boy of sixteen, was dragging a surveyor's chain through this valley and measuring its miles for Lord Fairfax, who had a large claim in it. Farther south land-hunters had begun their work, and in 1749 a grant of eight hundred thousand acres, west of the Carolina Mountains, was made to the Loyal Land Company, in which Dr. Thomas Walker was a leading spirit. Walker led a party over the mountains and was the first to discover Cumberland Gap and River, which he named after the duke of Cumberland. In March, 1750, he went again, leading his party up Cumberland River till they found a likely spot in the forest, where they cleared the ground and built a house, the first ever erected on the soil of Kentucky. A rich region it was, with its blue-grass meadows, verdant forests, fertile soil, and herds of deer and buffalo; a region sure to attract settlers in the future, though Walker's house long stood alone.

In 1753 Dr. Walker was chosen to command an expedition designed to cross the Alleghanies and follow the waterways of the west, with the hope of finding a river leading to that great sea of the west which the French had so long been seeking. The war which broke out the next year put an end to this plan.

Meanwhile English explorers and adventurers were astir farther north, and the packmen of Pennsylvania and Virginia were making their way into the Ohio Valley. There was then a wagon road from Philadelphia through Lancaster to Harris's Ferry (Harrisburg), whence a bridle-path led to Will's creek on the Potomac. From this point an Indian trail passed over the mountains to the forks of the Ohio,—the site of Pittsburg,—and other trails ran farther west. As the years went on the traders grew numerous, it being said that about 1748 as many as three hundred English traders, in a single season, crossed the mountains with their pack-horses, and floated down the western streams in their boats. In the same year the famous Ohio Company was formed, the first step towards the coming war.

It is with the Ohio Company that the name of Christopher Gist comes into history. He was the chief of their scouts, and was sent by them in 1750 to the falls of the Ohio with orders to study the Indian tribes and look out for level and fertile land. He made an extended journey through the Ohio country, visited its chief tribes, and built on the Miami, about one hundred and fifty miles up-stream from the Ohio, the trading-post of Picktown, then the extreme western station of the English. Here gathered about fifty packmen, while around it were some four hundred Indian families of the Miami tribe. At the mouth of the Scioto Gist crossed the Ohio into Kentucky, and made

his way south by the waters of the Licking and Kentucky rivers, travelling eastward from the latter and completing his journey of about twelve hundred miles in May, 1751.

This was the longest exploration yet made by any English explorer west of the mountains. In it Gist was aided by two other noted pioneers, George Groghan, an adventurous Irishman, who had for some years traded along Lake Erie, and Andrew Montour, a half-breed with an European face, but the dress and appearance of a savage. Both these men were very prominent figures in the settlement of the West and the dealings with the Indians.

For the next two years Gist was kept busy in prospecting duty by the Ohio Company, and then, in the winter of 1753, came the historic incident in his life. On the 14th of November of that year there came to his cabin on Will's Creek, where it flows into the Potomac, three strangers. They were on horseback and dressed in pioneer garb, the one who was evidently their leader being a very young man, but with a face full of character and intelligence, one of the kind of men who seem born to make their mark in the world.

In a few well-chosen words he told the frontiersman that he wanted his help and what he wanted it for. He did not need to tell him that the late movements of the English had stirred up the French, who were now making active efforts to take possession of the Ohio Valley. They had begun by building forts, —one at Presque Isle, on Lake Erie; one on French Creek, near its head-waters; one where French Creek joins the Alleghany. This was not all. A party of French and Indians had made their way to the forks of the Ohio, the site of Pittsburg, and the most im-

portant point to be secured. Here they found some English traders and took them prisoners, claiming that they were intruding on French territory.

On the other hand, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, claimed that the French were intruding on English territory, and he had sent out this small party to visit their forts and demand that they should remove from land which did not belong to them. It was a long journey the young envoy had to make, more than eleven hundred miles in total length. It led through the unbroken wilderness, much of it over rugged mountains, with no paths but the narrow Indian trails. The season was winter; there were icy rivers to be crossed; the journey was one that would test all their strength and endurance. He wished to add to his party some men who knew the ways of the wilderness and how to deal with the Indians, and he knew that Christopher Gist was the man.

When questioned by Gist, he said that his name was George Washington, and that he was a major in the Virginia militia. The two men with him were French and Indian interpreters. The hardy frontiersman, always ready for adventure, was quick to join, and with him four other Will's Creek settlers, two of them Indian traders. Two days later the little party set out on their difficult route. There were miles of rough mountain to be climbed, swollen streams to be crossed, wide forests to be traversed, the journey being one fitted only for the most hardy and vigorous men.

Recent rains had filled the streams to their banks and they were difficult and dangerous to cross. Reaching the Alleghany near its mouth, they swam their horses over and hurried on to the Indian village of Logstown, where Washington had a conference with the Half King, a leading chief. He told the Indian

that he had come to tell the French to go back to where they came from and leave the land of the Indians. He wanted a guide to lead him to the French fort, one hundred and twenty miles away. The Half King heard him with pleasure. Their "English brothers" were come to help them. He would guide them himself, two other chiefs joining, while a noted Indian hunter agreed to go with them.

As the travellers went on severe winter weather set in. Rain and snow fell, the forest grew difficult, the streams were hard to cross, and they were in need of rest when they reached the first French post at Venango, at the mouth of French Creek. Here Captain Joncaire, a polite and courteous Frenchman, was in command, occupying the house of John Frazier, a Scotch trader, whom he had driven away. The weary travellers found here a warm fire and a bountiful meal, Joncaire drinking liberally himself and letting out the purposes of the French freely from his loosened tongue. Secretly he tried to lure away the Indians from Washington, but they were doubtful of French promises and were quite ready to go on when the journey was resumed.

Fort Le Bœuf, on the upper waters of the creek, was reached on December 12. This was under the command of Legardeur de St. Pierre, the man who had formerly succeeded Vérendrye in his Rocky Mountain quest. He was an elderly man, as courteous and polished as Joncaire, ready to treat his visitors with every hospitality within his reach, but far from ready to leave the fort.

He read Governor Dinwiddie's letter and wrote a polite reply, in which he said he was a soldier, sent there to obey orders, not to discuss treaties. He had been sent there by the governor of Canada, and there

he meant to stay until ordered back. This letter was delivered to Washington under seal.

While St. Pierre was writing his letter, Washington was studying the fort, and gained so complete an idea that he was able on his return to draw out a plan of it, which was sent to England. Like Joncaire, St. Pierre tried secretly to win away the Half King, a man of great prominence among the Indians. Promises were made, presents given, but the chief kept to his pledge. He knew the French too well to trust to their fine words.

The time fixed for the return journey came, but the snow was falling heavily, and Washington decided to go down the creek by canoe, sending the horses through the forest with the baggage. He found the water route far from pleasant, the channel being obstructed by rocks and fallen trees, and broken by shoals and dangerous currents. At places the ice had lodged, and the canoe had to be carried to clear water below. They reached Venango in six days, the winding water route being one hundred and thirty miles long. The horses reached there before them, but they were so worn out by the forest journey that they were hardly able to carry the baggage and provisions. After three days' farther travel the poor beasts had become so feeble, the snow was so deep, and the cold so severe, that Washington decided to go on rapidly with Gist, leaving the rest of the party to make their way more slowly with the horses.

Dressed in Indian walking-costume, carrying a knapsack containing his food and papers on his back, and gun in hand, the young envoy trod onward through the snowy forest; the older scout, similarly equipped, by his side. Leaving the regular trail, they set out on a direct track through the woodland, head-

ing for a point on the Alleghany some distance above the Ohio. The forest journey was not without perilous adventures. An Indian was met who agreed to guide them, relieving Washington of the weight of his knapsack. After they had proceeded ten or twelve miles the savage wanted to carry his gun too, and grew surly when Washington refused.

A few miles farther and the Indian fell back. Looking for him they found that he had his gun aimed at them. It was discharged as they looked.

"Are you shot?" cried Washington.

"No," said Gist.

"Then after the rascal."

The Indian had taken shelter behind a large tree, where he was hurriedly loading, but before he could finish Gist was upon him with his gun at his shoulder.

"Do not shoot!" cried Washington. "We will gain nothing by killing the man, but we must keep our eyes on him."

The fellow was now made to go in advance, under the guns of his followers, but as night approached they let him leave them, he saying that his cabin was close by. Gist followed him for some distance, that he might not steal back on them. A half mile farther they built a fire and took a short rest, but, fearing a return of the savage during the night, they were soon away again and travelled all night.

Resting through much of the following day, they reached the Alleghany the next evening. To their disappointment it was only partly frozen, the ice running freely in the channel. When morning came the broken ice was still sweeping past.

"There is nothing for it but to build a raft," said Washington, and they were quickly at work.

Night fell before they had finished, but, not caring

to spend another night there, they launched the raft and pushed from shore. It was a perilous journey, their frail support being quickly jammed in the floating ice and carried down the channel. Washington tried to stop its motion with his setting pole, but in a moment the ice struck the pole heavily and swept him from his feet, he being hurled into the chill stream. By good fortune he fell near enough to the raft to catch and clamber upon it, but his clothes were dripping with ice-cold water. Finding it impossible to reach the shore, they were in the end obliged to leap upon an island as the raft swept past its borders.

Here they were forced to spend the night without shelter or fire, while the cold grew hourly more bitter. Washington's young blood enabled him to escape serious consequences despite his wetting, but Gist had his hands and feet frozen. The next morning they found that the cold had frozen the water between the island and the eastern shore, and they were able to walk across. In a few hours more they reached a trading-post recently established near the spot where eighteen months later Braddock suffered his memorable defeat. Here they rested two or three days, until Gist recovered the use of his hands and feet.

While here Washington paid a complimentary visit to Queen Aliquippa, an Indian princess, who resided at the confluence of the Monongahela and Youghiogany rivers. She had been displeased that he had not paid her this mark of respect on his outward journey, but an apology, seconded by a present, soothed the wounded dignity of the dusky princess and the politic traveller secured a gracious reception.

As there were no tidings of the remainder of the party, Washington now hurried forward, crossed the Alleghanies, and left his companion at his home on

Will's Creek. And there Christopher Gist drops out of history. Washington reached Williamsburg on January 16, having been eleven weeks on his long journey.

What followed is matter of ordinary history. A party was sent to build a fort at the forks of the Ohio, but it was hardly begun before it was captured by the French. Later that year Washington advanced with a force of militia and met and defeated a French detachment in the woods. This was the first blow in a war that lasted seven years, and ended in the loss to France of all its possessions on the continent of North America.

DANIEL BOONE, THE EXPLORER AND SETTLER OF KENTUCKY

WHILE pioneers from the east were slowly making their way into the Ohio Valley, and building their humble homes in its fertile plains, the great region of the middle South lay unsettled and almost unknown. There, beyond the mountains, lay the "dark and bloody ground" of Indian warfare, a broad region in which even the savages feared to dwell, and which was abandoned to the marching feet of warlike bands. From time to time daring pioneers invaded its soil. Christopher Gist, as we have said, crossed the Ohio and made his way down the Kentucky River. Dr. Walker traversed the mountains, discovered Cumberland River, and in 1750 built a house or cabin in this land of peril. Doubtless hardy hunters from time to time sought game in the western forests. But all these sink into insignificance before the exploits of the great explorer and settler of the Indian battle-ground, the famous Daniel Boone.

Born in the woodlands of Pennsylvania, Boone became a hunter of wild game when a little boy, and grew so fond of the woods that he once ran away into the forest and was lost to sight for several days. He was at length found in a hut of sods and boughs which he had built, and around which hung the skins of the animals he had killed. The love of the wilderness was born in the boy. His father afterwards moved to North Carolina, and Daniel grew to manhood in the thickly wooded region near its western mountain-wall. Here he married a girl whom he had once come near

shooting in the woods as a deer, and settled down in a home of his own.

Boone was too ardent a hunter and adventurer to take kindly to settled life. We have curious evidence that he crossed the mountains to the region of Tennessee as early as 1760, for his name was long afterwards found carved, in primitive spelling, on an old tree along the stage road in the valley of Boone's Creek. The legend ran: "D. Boon cilled a Bar on [this] tree in The year 1760."

These were pioneer movements, which left little impression on the new-found land. Those who took part in them became known as "long hunters," from their habit of setting out on hunting excursions which kept them absent for months. They were, moreover, in Tennessee, south of the Indian war-paths. It remained for Boone to penetrate the "dark and bloody ground" and add the splendid vales and plains of Kentucky to the range of the English settlements.

His long woodland life had made a man of the type of Cooper's "Leatherstocking" of Daniel Boone. Strong, robust, and sinewy, perfect in physical proportions, and a dead-shot with the rifle, he was alert and vigilant, daring as he was cautious, honest and kindly by nature, humane in spirit, yet with a native love of adventure which kept him constantly in the forefront of civilization, and exposed him to endless perils from which he always escaped. Wary and shrewd as were many of the Indians, the keenest of them were no match for Daniel Boone, and he died at length in his bed, after a life in which danger constantly tracked his footsteps.

Boone's desire to seek Kentucky seemingly came from the tales of a hunter named John Finley, who had made his way thither and found it a very paradise

for game. No long time passed before Boone and Finley, with several companions, were on their way across the rugged wilderness which lay between them and this land of promise. The mountain-range here was wide and rough, and they met with many hardships before, toiling unflinchingly onward, they looked down from a final crest upon the fair land of which they were in search.

To their eyes it was a realm of peace and plenty. Herds of deer and droves of buffalo were in sight. The woods were of luxuriant growth. All appeared promising, for there was no sign of the dusky foe who lurked in the hidden aisles of the forest. Making their home in a rock-cleft, which was covered and concealed by a large fallen tree, the half-dozen of "long hunters" spent there the summer and autumn, roaming the woods, finding game in plenty, but nowhere seeing a trace of the red-skinned natives of the soil.

Their freedom from danger, perhaps, made them careless, for one day Boone and John Stewart, while out hunting, suddenly found themselves surrounded by a band of Indians. Escape was impossible, and they were forced to yield themselves prisoners. For seven days they were in the hands of their foes; then one night when the Indians, weary with the day's labors, slept more soundly than usual, the alert woodsman saw his opportunity, cautiously awakened his companion, and the two crept away without disturbing their slumbering captors. They made their way in safety back to the camp, but Finley and the others were gone. Probably they had been scared by the absence of their companions and had made their way home.

Early the next year Boone and Stewart were again attacked by Indians, and this time Stewart was killed. Boone would have been left alone in the primeval wil-

derness but that just before he had been joined by his brother, Squire Boone, and a companion. This companion soon after strayed from the camp and never returned. An Indian arrow may have winged his fate, or he may have returned home.

Powder and shot, upon which the lives of the wanderers depended, were now running short, and it seemed the part of wisdom for them to return. But Daniel Boone was still in the hunting mood, and in the end his brother went back for supplies, leaving him alone in the wilderness. Only a man of extraordinary fortitude would have taken this risk, and only one of remarkable skill and discretion could have passed through it alive. For three months the bold hunter dwelt alone in the forest, shifting his camp constantly to avoid the prowling foe, eluding his enemies and tracking his game, unceasingly vigilant, and withal, as he tells us himself, enjoying greatly this solitary forest life. At the end of the three months Squire Boone reappeared and the two brothers continued their work of exploring the land. When they went home again, in 1671, they had an excellent knowledge of it.

There is some reason to believe that Daniel Boone had other purposes than mere hunting in thus spending two years in the wilderness. Southern Kentucky was claimed by the Cherokee Indians, though other tribes at times hunted in it, and forest battles were not infrequent between the tribes. Colonel Henderson, a noted character of the period, joined with several others in a plan to purchase this country from the Cherokees and establish there an independent State, to be called Transylvania. It is thought that Boone went there to observe the land as an agent of Colonel Henderson and his company.

His report of the beauty and fertility of the land and its abundance of game seems to have greatly stirred up the neighboring settlers. There were great political troubles at that time in North Carolina, due to the revolutionary spirit of its people and the tyranny of Governor Tryon, and many of them were ready to seek a more peaceful home beyond the mountains. For this reason colonists were not difficult to find, and many made their way through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee, a less dangerous section than Kentucky.

It is supposed that during his long absence Boone visited the Cherokee chiefs and arranged terms with them for the sale of this unsafe portion of their tribal territory. Colonel Henderson afterwards met the chiefs to conclude the bargain, smoked with them the pipe of peace, and paid in merchandise for the land, they giving him a deed for it. This done, steps were taken to colonize the new territory, under the skilled leadership of Daniel Boone.

A little party set out in 1773, consisting of six families,—Boone's and five others,—taking their household goods with them on pack-horses, and driving their cattle and swine. Unfortunately for them, prowling Indians saw the party, and were incensed at this invasion of their hunting-grounds. They attacked the emigrant party in the rear, killed a number of them, including Boone's youngest son, scattered their animals, and so discouraged the others that they turned back and sought a safer abiding place in the western part of Virginia.

During the next two years Daniel Boone was engaged in surveying western lands for Virginia and in Indian warfare, and it was not until 1775 that the movement for colonization was resumed. A party of men under Boone's leadership now made their way

through the wilderness to the banks of Kentucky River, where a fort was built as a protection against the Indians,—the fort of that day consisting of a few strong block-houses at the corners of a defensive square of pickets, within which were the cabins of the settlers. This done, Boone went back for his family, and a number of others returned with him to Boonesborough, as the fort was called. The party consisted of twenty-six men, four women, and a half-dozen of children, who made their way through the broad pass of Cumberland Gap. They did not all reach Boonesborough, part of them stopping on the way and building a fort of their own. Boone's wife and daughter were the first white women who ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River.

Such were the preliminary steps towards the settlement of Kentucky. Other settlers soon came, among them the famous hunter, Simon Kenton, and the work of taking possession of Kentucky was fairly begun. One such party was establishing itself in a fertile section when news was brought of the battle of Lexington and the beginning of the Revolution. They at once named their new settlement Lexington, and thus was founded what is now the fine city of this name, in the rich blue-grass region of the State of Kentucky.

These early settlers of Kentucky were all foresters and hunters, men thirsting for adventure, and hardened by their wild outdoor life to great powers of endurance. Always on the alert for the roving savages, they became as keen in forest lore as the Indians themselves, and far surpassed them in skill with the rifle, in the use of which many of them became wonderfully expert. Shall we describe the dress of the pioneer hunters? It consisted of fringed deerskin leggings and hunting-shirt, the latter open in front and

held by a broad leather band at the waist. The tough material of this dress was proof against the thorns and briers through which they often had to force their way. On their feet they wore the Indian moccasin, soft in material and noiseless in tread, and on their heads caps of raccoon skin, home-made, and with the bushy tail of the 'coon dangling down over the left ear.

Over the shoulder hung a well-filled powder-horn, at such an angle that it could be quickly seized for loading or priming. Their principal weapon was the heavy flint-lock rifle of that time, which an expert hunter could load with great despatch and use with such skill that he rarely missed his mark. While the rifle was their favorite safeguard, a long hunting-knife, heavy and keen-edged, hung in its sheath at their left side and a hatchet, or tomahawk, at their right, the latter being especially useful in cutting their way through the forest undergrowth. Such was the aspect of Boone and his associates when fully equipped for war or the chase.

These pioneers found eternal vigilance the price of liberty, and even of life. The few early settlers in Kentucky were constantly in danger from bands of prowling Indians. One early instance of this incessant peril was the capture by Indians of Boone's daughter and two other girls, who had incautiously ventured a short distance from the fort. Night was near at hand before they were missed. The distracted fathers were obliged to wait till the next day's dawn. Then Boone and some companions put themselves on the trail of the savages, tracked them with unerring skill through the forest, and came upon them where they had halted to cook a meal. Startled by the bullets of the hunters, which stretched some of them on the ground, the redskins fled and the captive girls were rescued. It was

probably long before they ventured beyond the walls of the fort again.

This was but one among many adventures. The war of the Revolution was now going on, and the Indians were stirred up by the British to attack the whites. On one memorable occasion Boone and a party of others, while gathering salt at the salt-licks, were captured by a raiding party of Indians and taken by them to their homes, north of the Ohio. All of these were ransomed by the English at Detroit except Boone, who had grown so famous among the savages that no price could buy him from them. He was fortunately saved from torture by a chief, who adopted him as his son, and lived in apparent content with the tribe till he overheard them planning an attack on Boonesborough. He now escaped, travelled one hundred and sixty miles in five days, and reached the fort, to find that his wife and children had given him up for dead and gone back to North Carolina.

He found the fort neglected and in no condition for defence, and made all haste to put it in order for an attack. It came, four hundred and fifty Indians, aided by some English allies, attacking the little force of frontiersmen, about fifty in number, within the woodland fort. Fierce was the attack, valiant the defence. The battle continued for nine days, when the Indians, having lost heavily, gave up the attempt to subdue the valiant fifty or capture the fort and withdrew in disgust. Then Boone went back to his old home and brought his family out again.

It was now 1780. The war with England was near its end, the settlers in Kentucky were growing steadily more numerous, and the "dark and bloody ground" was fast ceasing to deserve this epithet. There were still troubles at times with the Indians, and

Boone had his share of new adventures, but after twelve years more of residence there Kentucky was getting too safe and thickly settled for the old hunter. The chief cause of his new movement, however, was that he was robbed of his land by speculators, who discovered that his papers were not drawn up in legal form, or in some way had flaws in them.

Leaving his home in disgust, he dwelt for a time in Virginia, and then, hearing of the rich land and good hunting in Missouri, his pioneer blood became astir once more and he migrated to this new soil, then under Spanish rule. The Spanish authorities, aware of the reputation of the old hunter, made him military commander of his district and granted him ten thousand arpents (eight thousand five hundred acres) of land. But of this he neglected to record or secure his title, and when Missouri was acquired by the United States Boone once more found himself robbed of his land. This injustice, however, was set aside through the influence in Congress of the Kentucky Legislature, and the title of the old pioneer was made good. He was then nearly seventy years of age but still an ardent hunter. Years afterwards, when he was eighty-four, a hale and hearty veteran, a trapper saw him returning home from a hunt with sixty beaver-skins.

Only once did he return to the State of which he was the explorer and pioneer settled, and in which as he tells us, he had lost so much. He says: "I may say that I have verified the words of the old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand at the delivery thereof, 'Brother,' he said, 'we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much difficulty in settling it.' My footsteps have often been marked by blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons and

a brother have I lost by Indian hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument to settle the wilderness."

Death came to the aged pioneer in 1820, in his eighty-sixth year. He was buried in a cherry-wood coffin, made and polished by his own hands in his Missouri cabin. Some thirty years and more later this coffin was drawn in state through the main street of Frankfort, Kentucky, the remains of the famous pioneer being brought home to the State with which his name was so closely associated, to repose in honor in the public cemetery of its capital city.

JONATHAN CARVER AND HIS SEARCH FOR THE PACIFIC

In the days of which we are writing there was a Connecticut Yankee, Jonathan Carver by name, who was inspired by large ideas and made a strong effort to carry them out. He did not accomplish much or add a great deal to our knowledge of geography, yet he won a name among the explorers of the country and we cannot pass him by.

Carver was a soldier in that war by which the French lost their possessions in North America. After the war was over he became filled with vast schemes of discovery. The French had gone as far as the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, but beyond these mountains lay the great Pacific, and he developed a strong desire to be the first to reach its waters by the transcontinental route. He felt sure he could do so by traversing the Great Lakes and then following the rivers of the far West. He had access to the maps made by the French explorers and the accounts written by Hennepin and others, and these he carefully read and studied to prepare himself for his project of completing their labors.

What he wanted to do first was to learn the width of the continent and the best routes across it. Then, if he reached the Pacific, he intended to ask the English government to establish a seaport on its coast and make it a basis for seeking the trade of the Indies by the transpacific route. He said that, if any available line of travel was found or could be made across the continent, it would be far easier to reach Asia directly

from a Pacific port than by sailing over the long, roundabout way by the Strait of Magellan or the Cape of Good Hope. It would also, he said, "promote many useful discoveries" and open up new sources of trade. Thus Carver deserves the credit of being the first to set before the English people the luminous idea of going to Asia by first crossing the American continent, an idea that has been put into effect very profitably in our own days.

Such was Carver's plan; now let us see what he did to realize it. It must be said that his ambition ran far ahead of his results. Making his way by the route of the lakes to Mackinac, the most northwestern English post, he set out from that place in September, 1766, going with some Indian traders, who were on their way to the Sioux country by the old route followed by Marquette,—that from Green Bay by way of the Fox and the Wisconsin Rivers. He proposed to take Hennepin's path up the Mississippi as far as the Falls of St. Anthony and make this his starting-point into the wild West.

The Falls were reached on the 17th of November, and here he was surprised and interested in the actions of his Indian guide. That devout and superstitious savage began by chanting in his native tongue an earnest invocation to the Spirit of the Waters. As he sang he stripped off his ornaments and threw them as offerings into the stream. First went his pipe, then his tobacco, then the bracelets from his arms, then his earrings and necklace, his chant of praise to the God of the Falls only ceasing when he had made sacrifice of everything precious he possessed.

Carver's journey up the Mississippi ended at the St. Francis River. From here he turned southward to the mouth of the St. Peter's (now the Minnesota)

River, up whose ample current he proposed to make his way into the depths of the great West. He was here in the vicinity of the site of the modern city of St. Paul, a locality which he looked upon as the pivotal region of the north Mississippi Valley. He believed that access could be had from this region by waterways in all directions. Southward the great river led to the Gulf of Mexico. Northward he fancied that a practicable waterway might be made to Hudson Bay, and eastward one to New York, following the Great Lakes. Westward he hoped to go up the St. Peter's and reach an easy portage or a central body of water leading to a stream by which the Pacific might be reached.

His fancy was filled with speculative ideas of the flow of streams to the north, south, east, and west, and in one of his maps he places, close by the source of the Mississippi, a small lake, out of which flows the "Origan" River. This grows, in its passage westward, into the great river of the West, which enters the Pacific near the Straits of Anian, an imaginary northwest passage invented by the map-makers of that period.

After Carver's death, his heirs declared that he had purchased from the Sioux Indians all that pivotal tract of land, including the site of the city of St. Paul. They brought suit to recover this territory from the government, but the evidence which they presented in support of their claim was judged to be insufficient; and after resting long before Congress the claim was finally disposed of by an adverse decision in 1823.

Returning from this digression, let us follow the traveller in his journey. Turning up the St. Peter's, or Minnesota, he followed it, as he tells us, for a distance of two hundred miles. He was now in the heart

of the Sioux country, the season of frost was upon him, and he spent the chill months of the winter in the villages of this warlike nation.

He was still on the threshold of his journey, but adverse fortune here brought it to an end. He had purchased a supply of goods at Mackinac, to be sent after him and used as gifts to insure him a safe conduct through the various tribes to be met on his route. For some reason these essentials of Indian travel failed to appear, and he was obliged to give up his western trip. He returned to the Prairie du Chien, then the great trading mart of the Western Indians. Thence reaching Lake Pepin, where he halted for a time, he ascended the Chippewa, made a portage to the St. Croix, and descended to Lake Superior. He finally reached home after an absence of two years and five months and a journey, as he says, of seven thousand miles.

Years afterwards, in 1774, Carver laid plans to renew his effort, proposing again to follow the St. Peter's, to cross from this to the Missouri, ascend the latter to its head-waters, cross the mountains, and make his way by the "Oregon, or River of the West, on the other side the summit of the dividing highlands," to the ocean he sought. His plans were broad and ambitious, but the war which broke out between England and her American colonies prevented him from putting them into effect.

Carver wrote an account of his travels, but this was not published until ten years after his return, the British government refusing him the desired permission to publish it. An interesting feature of the map that accompanied this account is that in it the name of Origan is used as the title of the great river supposed to flow from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific.

No doubt he got this name from the Sioux during his seven months' life among them. Many years before they had told Father Charlevoix, a French missionary who visited them, that if he should go up the Missouri as far as it would take him, he would find the waters of another great river which ran westward to the sea. But Charlevoix gives no name to this river, and the origin of the word Oregon, now the name of the great State through which the river runs, we owe to Jonathan Carver.

Carver posed as a prophet as well as a discoverer. He saw a great future for the Mississippi Valley and the lands to the far west, and expresses his opinion in the following eloquent words:

"To what power or authority this new world will become dependent, after it has arisen from its present uncultivated state, time alone can discover. But as the seat of empire, from time immemorial, has been gradually progressive towards the west, there is no doubt but that at some future period mighty kingdoms will emerge from these wildernesses, and stately palaces and solemn temples, with gilded spires reaching the skies, supplant the Indian huts, whose very decorations are the barbarous trophies of their vanquished enemies."

Such was Jonathan Carver's statement of that belief which had earlier been condensed by Berkeley into the aphorism, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." Had he lived until our day he would have seen his prophecy fulfilled with a completeness doubtless far transcending his wildest dream.

LEDYARD AND GRAY, AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

We have described several attempts to reach the Pacific by overland travel, including the unsuccessful one of Jonathan Carver and the successful one of Alexander Mackenzie. After the time when Sir Francis Drake coasted along the shores of California and Oregon and named the land New Albion two centuries passed before another naval exploring expedition sought those waters. Then, in 1776, while England was fighting with her American colonies, two ships were sent to this coast on a voyage of discovery, under the command of the famous Captain James Cook. The Spaniards of Mexico were then working their way up the coast, and England wished to get the start of them and gain possession of any large rivers or good harbors in that quarter, and Captain Cook was sent for this purpose.

Cook made important discoveries in the Pacific, including the Sandwich Islands, to which he gave this name. He reached the American coast in 1778 and sailed northward, keeping the shore in sight so far as the winds and waves permitted, but failing to see either the Columbia River or the Straits of Fuca. In fact, he reached the coast north of the Columbia. The only harbor he found was that of Nootka Sound, on Vancouver Island, where his ships were overhauled and put in trim for a sail into the Arctic seas. He found the Nootka people friendly, but they were not afraid of the noise of his cannon and many of them had iron tools and ornaments of brass and silver. All

this showed that white men and their ships were no strangers to them, and that trading or other vessels had passed that way. Cook kept on till he sighted Mount St. Elias, when he knew that he was in Russian territory. He headed north still, till he passed through Bering Strait and into the Arctic Ocean. Thence he made his way back to the Pacific and to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by the treacherous natives.

There were two men with Captain Cook of whom we must speak. One of these was a midshipman named George Vancouver, who came back to those waters in 1792 as captain of the ship "Discovery." He, too, failed to find the Columbia River, but gained the honor of having the large Vancouver Island named after him.

The other of these men, John Ledyard, a native of Connecticut, and a corporal of marines under Captain Cook, is of more interest to us. He was a man full of activity and love of exploration, to which his whole life was given. After his return to England in 1778, he was sent on a warship to America, but rather than fight against his native land he deserted. The war over and America free, his mind became filled with broad dreams of empire. When on Cook's vessel he had observed and noted everything of interest he saw, and he was sure that the land between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific was not the narrow strip then shown on the maps, but a broad area which might one day become part of the United States.

He also saw in his mind's eye a mighty commerce from that region. Cook's sailors had obtained from the Nootka natives many valuable furs in exchange for cheap trinkets, and had sold in China one-third of their cargo of water-rotted sea-otter skins for ten

thousand dollars. Why should not an American ship be sent out to gather and trade in these skins? Full of enthusiasm, he sought the merchants of New York and Philadelphia, but his tales seemed visionary to these hardheaded men, none of whom saw anything but wild fancy in his schemes. Then he went to France, where he did his utmost to enlist some one in his plans, but equally in vain. His idea filled him day and night. "I die with anxiety," he said, "to be on the back of the American States, after having penetrated to the Pacific Ocean."

Among those sought by Ledyard was Thomas Jefferson, then (1785) the United States Minister to France. The enthusiast haunted his office, and one day Jefferson said to him: "Why not go overland through Russia and Siberia, cross to Nootka Sound in one of the Russian trading ships, and from there make your way over the mountains and by way of the Missouri into the United States."

It was an idea that Jefferson himself was to put into effect, in later years, in the reverse direction. It stirred up Ledyard, who was a man ready to undertake any adventure, however difficult or dangerous. He seized eagerly upon the project, only providing that the Russian government should give its consent. This was obtained, and the explorer set out on his immense journey to far-off Kamtchatka. But he did not succeed in getting there. After travelling with great hardships well on to four thousand miles eastward from St. Petersburg, he reached Irkutsk, in Siberia, in January, 1787. Here were the head-quarters of the Russian-American Company, that powerful fur-hunting association which had a monopoly of the northwestern American trade. Distrustful of Ledyard's purpose, and fearing to let this daring American enter their

secluded territory, they had him arrested as a spy and obtained an order from the empress expelling him from the country under penalty of death if he should return. That ended Ledyard's connection with America. He went to London and was sent to Africa by the African Association, but died of fever in Cairo at the beginning of his journey of exploration.

Thus fell to nought the plans of one of the most adventurous of men. Had he been granted a ship he might have secured for the United States the whole Pacific coast from Mexico to Alaska. A few years later Mackenzie reached the Pacific at the Straits of Fuca and gained for Great Britain the northern section of this territory.

Americans, however, had been there before. In 1787, while Ledyard was being banished from Siberia, some Boston merchants awoke to the value of his plans, and formed a partnership to engage in trade between the western American coast and China. This led to important results, as we shall seek to show.

The company of merchants fitted out two ships, the "Columbia," of two hundred tons, commanded by Captain Robert Gray, and a small, sloop-rigged vessel, the "Washington," of ninety tons, under John Kendrick, the latter a sort of tender to the former. They were laden with goods likely to be valued by the Indians, which they were to trade for furs, sell the furs in China, and load up with tea to be sold at home. The project, from a commercial point of view, seemed a promising one.

At the mast-heads of the "Columbia" and "Washington" floated a flag never yet seen in the distant waters to which they were bound, the "Stars and Stripes" of the new republic; and for fear it might be questioned, the captains carried passports from the

United States authorities. It seems an odd thing today that the American flag should ever have needed such a protection.

The company had more in mind than a simple trading voyage. They wished to establish a permanent trade, in competition with the Hudson Bay Company, and instructed Gray and Kendrick to buy land from the Indians, build storehouses or forts, or take other means to secure possession. There was a long strip of coast of which next to nothing was known, and the far-sighted merchants wished to gain this for themselves or their country.

The two vessels, sailing by way of the Strait of Magellan and up the west American coast, in the track of Drake, reached Nootka Sound in the latter part of 1788. Here they began an active commerce with the Indians, exchanging their wares for the furs possessed by the natives till the "Columbia" was well laden with those valuable goods. On her departure, the "Washington" was left, its captain occupying himself in cruising in the adjoining waters and up the Straits of Fuca, and buying large tracts of land from native chiefs. Copper coins and medals struck for this purpose formed part of the price paid the natives for their territory.

Meanwhile the "Columbia" reached the port of Canton, disposed of her furs to the Chinese, bought teas with the cash received, and set sail for home and a market. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope and sailing north through the Atlantic, she reached her starting-point in Boston harbor in August, 1790. While by no means the first to circumnavigate the globe, she had been the first to carry the American flag around the earth and to show the star-spangled banner in the antipodes.

Seventeen years before this time a shipload of tea had sailed into Boston harbor to meet with anything but a welcome, for its cargo had been tossed overboard by the indignant citizens, and Boston harbor converted into a gigantic kettle of tea. The "Columbia" met with a very different reception. As she sailed up the harbor, with the starry flag at her peak as it had floated there when she set sail nearly three years before, she was saluted by welcoming cannon; while the people, learning what vessel had come, rushed to the wharves with shouts of greeting. And thus, to the cheers of the Bostonians and the boom of cannon, the "Columbia" rounded in to her wharf, with the flag that had crossed all seas and been shone upon by all suns still floating proudly from her mast-head. In addition to her ship's company she brought with her the crown prince of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, Captain Gray having persuaded the king to send his son on a visit to the United States.

Successful as this voyage had been, the second voyage of the "Columbia," which was soon after undertaken, was much more successful from the point of view of discovery, for it led to the finding of the great river of the West, never hitherto seen, and its existence only conjectured. In the summer succeeding his return, Captain Gray was off again, bound for the Pacific coast of America. As he sailed up the Oregon shore line he came in sight of a broad estuary, which he felt sure was the mouth of a large river; but the surf broke so violently over its seeming outlet that he did not venture to cross the surging billows.

Farther up the coast he met with Captain Vancouver, of the "Discovery," and told him of his find. Vancouver threw doubt on the story. He had been along that coast from Cape Mendocino to Nootka

Sound, and had searched carefully for the river supposed to be there, but had seen no trace of it. This doubt seems to have disturbed Captain Gray. After parting with Vancouver he headed south again, determined to settle the disputed question. He had marked the latitude of the place on his log, and on reaching the spot he saw again the wildly breaking surf and the broad inlet, several miles across, that lay within.

Surf or not, he was bound to enter it now. With all sails set the gallant "Columbia" dashed into the threatening billows, crossed them without difficulty or danger, and soon was afloat in a broad, smooth basin, on whose waters no ship had ever floated before. Up the wide estuary, from three to seven miles broad, Captain Gray carried his ship, soon finding the stream to grow narrow, and sailing up it for fourteen miles before he stopped and let fall his anchor. As he went upward the natives pushed out from the banks in their canoes, keeping pace with the great ship as it glided along the stream and looking upon it with wonder and awe.

Gray gazed proudly about him. He was on the waters of a splendid and unknown river, and naturally felt highly elated with his discovery, whose importance he was well fitted to estimate. History gives us a very brief story of this stream, which various mariners had passed without seeing. The first to conceive its existence was a Spaniard named Heceta, who passed its northern headland in 1775, naming it Cape St. Roque. All he saw of the river is indicated in the remark, "These eddies of the water caused me to believe the place is the mouth of some great river."

Taking his word for it, some Spanish map-makers placed a river at this point, naming it the St. Roque. In 1788 the British Captain Meares, who had seen these maps, sailed that way and looked out for the

river. He rounded the cape and ran into the inlet, but he saw nothing there but a wide tumble of breakers and was convinced that no river was near. He signified his feeling by renaming the headland Cape Disappointment. The opposite point Gray named Cape Adams.

Captain Gray was thus the first to make an actual discovery of the river, as he was also the first to sail up its waters. He gave it the name of his ship, the Columbia, and the Columbia River it remains. As a token of taking possession of it in the name of the United States, he buried some pine-tree shillings at the foot of a tree. Then up went the anchor and away went the "Columbia," followed by the wondering gaze of the Indians. She had been afloat on the waters of the largest river, after the Yukon, on the Pacific coast of America.

LEWIS AND CLARK, AND THEIR JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC

When the priest Marquette descended the Mississippi and passed the mouth of the swift-flowing Missouri, with its flood of turbid water, the desire arose in his mind to ascend this great stream to its headwaters. Others later than he felt the same impulse, hoping by this route to reach the distant waters of the Pacific and win fame as discoverers. We have described the various efforts to realize this dream of the adventurer, and propose now to tell how the dream was at length made a living fact.

In 1803 President Jefferson was negotiating for the purchase of the great Louisiana Territory from France, and was naturally anxious to learn its extent and character. As yet very little was known about it. Twenty years before he had advised John Ledyard to go to the Pacific and cross the continent from the west. He now, as President of the United States, decided to send out a party to cross the continent from the east, completing the work which Vérendrye had long before undertaken, but had only partly completed. For this purpose he selected his private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, a young Virginian of much ability, to take charge of the scientific work of the expedition. William Clark, a brother of the famous George Rogers Clark, and a soldier who had seen much of Indian warfare, was chosen for its military commander.

Much of the country which these pioneers were to explore was unknown. The French had made their way as far as the Yellowstone River and the Black

Hills, but their story was vague and incomplete, and nearly all that men knew of it was that it was the home of wandering tribes of Indians, who roamed about in savage freedom like the Arabs of the desert, and of countless buffaloes, which supplied the natives with abundant food. What obstacles would be met, what hardships endured, what marvels of nature discovered, no one could tell; but Captains Lewis and Clark were men of courage and enterprise and frontiersmen of experience, and no better selection of leaders could have been made.

The party that set out, full of hope and enthusiasm, included thirty men in all, there being besides the leaders nine young Kentucky backwoodsmen, fourteen soldiers, two French boatmen, a hunter, an interpreter familiar with Indian speech, and a negro servant. The government provided a boat fifty-five feet long, drawing three feet, and carrying a large square sail and twenty-two oars. It was decked at bow and stern and open amidships, like the caravels of Columbus. In this craft the party floated down the Ohio and ascended the Mississippi, reaching St. Louis in the autumn months of 1803. The country west of the Mississippi, though purchased by the United States, was still under Spanish officers, and the party encamped on the opposite side of the river. There they spent the winter, engaged in drilling the men for possible Indian fighting, and in preparing their stores for easy carriage. These included, besides their clothing and implements, a variety of goods taken as presents for the Indians, such as trinkets, tools, weapons, and gaudy articles of clothing, well fitted to charm their savage souls.

Not until May of the next year was the river in condition for a resumption of the journey. The party had now to ascend the swift Missouri, a much more

toilsome task than the easy descent of the Ohio. Boats had been obtained to carry their stores, and the expedition now consisted of five boats in all, while two horses kept pace with them along the bank, carrying the game daily procured by the hunters. Their usual day's journey was from ten to twenty miles, while every night they fastened their boats to the shore and camped on the banks of the river.

The long river voyage was marked by many difficulties and mishaps. Here a boat would ground on a hidden sand-bar, there floating trees would carry danger in their course. The savages met with, however, gave no trouble, a few presents and some soft words winning their hearts. Here and there a side stream poured its waters into the main current, the Osage, the Kansas, and the Platte being thus passed. In July the country of the Otoe Indians was reached. A council was held with the chiefs of this tribe, who agreed to accept the friendship and protection of their "great white father," the President. The place where the council was held has since been known as Council Bluffs, a city now standing where the chiefs and the pioneers met in amity.

The villages of the Mandans, the so-called "White Indians," known since the days of Vérendrye, were reached at the end of October. At this point, sixteen hundred miles above the Mississippi River, it was proposed to spend the winter. The real difficulties and dangers of the trip lay before them, and a season of rest from their labors was needed before venturing into the upper waters.

As with the Otoes, a council was held with the chiefs of the Mandans, who were given the same assurance of the friendship of their "great white father" and well supplied with presents, including flags and

feathers, uniforms and medals, some of these bearing the President's picture. Presents were also given to the people, the one that pleased them most being a mill for grinding their corn, the usefulness of which appealed to them. The winter was spent in exploring the surrounding country, making maps of the region traversed, and collecting specimens of plants and minerals. These were packed and sent to President Jefferson.

In April, 1805, the party was ready to make a fresh start and face the dangers that confronted them. Only the hardiest and strongest men were now retained, the weaker ones being sent home. The task before them needed vigor and endurance. It was known that the stream would grow narrow and shallow as they advanced, and its banks might be haunted by predatory tribes against whom it would be necessary to keep strictly on guard. The Mandans told them that far away they would come to a deep, wild gorge, down which the whole river plunged with a thunder-like roar, while in a dead tree above the cataract an eagle dwelt fearlessly amid its rising mists.

The journey proved as difficult as they had expected. Here were shallow reaches over which the boats had to be pushed with poles; here were rapids up which they had to be dragged with tow-lines. On several occasions bears were met, dangerous fellows, from which Captain Lewis made two narrow escapes. The hunters kept the party well supplied with venison and buffalo meat.

For two months they pushed on westward, passing the mouths of the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone, and on the 26th of May gained their first distant view of the Rocky Mountains. By the end of the month they were passing the Black Hills and toiling onward

along a very swift stream, its bed at points rocky and dangerous, at others broken by shallows, through which the boats had to be dragged with severe toil.

While the men were thus engaged, the commanders were actively prospecting, taking care always to carry their trusty rifles. Few savages had been met since the Mandan settlement was left, but hostile Indians might at any time be encountered, and in this case a rifle was likely to prove a useful companion. From the elevations the prospectors gazed with wonder on enormous herds of buffaloes, grazing over the wide plain, with deer and antelopes at times coursing in swift flight. Now and then they saw traces of an Indian camp, but the native population seemed very small. Yet discipline was not relaxed, sentinels being posted around the nightly camps, and strict precautions taken against possible ambush and attack.

Thus toiling upward and onward, at length the party reached the junction of two rivers so nearly alike in size that it was difficult to decide which was the parent stream. The men pronounced in favor of the northern fork, with its deep and turbid waters. The captains, for engineering reasons, thought that the main stream was that to the south. To avoid the risk of going wrong the party divided, Captain Lewis and a few men ascending the southern, Captain Clark with the others trying the northern branch. The great falls could not be far distant, and the discovery of these would settle the question.

For three days Captain Lewis advanced, then seemingly miles away a faint roar met his ears. As he went on a dim cloud of mist was seen, while the sound grew louder. A few hours of further travel brought him to the brink of the great cataract of which he had been told.

The first white man ever to stand where he now stood, he gazed with the pride of a discoverer and the delight of a naturalist on the scene. Its grandeur and beauty were such that he forgot all things else in admiration of its sublimity, and first awoke to a true sense of the situation when he saw a huge brown bear lumbering along towards him. The bear looked warlike, Lewis's rifle was unloaded, the situation was critical, and without hesitation he leaped into the stream. Bruin followed to the water's edge, as if with intent to plunge in after him, but a few minutes later he turned and waddled away, much to the relief of the startled explorer.

One of the men was now sent after Captain Clark and his party with the story of the find. They arrived in a couple of days and the journey up the stream was resumed. The cataract upon which Captain Lewis had gazed was but the termination of a long series of cascades and rapids fifteen miles long, past which it was necessary to drag the boats and baggage, rude vehicles being made for the purpose.

It was a wearisome task in that rocky country, and in the end proved fruitless, for the boats were unfit for the shallow and broken stream above the rapids, and canoes hewn from the river-side trees had to be made, tough and capable of bearing the wear of the rocks. In these they made their way onward, reaching on the 19th of July that marvel of nature known as the "Gate of the Rocky Mountains," a frightful cañon five miles long, where the waters rush through a deep gorge with mountain-walls a thousand feet high.

Pushing steadily onward, they next came to a three-fold division of the stream, three branches of equal size pointing off like so many fingers through the

untrodden wilderness. These streams they named Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin, after the President and two members of his Cabinet. They took the westerly fork, that named Jefferson, to be the true Missouri, and followed it up to the head of canoe navigation in the mountains, three thousand miles by the winding stream from where they had embarked on its waters a year and a half before.

Thus the head-waters of the Missouri were reached and the first part of their work ended, the task set by so many adventurers being at length accomplished. But these daring men felt that their enterprise was but half completed. They were now in the heart of the mighty mountain-chain of the West, peaks looming up before them for many miles. Beyond these must be the springs of the western river they sought, the Columbia, seen at its Pacific outlet by Captain Gray, but quite unknown in its upper course. To reach and descend it was their earnest desire.

Scouts were sent out in search of Indians who could guide them over the divide, but none were to be found. A trail was followed upward, but it was soon lost in narrow and stony defiles up which no horses could go. To ascend them on foot seemed next to impossible. But they must be crossed, and Captain Lewis set out with two men to do so, leaving the others encamped in the hills, and saying that he would not come back until he had found guides. Up the rugged hills he clambered, and on the 12th of August reached the mountain-brook in which the Missouri begins its long flow.

Thence upward still he went till he stood on the summit of the dividing ridge, the water-shed of the mighty mountain-range, and saw before him a long succession of lofty summits. Descending the oppo-

site slope, he had not gone a mile before he came upon a small stream of clear water flowing westward. Unknown to him, it was one of the sources of the river he sought, and within a few hours he had drunk of the waters of the two great rivers of the east and the west.

Keeping onward down the stream, he came to a village of the Shoshone, or Snake, Indians. They gazed on him with astonishment. Never had they seen the face of a white man before, and when he made them understand that he had crossed the mountains without guides they would not believe him. But some of them agreed to go back with him, and were still more surprised when they saw his companions and learned that his story was true. It was little more than a hundred years ago, and yet the advent of a party of white men in this now well-settled region was as great a marvel to their dusky souls as though they had come down from the moon.

The stream which Captain Lewis had found, they said, grew into a large river and ran on till it came to the great waters far away. But no food could be found along its course, canoes could not swim on its rough current, and there were no paths along its rocky banks. If they went on they would have to take the difficult Indian trails and trust for food and rest to the villages on the way. Only by the giving of some and the promise of many more presents could the Snakes be induced to supply them with guides and horses for their toilsome and dangerous journey.

There is an interesting episode here to be told. While at the Mandan settlement, the travellers had rescued from the Minaterees, a neighboring tribe, a Shoshone woman named Sacajawea, held among them as a prisoner, and had now brought her to her own

people. She proved kind and intelligent and was useful to them in various ways. Among those who had come to the camp were her husband and brother, and she was not only indispensable as an interpreter, but by her influence greatly aided in inducing her people to aid her new white friends.

It was a hard march that now lay before the prospectors. There were steep hills to climb, narrow paths to follow round precipitous heights, stony cañons to traverse; but the wiry little Indian horses were well trained in the work, and bore them onward without accident. It took them nearly a month to cross the mountains, often at such an elevation that snow fell and water froze, even in that summer season. There were days in which five miles seemed a long journey, and others in which still less progress was made. Hitherto they had obtained food in abundance, but in these upland regions the hunters found game very scarce. Many days they had only berries and dried fish to eat, and half rations even of these. When a horse gave out it was killed and eaten. They were obliged even to buy dogs of the Indians for food. Hunger, toil, and weariness robbed the men of their spirit, and it was a ragged, foot-sore, and disheartened band that at length left the hills and stood on comparatively level soil again.

Many mountain-streams were passed in their long journey before they reached one which the red-men said was safe to travel on. They called it the Kooskooskia. It now bears the more civilized name of Clearwater River. They had traversed some four hundred miles of hill country since they left their boats at the head-waters of the Missouri.

The adventurers were now in the country of the Nez Percé (pierced nose) Indians, and left here



DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

their horses to be kept till their return, building canoes for the river journey. From being bitterly wearisome their work now became easy. Three days brought them to a larger stream, which they named the Lewis River, and seven days more to a still larger one, which they named the Clark, the leaders of the expedition being thus honored.

They were now on the Columbia itself, and soon reached the Dalles, where the river breaks in wild rapids and falls in its course through the Cascade mountain-chain. The Indians here said they would have to land and follow the portage round the falls. But the daring leaders had no fancy for carrying their heavy baggage over the rock trail and decided to take the risk of running the canoes down the boiling waters. They did it in safety, though not without moments of thrilling danger, passed the still more perilous narrows below, and were soon afloat in smooth waters again.

They had passed through a desolate and largely deserted region. They were now in a land of plenty and of numerous inhabitants. The natives here lived on the salmon which at seasons thronged the stream. As they went on the bows and arrows of the Indians were replaced by fire-arms, showing that they were in communication with the whites of the coast. Many of them were warlike, traversing the river in great canoes with carved images at stem and stern. Had they proved hostile it would have been serious for the small party of travellers, but those men, living and dressing like the Indians themselves and knowing well how to deal with them, had nothing to fear, and passed on unmolested.

Tidal waters were at length observed; the river began to grow salty; at length, on the 7th of November, the roar of distant breakers was heard; they were

at the end of their journey, more than four thousand miles long. Cabins for their winter-quarters were built on a small bay of the Pacific coast, the flag they had brought waved over the settlement, and the winter was passed in exploring the surrounding country.

The return journey began in March, 1806. Little need be said about it, since the explorers traversed mainly the route by which they had come. Abandoning their boats at the foot of the Cascade falls, horses were bought to carry them to the Nez Percé's country, where they had left those that carried them over the mountains.

Leaving the old track at this point, they journeyed due east to the head of Clark's River and here divided. Lewis led a part of the band across the mountains to the head-waters of the Maria River, while the remainder, under Clark, took a more southerly course and came out at the springs of the Yellowstone, in the vicinity of the wonder region of Yellowstone National Park. Down these two streams the parties floated to their place of rendezvous on the Missouri. Their old winter-quarters near the mouth of the Missouri were reached on May 22, the journey home having taken little more than two months.

Thus was completed a memorable and important journey, and the often-sought transcontinental route was at last discovered, fourteen years after Mackenzie had discovered a similar route in British territory. Congress rewarded the explorers by large grants of land in Missouri, making Lewis governor of Missouri Territory and Clark general of its militia. Lewis had always been inclined to melancholy, which grew on him in the quiet of his new duties, his mind finally becoming unbalanced. As a consequence, while on his way to Washington in 1809, he committed suicide.

In 1905 the centennial anniversary of this famous journey down the Columbia was celebrated by a magnificent International Fair at Portland, the capital of Oregon, in which the extraordinary progress of that region during the century since the explorers found it inhabited only by wild Indians was splendidly shown. And in the centre of the ornate Columbia Court was erected a heroic bronze statue of Sacajawea, the noble Indian woman whose faithful service as a guide did so much to promote the success of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

ZEBULON M. PIKE, THE DISCOVERER OF PIKE'S PEAK

In the year 1805 Zebulon M. Pike, then a lieutenant in the United States service, was sent on a mission to the upper Mississippi. A double mission it was, geographical and political. He was to get an idea of the lay of the country and to take possession of it in the name of the United States. At this time, while Lewis and Clark were making their way across the continent to the Pacific, a region so near at hand as that surrounding the head-waters of the Mississippi was almost unknown, and many years more passed before the sources of that great river were traced.

In fact, there was even peril that the region might be lost to the United States, since the trappers of the British Northwest Fur Company were making their way into it. Pike warned them off the land and built Fort Snelling as a protection, buying from the Indians the necessary plot of ground.

Lieutenant Pike had shown such ability as an explorer during this expedition that the government at once made him a captain and sent him out on a much longer and more difficult mission. His route now lay westward to the far-off sources of the Arkansas and Red rivers, which streams he was to explore. A second duty was to try and make peace between two of the Indian tribes, the Osage and Kansas, which were then at war. It was a region unknown, except in so far as it had been traversed by Spanish scouts, and Captain Pike had before him a work of no little difficulty and danger.

St. Louis, recently obtained from Spain and then the western outpost of the United States, was the starting-point of the expedition. It was at that time a town of very modest dimensions; the fur-trade its chief reason for existence. Setting out in July, 1806, the party made its way by the aid of boats and oars up the Missouri, making an average of fifteen miles a day; while the deer, bears, and wild turkeys which the hunters of the expedition killed along the banks supplied them with abundant food.

When the mouth of the Osage River was attained, the boats made their way up this stream, the villages of the Osage Indians being reached about the middle of August. Here the party was obliged to leave the water and make an overland journey to the Platte, the region of the Pawnee tribe, which they had been directed to visit. They were now on the extreme outskirts of civilization, Peter Chouteau, a French fur-trader, having a trading-house near the Grand Osage Village, the last white man's habitation they would find north of New Mexico.

Horses were bought from the Osage Indians, and on the 1st of September, well mounted and in high spirits, the party set out on its land journey, a large escort of warriors accompanying their late honored guests for some distance outward. The route lay at first along the banks of the Osage, and then across the plains to the Neosho, a northern branch of the Arkansas. As he rode across the dividing ridge between the two streams, Pike gazed with deep delight upon the scene that lay revealed before him,—that of the green and treeless prairies of Kansas, which seemed to him of enchanting beauty.

From the Neosho they rode to the Smoky Hill River and thence to the Republican, two streams that

flowed into the Kansas. On the waters of the Republican dwelt the Pawnees, whom Pike was bidden to proffer peace and friendship. He found them in a very different temper from the Osages. A tribe of evil reputation, they had recently been visited by a delegation from New Mexico, whose purpose was to poison the minds of the Indians against the Americans.

The Spaniards, three hundred in number, seemed an imposing band in contrast with the paltry twenty-three who followed Captain Pike into their villages, and the Indian warriors, judging the power of each nation by the size of its embassy, looked upon the Americans with contempt.

There was evidently nothing to be done with them while in this mood. In fact, they were not safe to be among, and while Pike met their inhospitable looks and words with a show of boldness, and hoisted the flag of his country in their chief village, he found it expedient not to tarry long in their midst. From their settlements his road lay southward to the Arkansas, which was reached on October 18. It was one of the main objects of his journey to explore this stream.

The party now divided, Lieutenant Wilkinson going down the river to trace it through its lower course, while Pike reserved for himself the far more difficult task of following it upward to its mountain-springs. These reached, he proposed to cross to the headwaters of the Red River and descend this stream to known regions at Natchitoches. His purpose was thus, as may be seen, twofold, to explore the country and gain the friendship of the natives.

His plans were broad, but they were destined not to be realized, while a period of privation and suffering

which only the young and strong could have endured lay before him. He was at this time only twenty-seven years of age and robust enough to bear severe hardships. As the small party went on the river steadily sank in dimensions, growing narrow and shallow as the vicinity of the mountains was reached.

Soon they were buried deeply among the Colorado hills, while as they advanced lofty peaks rose in grandeur before them. The stream they were following lost itself in the rugged range, and to find its upper waters, and observe the surrounding country, Pike turned northward among the hills. As he went on they grew higher, and at length there loomed before him a stupendous peak, soaring more than fourteen thousand feet above sea-level, and with few rivals in the whole mighty chain. It was the famous summit since fitly known as Pike's Peak.

Climbing with no small toil to its frozen top, the daring explorer had before him a grand view of rolling hills and intermediate valleys, stretching for many miles away, while to the eastward lay the great prairie level. From that day to this the lofty summit has been a place of pilgrimage to tourists, and many thousands of eyes have gazed with delight and wonder upon the matchless landscape then first unfolded before the eyes of civilized man,—perhaps of all men, for the Indians were little likely to climb its precipitous sides.

So far all had gone well, but now misfortune fell upon the prospectors. Winter was upon them,—a winter in the chill depths of the Rockies. Ice closed the streams; snow filled the passes. Leaving the upper waters of the Arkansas, Captain Pike made an active search for the sources of the Red River, but in vain. He was fairly lost among the hills, and at

length the question of how to escape at all became more potent than that of tracing the streams. Days were spent in seeking to find the trail followed by the Spaniards in their expedition to the villages of the Pawnees, but the snow everywhere hid it. The party went astray in the mountains, wandering to and fro, often without food or shelter, their leader almost alone retaining courage in their extremity.

The banks of a frozen stream were at length reached, which Pike thought to be the one he sought. But, men and animals alike exhausted and food nearly gone, search was at an end, and the future of the expedition became a desperate struggle for life. Convinced that the Spanish town of Santa Fé could not be far away, the leader determined to give up his helpless wanderings, encamp where he was, and send some one in search of aid.

Dr. Robinson, one of the strongest among the party, and a hunter of skill and prowess, volunteered for this duty and set out through the hills. During his absence the men were put to building a block-house for shelter, while Pike, with his rifle, scoured the adjacent country in search of game. During one of these hunting-trips he was surprised by the appearance of two horsemen in Spanish garb, who rode up, saying that they came from Santa Fé, where Dr. Robinson had safely arrived. He was gratified to learn that the New Mexican capital was but two days' journey distant. Dr. Robinson, they said, would soon be heard from, and they rode with him to his camp.

A few days after these men had left a squadron of Spanish cavalry rode up to the block-house and informed Captain Pike that the stream he was camped upon was the Rio Grande, and that he was on Spanish ground. The officer in command explained that he

had come to take him and his men prisoners. The authorities of Texas and New Mexico had been warned to be on their guard against the expedition of Aaron Burr, whose purposes were mistrusted, and they looked on Pike's expedition as an advance party of a force designed for the seizure of New Mexico. They were accordingly taken to Santa Fé as prisoners of Spain.

Very probably the poor fellows were glad enough to get there in any way, after their severe hardships and the danger of death from cold and hunger which confronted them. In their many leagues of wandering they had lost all their bearings and were now far south of the Mexican border. A sorry-looking crew they were. Pike thus describes the aspect of himself and his men:

"When we presented ourselves at Santa Fé I was dressed in a pair of blue trousers, moccasins, blanket-coat, and a cap made of scarlet cloth lined with fox skins, and my poor fellows in leggings, breech-cloths, and leather coats. There was not a hat in the whole party. Our appearance was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as soldiers. Greater proof cannot be given of the ignorance of the common people here than their asking if we lived in houses, or camps like the Indians, or if we wore hats in our country."

However, they were not long held as prisoners, Pike being able to convince the Spanish authorities that he was out on an exploring expedition in his own country, and that he had strayed blindly upon Spanish soil. After a brief detention they were sent back by way of El Paso, San Antonio, and Natchitoches to the United States, an armed escort accompanying. The latter place was reached July 1, 1807. Pike's papers had been taken from him, and he was obliged to de-

pend on memory in giving an account of his interesting expedition.

His story of life and conditions in New Mexico is interesting. The people lived in one-storied mud houses with peat roofs; the great bulk of the population being Indians or half-breeds. Not one in twenty could boast Castilian blood. Santa Fé was about a mile long, but only three streets in width, lying along the banks of a mountain-creek. "Seen from a distance, I was struck with the resemblance to a fleet of flat-boats floating down the Ohio in the spring." The population was about four thousand five hundred.

Then, as now, New Mexico was a sheep-raising country, and Captain Pike passed a flock of about fifteen thousand of these animals, escorted by some three hundred drovers and forty soldiers. They were being sent to exchange for merchandise in other provinces. One planter, at Paso del Norte, who entertained Pike in his house, was the owner of twenty thousand sheep and one thousand cows.

A few words must complete the interesting story of Captain Pike. Made colonel in 1812, and brigadier-general in 1813, during the war with England, he commanded the expedition against York (now Toronto), in Canada. Landing April 27, 1813, he carried one battery by assault and was moving on the main works when he met his death through the explosion of a magazine. Pike's Peak remains as the monument of his fame.

STEPHEN H. LONG AND THE SOURCES OF THE PLATTE

The region west of the Mississippi was largely undiscovered country when explored by Lewis and Clark and Zebulon M. Pike in 1805–06. Its settlement was well under way in 1819, when Major Stephen H. Long was sent by President Monroe on a similar expedition. Settlers were drifting into it in scattered numbers, but the mountain-region had still been little explored, and no easy passes through it were known. The route followed by Lewis and Clark was a formidable maze of difficulties. Certainly the whole vast chain was not so rugged as this. Possibly the Platte might lead to an easier route than that at the head of the Missouri, and it was partly to settle this question that Major Long was sent out.

Twelve years had passed since Captain Pike returned from a similar expedition, but in that time civilization had made marked steps of advance. Pike went up the Missouri in row-boats; Major Long went up it in a steamboat. This, named the "Western Engineer," had been built for the purpose in Pittsburg, and took him as far up as Council Bluffs, where he spent the winter in camp.

Pike had found the country an unsettled wilderness except for the wigwams of the Indians. Long found settlements springing up along the stream. They were rude frontier settlements still, the outposts of the coming army of settlers, prosperity being indicated not by comfortable homes, but by greater size and number of corn-cribs and other out-houses.

The winter passed, Long made his way up the Platte, coming first to the Otoe villages, some forty miles from the Missouri, and continuing until the Pawnee country was reached. Pike had met an unfriendly reception from this warlike tribe, but Long found them in more peaceable mood. Yet there was about them a spirit of savage independence such as he had not before seen, and which commanded his admiration. As the knights of old were used to hang out their shields before their tents, so the Pawnee warriors displayed theirs before their dwellings, as if in defiance of foes.

On leaving the homes of this tribe, in a region to which the white invasion had not yet reached, Long led his party down the south fork of the Platte, and in July, 1820, reached the mountains, nearly a thousand miles away from the point where he had left the Missouri at Council Bluffs.

His journey across the prairie region had not been without interesting incidents, and was especially notable for the multitude of wild animals met with, of varied species, small and large. At one place a large and beautiful village of prairie-dogs was passed, and as they approached it a great herd of buffaloes, several thousands in number, was seen, spread widely over the plain. Near by the boatmen beheld a troop of wild horses, careering swiftly over the level surface, while close at hand a score or more of antelopes and half as many deer stood gazing in wonder at the boats. Sunset was near, and as its rays fell in long lines over the grassy level the inmates of the prairie-dog village were seen running playfully about. When the travellers drew nearer they fled to their burrows, where they sat in upright defiance, giving the short, sharp bark to which they owe their name.

The mountains entered, the party followed the Platte deeply into their defiles, reaching on July 13 the lofty elevation since known as Long's Peak. Dr. James, the botanist and historian of the expedition, made his way to the summit of this mountain, which rivals Pike's Peak in height.

From this point the expedition turned to the south until the head-waters of the Arkansas were reached. They were now in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, and some of them emulated its discoverer in ascending it for the magnificent view from its summit. To the west the mountains rose in billowy masses and lofty peaks, while far eastward spread the vast plain they had recently traversed, "rising as it receded until it appeared to mingle with the sky."

The party here divided, some members of it descending the Arkansas, others making their way eastward down the Canadian, its longest tributary, they coming together again at Fort Smith, below the junction of these streams. Their report of the country in the upper waters of the Platte and the Arkansas was not encouraging to intending settlers, it being made up of sandy wastes unfit for the purposes of the farmer. Wood was wanting, game was very scarce, and at times the streams sank and vanished in the sands, so that the explorers had to dig in their dry beds for water. At one part of their journey they followed the bed of the Arkansas for more than a hundred miles without seeing water. It was a country doomed, in their opinion, to perpetual desolation and barrenness,— the "Great American Desert," as it long appeared on the maps.

From Fort Smith, a new military outpost, the explorers followed the Arkansas downward to the Mississippi, visiting on their way the Hot Springs of the

Washita, and at every step downward finding evidences of the coming inflow of the whites, which in time to come was to spread over the whole country they had traversed and blot the Great American Desert from the map of the United States.

In 1823–24 Major Long was sent on a second exploring expedition, this time to the upper Mississippi, in which he ascended to the source of Saint Peter's (Minnesota) River, visited the Lake of the Woods, and explored other sections of the northern frontier region.

Something may be said about the later career of Major Long. He was chief-engineer in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad survey, became a skilled bridge-builder, and in 1856 was in charge of the work for the improvement of the Mississippi. He died in 1864, at eighty years of age.

JOHN C. FRÉMONT, THE PATHFINDER OF THE WEST

In 1842 there set out on a career of exploration in the West one of the most famous of our heroes of discovery, John C. Frémont, the "Great Pathfinder." Frémont did some exploring work before that, and had just helped J. N. Nicollet to discover the sources of the Mississippi when he was sent by the government on a mission of broader purpose. His work lay now in the far West, and he was especially required to survey the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, which was then the usual crossing-place of this great chain.

St. Louis had by this time expanded from a fur-trading station to a good-sized town, and here Lieutenant Frémont fitted out his expedition and selected his men, about twenty in all, mostly Creole and Canadian fur-hunters, men who knew the ways of the Indians and how to live in the wilderness. For guides he chose the famous scout and hunter, Kit Carson, and another well-known hunter named Maxwell, men who knew every foot of the country from the Mississippi to the mountains.

Hardy and knowing fellows were all those who set out on that May day in 1842 for their real starting-point, then a little hamlet on Kansas River, a landing-place for Peter Chouteau, the fur-trader, now the site of the bustling Kansas City. Up to this point they had gone through a settled country, the outposts of civilization having moved three hundred and fifty miles westward since the days of Pike and Long.

As the little band of horsemen and mule teams, with

Kit Carson for chief guide, set out for the deeper West, it was to find that others had gone that way before them and left the track of their wagon wheels in the yielding soil. The route was marked out by daring emigrants, and the cavalcade rode merrily on, enjoying the freedom of the broad plain by day, pitching their tents at night within a circle made by their wagons. They were now in the Indian country and the savages were not to be trusted too far. Caution was necessary. In fact, at one point a fight appeared imminent, a strong band of Arapahoe warriors riding furiously on the little party with war-cries and brandished weapons. Fortunately Maxwell, the hunter, had traded with the tribe and hailed the chief in his own language. The chief heard and knew him, checked the warriors in their savage career, and rode up to Frémont with welcoming hand.

Following the Kansas River for some distance, the party then set out across country for the Platte, which they were next to follow. They divided when the forks of the river were reached, some of the men following the North Fork, while Frémont and the others took the line of the South Fork. This they followed almost to Long's Peak, where they turned northward and joined the other party at Fort Laramie. This was then a simple enclosure of adobe houses with bastions and palisades, being one of the few remote outposts in the wilderness.

So far the journey had been safe and with little hardship or adventure, but the garrison at Fort Laramie reported trouble ahead. Hostilities had broken out between the Indians and the whites on the Platte, the mountains before them swarmed with braves in their war-paint, and the path was ordered closed. The explorers would be in serious danger if they went on

before this hostile feeling quieted down. Four friendly chiefs came to the fort and, finding that the prospectors were striking their tents, advised them not to set out, saying that bands of young warriors were in the field and were hot for war. This warning had very little effect on Frémont, who said to the chiefs:

"When you told us that your young men would kill us you did not know that our hearts were strong, and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few and you are many and may kill us, but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See, I have pulled down my white houses and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us you will tell us soon."

This defiant speech was not what the chiefs expected. But they liked its boldness, and in the end gave the party one of their warriors for a guide. That evening the company was on the march again, Frémont feeling that his warrior guide would be a safeguard against attack. As yet they had never been far from traces of civilization, but the country which they now entered proved a desolate and difficult one. Though the Indians did not disturb them, nature proved a threatening foe. Food grew scarce and the country held little game. Starvation seemed threatening as they went on.

Frémont halted for a talk with his men. "We have only ten days' food supply," he said. "I intend to

push on and take my chances, but I do not want to lead any man into trouble, and any of you that wish to may turn back." Not a man flinched. "When our grub is gone we'll eat the mules," they said.

They were now in the Rockies and needed to travel light-handed, so all their spare baggage was hidden in the bushes or buried in the sand hills near the Wind River, the traces of burial being smoothed down to hide the place from the Indians. Thus lightened, they moved rapidly forward and in a few days more found themselves ascending a gentle slope. Hardly recognizing the fact, they were in the place they had set out to seek,—the splendid South Pass. Instead of rugged heights and threatening gorges, a broad and gradual pathway led upward. Farther on its summit level was reached, and the waters they met soon after ran westward, showing that the water-shed was passed. Soon a beautiful ravine was gone through, and beyond it lay the charming Mountain Lake, "set like a gem in the mountains." From this flowed a strong stream, afterwards known to feed a branch of the Colorado River.

The work they had set out to perform was done, but in majestic grandeur near the pass loomed up a lofty peak, which Frémont decided to ascend, if possible. With a few of his men he set out, crossing the intervening ridges and climbing the steep hill-sides with the utmost difficulty but with irrepressible energy, until the noble crest, 13,750 feet high, was reached, and before them like a map lay outspread the vast surrounding country. In one direction lay the lakes and streams which feed the Colorado and send their waters to the Gulf of California. In the other was visible the charming Wind River Valley, its waters flowing by way of the Yellowstone to the Missouri.



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

Far north rose the snowy top of the three Tetons, in which the Missouri and the Columbia have their springs. All around were mountain-walls, cliffs, and gorges innumerable, rising and spreading in a thousand forms of grandeur, and many of them whitened with deep fallen snow. "We stood," said Frémont, "where human foot had never stood before and felt the thrill of first explorers." To-day this lofty elevation bears his name, as Frémont's Peak.

Their work was done, a splendid and easy pass through the Rockies had been explored, through which countless emigrants were to make their way westward in the coming years. Collecting the specimens of minerals and plants they had gathered, and regaining their hidden stores, the party was soon back at Fort Laramie, and shortly after set out for the East, filled with the pride of success.

Most of the country which Frémont had visited was already known to the emigrant. But it was not known in any scientific sense. He made careful observation of heights and distances, latitude and longitude, barrenness and fertility; noted where grass, wood, and water offered places for camping and settling; and brought home with him an abundant collection of mineral and vegetable specimens. He advised the government to establish strong military posts at Laramie and other places to keep the Indians in awe. And he did much to dispel the false idea of the "Great American Desert" which Major Long's report had fostered.

The barren plains found by Long seemed full of the elements of fertility to Frémont. Over these extensive plains the buffalo roamed in enormous herds, finding good grazing everywhere, and wild game of many kinds was plentiful. Where these animals could live

the cattle of the emigrants could find food and future settlers would doubtless make their homes. Gradually, in after years, the desert dwindled away on the maps until it quite disappeared.

Such was the outcome of the first of Frémont's explorations. He made several others, crossing the mountains at various points, and traversing the country west of them far and wide, doing far more than any other man in discovering the features of that great country. And in doing this he was many times ready to die of hunger, and only his indomitable perseverance brought him success. We cannot give these later journeys in detail, but a brief account of them will be of interest.

The government was so well pleased with his success that it sent him out again the next year. This was his longest and most important journey. He was well on his way when orders were sent him to return at once to Washington. Some enemy or rival there had been working mischief for him. The order fell into the hands of his wife, but she, suspecting what it meant, held it back till he was too far away to be reached. So his foes had wrought in vain.

Frémont made his way across the mountains again and went on until he reached that marvel of nature, the Great Salt Lake. This had been visited by others before him, but he was the first to explore it. He had travelled seventeen hundred miles in four months, and before winter set in made his way north to the Columbia, which he followed far towards its mouth. At every point careful observations and surveys were made.

Frémont had now done all he had been ordered to do, but he was far from satisfied. The vast region which lay west of the Rocky Mountains was almost

unknown, and he was eager to traverse it. Winter was almost upon him, but without hesitation he set out through the untrodden country to the south. It was a terrible venture. The wintry chill soon fell upon the party; snow came down till the earth lay buried in white; no food was to be had except the little they carried; and between them and the valleys of California lay the rugged ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They were in the Great Basin of the West, that seat of arid barrenness.

The Indians they met would not attempt to lead them over the great mountain-barrier. They said it could not be crossed. No money would tempt them to act as guides. But some of them said there was a pass farther south and told how it could be found, and Frémont led his men towards it. They reached it only to discover that beyond it lay another and higher range. To turn back now would be fatal. To go on alone seemed equally fatal. They must have a guide or they would perish. At last, by offering a very large present, they induced a young Indian to guide them. It was now the 1st of February, but forty days more passed before they reached the Sacramento River, a worn-out, half-starved band, while half their horses had perished and been devoured for food.

It was not until Frémont reached his home in July that he learned of the letter of recall which his wife had suppressed. Those who sent it were perhaps ashamed of their action when they learned of the splendid work the explorer had done and the terrible sufferings endured by the devoted band. Instead of blame, only praise awaited the Pathfinder, and Europe and America alike hailed him as one of the most intrepid of modern discoverers.

A man like Frémont could not safely be shelved.

In 1845, the year after his return, he was sent out again, this time as captain of United States engineeers. He now sought to find out more about the Salt Lake and the Great Basin between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada, and it was midwinter when he once more crossed the latter range and came into California.

While he was there the war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and he was ordered by the Mexican authorities to leave the country. This he refused to do, collected the Americans who were settled along the Sacramento, and acted with such skill and despatch that by July he was master of the whole of Northern California. A fleet had been sent to the coast under Commodore Stockton, and, co-operating with this, Frémont played a leading part in the total conquest of California.

This led to a quarrel with General Kearney, who had marched from Santa Fé to California, and the quarrel ended in Frémont being arrested by Kearney and sent as a prisoner to Washington. He was tried there, found guilty of mutiny and disobedience, and dismissed from the government service. The President granted him a pardon and offered him his old place in the army, but he was too high-spirited to accept and retired to private life.

Frémont's career as an explorer was by no means at an end. In 1848 gold was found in California and the great migration thither began. The gold region could be reached only by a long and dangerous overland journey or a much longer water route. The Pathfinder wished to find a more direct line of travel, and set out at his own expense to do so. He now went south, making an easy journey to Santa Fé. But beyond this point he fell into the most terrible distress he had ever known.

The route he traversed was peopled by hostile Indians. Winter added its dangers to this, and while the little party was entangled among the snow-covered Sierras the guide lost his way. In the end they were forced to turn back, but before they could cross the barren region to Santa Fé one-third of the party and all the horses had died of cold and hunger.

But the pass was there, he was sure it was there; and the next year he was off again with thirty men. Once more he failed to find what he wanted, though he crossed the Sierras and reached the Sacramento River. Again, in 1853, the intrepid explorer set out in search of the southern pass, and this time with success. Reaching the point where the guide had lost his way in 1848, he traced from there a series of passes to the Golden State.

But this was at the cost of sufferings equal to those of 1848. Provisions gave out; the country was bleak and barren; for fifty days the men lived on the flesh of their horses; at times they went hungry for two whole days; so severe was the winter that even the Indians deserted the country; and for three hundred miles not a human being or an animal was met. So great was their distress that Frémont, fearing lest extreme hunger might make cannibals of his men, obliged them to swear that they would shoot the first man that attempted to appease his hunger with the flesh of a comrade.

At last California was reached, only one man having died on the way, though the rest were in a state of pitiable debility. Such a route was not one for men to follow, but Frémont had found a pass through which a railroad could be built, so that the suffering of himself and men had not been without avail.

In 1856 the honor due the Great Pathfinder was

paid him in his nomination as the first candidate of the new Republican party for the Presidency. He received one hundred and fourteen electoral votes against one hundred and seventy-four for his opponent, an excellent showing for a brand-new party. How the election of Frémont by the Republican party would have been received by the secession advocates of the South it is difficult to say, for he was himself of Southern origin, having been born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1813, his father a Frenchman, his mother a Virginian lady. In 1861 he was commissioned major-general in the regular army, and took some part in the war, resigning in 1862. He received the same commission on the retired list in April, 1890, and died in July of the same year.

THE SAVING OF OREGON AND THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITMAN

The year 1842 completed the period of three and a half centuries from the discovery of America by Columbus. In this period the double continent had been almost completely overrun and occupied. The whole vast domain south of the United States was the seat of nations of Spanish and Portuguese origin with the exception of Guiana and the West Indies, in which some other countries of Europe held a small footing. North of the United States lay Canada, in possession of Great Britain, and Alaska, under Russian control. Of the whole continental expanse only one available section remained in the hands of its original inhabitants, the red-skinned aborigines. This was the region of Oregon, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, a fertile land which the invading white man had not yet claimed. We have now to show how the problem of ownership of Oregon was solved.

It has been shown in previous stories how Jonathan Carver gave it its name, how Captain Gray discovered its great river, how Lewis and Clark followed this river to the sea, and how Frémont explored the region between the Columbia River and California. But it still remained without a master, the one fertile region of the continent left in Indian hands.

There were questionable claims covering this region. When Jefferson bought Louisiana from France the western boundary of this purchase was held to be the Rocky Mountains, though some then and afterwards felt that it should reach to the western ocean. The

Spanish of Mexico also made a vague claim to the region, and so did the English of Canada, while Russia was reaching out for that section when warned off by the Monroe Doctrine. Thus as late as the date mentioned, 1842, it was still doubtful what nation would possess the Oregon country. Spain had relinquished its claim, but those of England and the United States remained.

While these nations were taking matters very easily, as if neither of them thought Oregon worth the having, there were people in the United States and Canada who were more active. Oregon was a country rich in furs, and traders and trappers let no danger or difficulty stop them in their search for the small animals that wore for clothing these valuable commodities. As gold in the south lured the Spaniards into many distant and unknown regions, so furs in the north had a like effect on the French and English, and the fur-hunters were among the most daring and enterprising discoverers and explorers of America.

It was the search for furs that led the first adventurers to Oregon. The way across the mountains shown by Lewis and Clark was quickly followed. In 1808 the fur-traders of St. Louis organized into the American Fur Company, which at once sent an agent across the mountains. He set up a trading-house on the Lewis River, an upper branch of the Columbia, naming it Fort Henry, and setting up an active trade with the Indians.

But the great adventurer in this field was John Jacob Astor, the famous merchant and shipper of New York. He had already made a fortune out of furs, and to increase that fortune he determined to establish a great trading-station on the Columbia River. In 1810 he sent out two companies, one in ships around

Cape Horn, another up the Missouri and over the mountains to the mouth of the Columbia. It was January, 1812, when the latter party reached this point, worn-out and in utter destitution, and found a resting-place in Astoria, a settlement which the Cape Horn party had already built on the Columbia at a point ten miles from its mouth.

There were two things which interfered with Astor's plans. The Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, whose agent, Mackenzie, had found a way across the mountains years before, was now sending its agents into Oregon and buying furs from the Indians on the upper waters of the Columbia. And in June, 1812, war broke out between England and the United States, and as it went on Astor's property was in danger of capture. So his agents sold Astoria and its trade to the Northwest Company in October, 1813. Thus at this date an English company became the lords and masters in Oregon, and it looked as if that great country would fall into the hands of Great Britain.

But neither England nor the United States troubled itself about that remote country. Absorbed in affairs at home, they knew little of what was taking place there. The country was left to the trappers, concerning whose character we may fitly quote Washington Irving's lucid description. After saying that the early traders travelled in boats by way of the lakes and rivers, he goes on to describe the later race of traders, who journeyed on horseback, traversing vast plains and scaling mountain-chains, in the wild recesses of which they pursued their hazardous vocation. This, he says, made them "physically and mentally a more lively race than the fur-traders and trappers of former days. A man who bestrides a horse must be essen-

tially different from a man who cowers in a canoe. We find them, accordingly, hardy, lithe, vigorous; extravagant in word, in thought, and deed; heedless of hardships, daring of danger, prodigal of the present, and thoughtless of the future.

"The American trapper stands by himself, and is peerless for the service of the wilderness. Drop him in the midst of the prairie, or in the heart of the mountains, and he is never at a loss. He notices every landmark, can retrace his route through the most monotonous plains or the most perplexed labyrinths of the mountains. No danger nor difficulty can appall him, and he scorns to complain under any privation."

Such were the men who first made their way into Oregon. For a long time the Northwest and the Hudson Bay Companies had this region largely to themselves, though the American Fur-Trading Company of St. Louis disputed the field with them. But none of these companies wanted settlers, and these were not encouraged to come. They desired a country in a state of nature, and preferred to have the nations keep their hands off. Thus it was that many years passed and Oregon was left in the hands of the Indians and the trappers. For a long period after 1818 England and the United States agreed to hold the Oregon country in common. But the English had the chief hold and the United States seemed losing its grip. When Thomas H. Benton asked the government to send an armed force there to hold the country, he was told that it was not worth the trouble.

From time to time small parties of Americans drifted to Oregon and made their homes there. In 1832 Captain Bonneville took a wagon train across the Wind River chain into the valley of Green River, and showed how easily the mountains could be crossed.

Others followed, an interesting party being made up of missionaries, who were sent to Oregon in 1834 and 1835 for the purpose of converting the Indians to Christianity. One of these was Dr. Marcus Whitman, who went with his wife to Fort Walla Walla with a wagon, a feat thought impossible at this crossing point. In later years Dr. Whitman became a famous figure in the history of Oregon. But its settlement went on very slowly, and in 1841 it held less than a hundred and fifty Americans.

There were more in 1843, when Frémont reached the Columbia. Here, at Fort Walla Walla, nine miles below the junction of the two great branches of the Columbia, he found Dr. Whitman and the mission he had founded among the Nez Percés. Whitman had a clearing planted with corn and potatoes, and was able to feed Frémont and his men, as also to supply a body of emigrants who were there building boats to go down the river. This was discouraged by the Hudson Bay Company agents at the fort, who did their best to turn back the emigrants or to send them south to California, charging them high prices for supplies when they persisted in going on.

It had before this become evident to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company that if they wanted the country they must take steps to secure it. The emigration from the United States was growing and could only be offset by an inflow from Canada, so settlers were brought in from the Red River country of the north to take hold of the best lands. A party of one hundred and forty arrived in 1842, and the news of their coming was announced at a dinner-party at Fort Walla Walla. One of the guests, excited by the tidings, flung his cap in the air, shouting, "Hurrah for Oregon. America is too late, and we have got the country."

The story goes that Dr. Whitman was at this dinner and heard the indiscreet remark, and at once made up his mind to go to Washington and give the authorities there to understand that they must act at once or they would lose Oregon. This story is strongly questioned. Dr. Whitman's journey seems to have been under order of his church. He had been sent for to report on the affairs at his mission. But his journey was a remarkable one and fairly claims place among the other narratives of western adventure we have given.

It was in October that Whitman set out. Winter was already in the mountains. A journey of three thousand miles, much of it in the heart of the Rockies, was no trifle even in summer. In winter it promised to be terrible. He took with him one companion, Amos L. Lovejoy, a guide, and two or three pack-mules, and set off with his face to the East.

Eleven days brought the small party to Fort Hall, another Hudson Bay station, whose agent, Captain Grant, was found to be eager to hold Oregon for England. From here the travellers struck south for Taos and Santa Fé, a route that would add hundreds of miles to the journey, but would bring them to a well-travelled trail to the States. They proposed to pass Great Salt Lake, then go southeast to Taos, and again south to Santa Fé.

The journey proved one full of terrors. The snows were already deep, and a fierce storm forced them to seek shelter in a mountain-defile, where they were detained for ten days. The storm over, they wandered day after day blindly through the mountains, the guide at length confessing that he was lost and could lead them no farther. They did not dare go on under the circumstances, and Whitman decided to return to a post they had recently passed, called Fort

Winter, and obtain another guide, leaving Lovejoy with the mules and horses. There was no forage for the animals but the bark of the cottonwood-trees.

In seven days Whitman was back with a new guide, and the party resumed its journey and its adventures. Grand River, when reached, was found to be two-thirds frozen, the current running freely in its centre. The guide said that it was impossible to cross. To prove that he recognized no such word, Whitman plunged in, swam his horse across, and safely reached the opposite side. The others followed, and a blazing fire on the other side soon dried their clothes.

Such was the type of their adventures. Before they reached Taos they were forced to kill their dogs and some of their mules for food. During their ten days' detention in the mountain-defile Dr. Whitman had owed his life to the sagacity of a mule. Impatient at the delay, he sought to escape by going over the divide; but the cold and storm forced him to turn back, and to his dismay he found that every vestige of his track was buried under the snow. He and his companions wandered aimlessly till they were half frozen, and in the end Whitman dismounted and commended himself to God, seeing nothing before him but burial under the white shroud of snow.

In this frightful situation the Mexican guide saw significant movements of the ears of his mule. The poor creature was talking in his silent way. "We can trust him to find the camp," he said, and he let the reins fall. The wise animal at once set out in a new course, following a devious route through groves and over slopes, till at length the smell of smoke attracted them. In a few minutes more they were beside the smouldering logs of their late camp.

Santa Fé reached, the route lay eastward, but their

goal was not attained without fresh adventures. After one hard day's journey they reached a branch of the Arkansas, at a point without a tree or bush, though there was woodland beyond the stream. They had been drenched with rain, the cold was severe, and wood must in some way be obtained, but the ice on the river was too thin to bear a man's weight.

Dr. Whitman was the man for the situation. Lying flat on the ice, he pushed the axe before him and wriggled across, cut what wood was needed, and came back in the same way, now pushing axe and fagots before him. Soon they were comfortable before a warm fire. That night their useful axe was stolen. A broken place in it had been mended with rawhide, and a famished wolf stole the weapon for the hide. Fortunately, they were near the settlements and the loss of the axe was not serious. Whitman reached Washington on March 3, having been just five months on the journey.

The story he told of the beauty and fertility of Oregon awakened a new interest in that country, and the sentiment that it must be saved for the United States grew strong. Before the year reached its mid-season a large party of emigrants were on the way with two hundred wagons and abundant supplies. Whitman accompanied them, and on September 4 reached his home, from which he had been eleven months absent. Others quickly followed, the American population soon much outnumbered the English, and the question of the ownership of Oregon became a vital one.

Shortly before Dr. Whitman reached the East a boundary treaty with Great Britain had been signed, fixing the line between the United States and Canada at 49° north latitude. But this extended only from

the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and Oregon was still left without an owner. Shortly after Whitman's return the question as to who should own Oregon was much debated. Great Britain wanted it, at least as far as the Columbia River. The American claim was for the whole coast as far north as Alaska, and the political war-cry of the time was "Fifty-four forty or fight,"—54° 40′ being the southern boundary of Alaska. Finally, the matter was settled in 1846 by a treaty that continued the boundary of 49° to the Pacific coast, and the final question of ownership in America was decided. British Columbia was left to Canada, and the United States got what now comprises the States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

THE GALLANT EXPLORERS OF THE FROZEN SEAS

One final field of American discovery remains to be described, that lying north of the continent, among the islands and waters of the Arctic zone. We have told the stories of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and others who in early days sought in vain for a northwest passage through the Arctic seas from Europe to Asia. Such a passage existed, as was proved in later times, but ice and cold held it captive and the demon of death spread his wings over its waters. We have further told how Hearne and Mackenzie gazed upon these waters after a long journey overland. Such was the state of affairs when the nineteenth century dawned, and daring men again sought these seas.

We have now the later story of Arctic explorations to tell, and will begin with the journeys overland. The earliest of these was made by the famous Sir John Franklin, who followed the track of Hearne down the Coppermine River in 1819, and of Mackenzie down the Mackenzie River in 1825, and traversed hundreds of miles along the bleak Arctic coast. In his first expedition he travelled, by boats and on foot, over five thousand five hundred and fifty miles. Later journeys through Canada were made by Dease, Simpson, and Rae, and by the middle of the century the northern coast line of the continent had become fairly well known.

Meanwhile ship after ship had sought the frozen seas and new discoveries were being made. Ross and Parry led the van. They sailed in 1818 and made

their way through Lancaster Sound into the island-studded sea beyond. Of those who followed them, the chief in interest was Sir John Franklin, whose land journeys are spoken of above. His was the first great tragedy of the northern seas, he the first famous victim of the frost king, and his fate for many years remained a mystery.

It was on the 9th of May, 1845, that Franklin's two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," sailed from the Thames in search of that fatal lure to mariners, the Northwest Passage. Into the mouth of death they sailed and vanished from human sight. Ships and sailors alike were never seen again, though for years they were diligently sought, Lady Franklin and others sending out many expeditions in their search. One of these, that under McClure, entered by way of Bering Strait in 1850, and after his ship was frozen fast he made his way eastward by sledges until he reached Atlantic waters. This is called the first discovery of the Northwest Passage, though it is believed that Sir John Franklin had discovered it before.

In 1851 no less than six expeditions sailed in search of the lost mariners, but the first to find any trace of them was McClintock, in 1857. He secured from the Eskimos many relics of the vanished party, and found on the coast of King William's Land a document which they had left. This told of the death of Franklin in 1847, and stated that the vessels were so clipped in by the ice that their rescue was hopeless, and that the survivors, one hundred and five in number, had started in the spring of 1848 for the Great Fish River of Canada. But cold and hunger proved implacable enemies, and the document they left behind was the last known of them. An American expedition under Lieutenant Schwatka made its way overland in sledges

in 1879–80, discovering the grave of an officer of the "Terror," and bringing back fresh relics of the party, though no trace of its lost records could be found.

The first and most famous of the American explorers to take part in the search for the vanished mariners was Elisha Kent Kane. He sailed for the Arctic seas in 1850 and again in 1853, and while finding no trace of Franklin and his men, made important discoveries, reaching the parallel of 81° 22′ N., the highest known to that time. In the end he and his men, attacked by cold, hunger, and scurvy, were obliged to abandon their ship and start south with boats and sledges. They finally reached the Danish Greenland settlement of Upernivik, the most northerly settlement of civilized man on the globe. They were fortunate in that only one man died on the journey and all their instruments and records were saved.

Dr. Kane's surgeon, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, led an expedition to the polar seas in 1860, and Captain Charles F. Hall made three later voyages thither, reaching the parallel of 82° 11′ N. in 1870. A British expedition under Captain Nares went still higher in 1875–76, reaching 83° 20′, the highest point to that time.

A famous American expedition was that which sailed from Baltimore on June 14, 1881, under Lieutenant Greely, of the United States navy, and reached the latitude of 83° 24′, a few miles higher than that of Captain Nares. Only great powers of endurance saved Greely and his men from the fate of the unfortunate Franklin. They failing to return, two expeditions were sent to the relief of the party, but both came back without finding the ill-fated mariners. Provisioned for two years only, in August, 1883, Greely and his men found themselves with only forty days' rations and the horrors of an Arctic winter before them. No



TOWN AND HARBOR OF UPERNIVIK, GREENLAND

game was to be had and a lingering death by starvation seemed their inevitable fate.

Greely and his men had been sent north for the purpose of making scientific observations, and landed at Lady Franklin Bay, in Grinnell Land, where the ship left them, with the understanding that they would be sent for the next year. Two winters in the frozen north had now been passed and the third was fast coming, while no trace of the looked-for relief-ships had been seen. Yet with a terrible death staring them in the face the devoted Greely and his men kept up their scientific observations, even when disease and famine had so reduced their strength that the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, and the gaunt, haggard survivors staggered to their work till their powers utterly failed. It was an example of devotion to duty that has never been excelled.

The fatal mistake of the government had been in failing to establish an intermediate supply station which vessels from the south could reach and leave food, and to which the voyagers could retreat if in need. Even the relief-ships failed to leave such a supply. No help coming, Greely fell back to Cape Sabine, on Smith's Sound, in August, hoping there to find the much needed food. But none was found except the stores which Sir George Nares had left there years before. These, though barely fit to eat, were consumed, and the hapless men settled down to face their fast advancing enemy, famine. Yet in despite of this they kept up their observations to the last.

The long winter passed, the spring of 1884 came; finally the last scrap of eatable material was consumed, and, one after another, the fated crew fell into the arms of death. In June, 1884, two vessels, under Commander Schley, appeared off the camp of death,

the eyes of the rescuers gazing with horror on the unburied dead lying around. It appeared too late; death, they were sure, had finished his ghastly work, when from the tent staggered a form gaunt as a ghost, with the last vestiges of life in its shrunken limbs. It was that of the heroic Greely. He and five of his men proved to be still alive. Two days' more delay and death would have claimed them all. With tender care the survivors were nursed back to life and brought home, and for many years the heroic Greely has been the chief of the United States Signal Service.

After the period named numbers of expeditions sought the north, their purpose no longer being to find the useless Northwest Passage, but to solve the mystery of the North Pole. Chief among those engaged in this search in American waters was Lieutenant Robert B. Peary, of the United States navy, the most persistent and indefatigable of all those who have taken part in polar research. He was, with little intermission, engaged for twenty years in this work. His explorations began in 1886, when he left the coast of Greenland and went far into the frozen interior. Filled with the thirst of the explorer, he returned in 1891, founded a station at McCormick Bay, in north Greenland, and made a brilliant sledge journey six hundred and fifty miles long over the interior ice, reaching the northeast coast at a point named by him Independence Bay, in latitude 81° 37′ N. He made a second expedition in 1893-95, and again crossed to Independence Bay, though at imminent risk of his life. In a third journey north in 1897 he brought back with him an immense meteorite found at Cape York.

All this only served to spur Peary's ambition. Others were in eager search for the Pole, and he wished to secure the honor for his native country if

possible. Nansen, the Swede, had reached in eastern waters the unmatched latitude of 86° 14′ N., two hundred and sixty-one miles from the Pole, a fact which doubly stirred Peary's ambition. So he applied for and obtained five years' leave of absence from his naval duties, hoping within this time to cross the northern ice-field and plant the Stars and Stripes upon the Pole.

His voyage in 1897 had been to make arrangements for the work before him and secure the aid of the Eskimos. He returned in 1898. Establishing himself at a point in the far north, he devoted himself for five years to his chosen purpose, despite the fact that in one of his sledge journeys his feet were frozen and he lost several of his toes. His first dash for the Pole was made in the spring of 1900, but he found that he had started too late in the season, the sea ice being broken and the snow soft and slushy from the advance of warm weather. He tried again in 1901, and this time he reached the latitude of 83° 50′ and then was obliged to turn back, the men and dogs being out of condition for travel.

Another winter was spent in the bleak and terrible north, and when the new spring came round the tireless searcher set out once more, this time in early March, his final dash from the northern coast being begun on April 1, with four Eskimos and his faithful black attendant, Henson. Misfortune attended him. The ice of the northern sea proved to be broken into lanes of open water and heaped up into steep ridges, over which the heavy sledges had to be lifted by main strength. Progress was slow and difficult, and after struggling onward for ten days and making nearly one hundred miles over the broken and rugged surface, the struggle became too perilous and a return

imperative. It was a bitter moment for the daring explorer, for it seemed an end to his ardent hopes. He had reached the parallel of 84° 17′, four hundred and four statute miles from the Pole, the farthest yet attained in the American seas.

But the indefatigable Peary was not yet conquered. He felt that his experience in polar navigation was too valuable to be thrown aside, and that fortune might yet give him the prize, and he was no sooner back in America than a determination to reach the goal, if possible, arose again in his mind. Having a vessel of great steam power and rigid construction built expressly for polar service, Peary set out again in the summer of 1905, proposing to winter much farther north than formerly, at Lady Franklin Bay (81° 44′ N.) or even some higher point. His purpose was to reduce the length of the dash for the pole which he proposed to make in the spring of 1906, in a final great effort to reach the pole.

In 1905 a feat in Arctic research which had been many times attempted, since Frobisher's pioneer effort in 1576, the finding of a Northwest Passage, was first accomplished. We have spoken of the journey of McClure eastward from Bering Sea in 1850–54. But that was in great part a sledge journey. In 1905 Captain Roand Amundsen, a Norwegian, forced his vessel across the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, finding an available, though in part very shallow waterway. After more than three centuries the great feat was accomplished. While for commercial purposes the route proved to be utterly useless, it was a great event in the annals of discovery.

ROBERT E. PEARY AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE

In the preceding article the efforts of Lieutenant Peary to win for his country the honor of discovering the North Pole have been spoken of so far as his earlier attempts were concerned, closing with his voyage in 1905 in which he hoped to make a final dash for that great goal which for so many years had been sought without success. In this effort he was once more unsuccessful, failing to reach the elusive end of his many earnest endeavors. But he had learned much in his various attempts, and in 1908 set sail again, this time with the signal result, in the following year, of reaching the northern extremity of the earth's axis. This remarkable achievement won him the plaudits of the world. He had gained for his country the credit of a discovery which so long and so eagerly had been sought, and we may fitly devote the following pages to a brief account of this culminating event in the work of the daring explorer.

Peary is a native of Pennsylvania, in which State he was born at Cresson Springs in 1856. He was thus over fifty years of age at the date of his notable achievement. He entered the civil engineer corps of the United States navy in 1881, and began his series of Polar research voyages in 1886, five years later. In 1891 he became chief of the Arctic expedition of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and continued to make similar voyages northward at intervals, as stated in the preceding article. These efforts attracted much attention, especially those in which he

crossed Greenland near its northern extremity and proved it to be an island, with a frozen sea as its northern boundary. His continued attempts, each developing his knowledge of Arctic geography, added to the interest taken in his exploits, and his new and latest expedition in 1908 led to warm hopes of a final success. As this success was achieved, a statement of the leading events, as told in his own story of his adventures, may be fittingly given here as one of the greatest feats of discovery made by citizens of the United States.

It was his purpose in this voyage to drive his vessel, appropriately named the "Roosevelt," after the then President, as far north as possible. Cape Sheridan, in northern Greenland, at 82° 30′ north latitude, was chosen as the point of departure of the sledging parties upon which the final work depended. Here the "Roosevelt" was laid up in September, 1908, to await the proper season for departure in the following year. The winter spent there was occupied in collecting food for the enterprise and in other duties, and on the 15th of February, 1909, Captain Bartlett, master of the "Roosevelt," set out on the pioneer sledge journey north, with a party of Eskimos and other members of the expedition. Peary followed on the morning of February 22—Washington's Birthday—with two of the younger Eskimos and sixteen dogs Other parties set out at different dates, there being in the northward group seven members of the expedition, nineteen Eskimos, twenty-eight sledges and one hundred and forty dogs. These were to meet at Cape Columbia on the last day of February, the trail to this point having been kept open during the autumn and winter by hunting parties and supply trains.

On March 1 Peary began his long journey from Cape Columbia over the Arctic ice, two other parties,



"S.S. ROOSEVELT" AGAINST THE EDGE OF THE UNBROKEN ICE FLOES

Note the lines of the "Roosevelt," the shapely raking stem, the slender pole masts, the elliptical smokestack, and the "crow's nest" at the mast head

led by Bartlett and Borup, other members of the expedition, having set out the day before. An hour after camp was left Peary's division crossed the glacial fringe. The entire expedition had now left land behind and was at last on the ice of the Arctic Ocean at about 83° north latitude. This start was made eight days earlier than that made three years before by the 1905–1906 expedition, and took place from a point further north. What lay before the adventurers they did not know; whether they would find continuous ice, or possibly meet with islands on which no human foot had ever set. They were utterly in the realm of the unknown, with the Pole for their final quarry.

One thing was soon made evident. The ocean they were crossing was not solely one of ice. There were lanes of open water to attack, frequent ones, and trouble in this direction was likely to be soon encountered. Thus they had gone but part of a day's march when they saw before them a dark, ominous cloud, an appearance that told them, from former experience, the story of open water. This aspect arises from evaporation at the open spaces, the vapour, in certain directions of the wind, condensing into a cloud so dense that at times it is as black as the smoke of a prairie fire. Before them also dark spots were visible, these indicating that the forward divisions had been held up by the evident lead of open water. It proved to be a lane a quarter mile wide, the result of a severe wind that had been blowing. Nothing was to be done but to camp and wait for the frosty air to get in its work. Igloos, or huts constructed of flat cakes of frozen snow, were hastily built, a matter of house-making that takes but an hour in skillful hands. There was then nothing more to do than to take the opportunity to rest and sleep in these warmed and comfortable abodes.

The early light of the following day showed the lead fast closing, young ice moving and piling up in an aggravating way that threatened loss to any team that should seek to cross it. They had not gone far past this ice bridged opening before they came upon two other leads and here found themselves unable to move in any direction. Waiting again became needful, but the trail of Bartlett, who was in advance, was sought for and quickly found, a movement being now made in this direction.

This trail reached, the adventurers perceived other tracks of men and dogs, these pointing south, a proof that Borup and his sledges were on their way back towards Cape Columbia in accordance with the program, which provided for successive returns to the starting point. When Marvin, the leader of the next following party, came up, he was also stopped and sent back. This was due to the fact that many of their alcohol and petroleum tins had sprung leaks in the rough travel, and it was necessary to change these leaky tins for sound ones so as to conserve their fuel supply. A few minutes sufficed to make the exchange, and Marvin headed back with his leaky reservoirs, while Peary's party pushed actively onward.

The difficulty of breaking ice and opening leads kept up during the next day, again causing delay and vexation. This was especially the case on March 4th, when a broad and threatening black band appeared to the north, seemingly ten or fifteen miles in advance. Here the broken ice appeared to be floating in every direction and the high temperature then prevailing, only a little below zero, indicated that an abundance of open water lay in advance. Evidently serious trouble was looming across the northward route.

Later in the day Bartlett's camp was reached. He

had been held up by the wide leads which here had opened through the heavy floes. As the floes are at times a hundred feet thick and of enormous weight, only a tremendous force could open such a river through them. The opening had taken place the previous night, awakening Bartlett from sleep and filling his soul with concern. As before, there was nothing to do but wait and hope. As it proved, the seemingly interminable period of no less than five days passed away, and still the long line of black water faced the travellers, aggravating them to the utmost pitch. The utmost that could be done was to send back for supplies that had been left at points in the rear, including a portion of Borup's cache that they had not been previously able to load on their sledges. Borup and Marvin had been directed to return from their base with fresh supplies of oil and alcohol. A supply of these was vital to success. But even if these parties should fail to return, the indefatigable Peary was determined to push forward until the utmost minimum of food and fuel remained.

There were other difficulties to contend with. The protracted delay had a demoralizing effect upon the Eskimos. They were getting nervous, and could be seen talking secretly with one another. Two of them who had been with Peary for years and whom he had fully trusted came to him pretending to be sick. He knew the appearance of a sick Eskimo too well to believe them, but he sent the pair back to the land, giving them a note to Marvin urging him to hurry. As the days went by others of them began to complain of imaginary ailments. McMillan, one of the company leaders, was of the utmost value in this crisis. Seeing the state of mind of the Eskimos, he took in hand the problem of keeping them occupied, interesting them in

various ways, as in games and athletic exercises of one kind or another.

By the evening of March 10 the lead had almost closed and Peary gave orders to make a fresh start the next morning without waiting for the arrival of Marvin with the oil and alcohol. The latter had been in some way delayed, but progress was necessary and they had to trust to his overtaking them. A note was left in the igloo for him, bidding him make all haste, and at 9 A.M. of March 11 the adventurers once more set out, crossing the closed lead without trouble and making a march of not less than twelve miles. No fewer than seven partly closed leads were crossed that day, from a half mile to a mile in width, all covered with ice barely strong enough to bear the laden sledges, the 84th parallel being crossed on this march. The temperature had greatly fallen, it varying during these days from 45 to 59 below zero and making ice fast. Yet with the bright sunshine at midday and their thick fur clothing, they did not suffer from the cold.

The 12th and 13th accounted for some twenty-four miles further, and they had just finished building their igloos on the evening of the latter day when one of the Eskimos, who was standing on top of the hummock, loudly shouted:

"Kling mik-sue!" (Dogs are coming.)

In an instant Peary was on the hummock beside him. Looking south, far away, a little band of silver white mist lay on their trail. It was surely the dogs. A little later a light sledge, drawn by eight dogs, dashed briskly up, its Eskimo driver bearing a note from Marvin saying that he and Borup had slept the night before at their second camp back and that in a day or two more they would be close on the forward trail. The rear party, with the greatly needed loads of oil and

alcohol, had crossed the " Big Lead." In the late afternoon of the next day, March 14, another cloud of silvery smoke was seen on their trail and soon after Marvin, at the head of the rear division, came swinging in, dogs and men smoking like a squadron of battleships and bringing an ample supply of fuel. Never had Peary been gladder to see the true eyes of Ross Marvin.

On the morning of the 15th McMillan, who was suffering from a sorely frosted heel, was sent back with two sledges and two Eskimos to Cape Columbia, while the main expedition, now comprising sixteen men, twelve sledges and one hundred dogs, headed off to the north again. Late in the afternoon loud reports and rumbling sounds of moving floes began to be heard, with the grinding sound of moving young ice in various directions. This meant more open water ahead. It was soon reached at a point where large fields of floating ice seemed to form a sort of pontoon bridge, over which they all got but one of Borup's sledges, the dogs of which slipped into the water between two large cakes of ice. Fortunately Borup was alert, strong and athletic, and with a quick and vigorous uplift he pulled them bodily out of the water, thus saving one of their most valuable sleds with about 500 pounds of supplies which could not well be spared. A short distance ahead another lead opened directly in front and they were obliged to camp for the night.

In this rapid survey of the opening days of Peary's exploit we have gone into considerable detail to indicate the nature of the task he had undertaken and the varied difficulties with which he had to contend. The most important and perilous of them was the continued tendency of the ice to break into leads or open lanes, often of considerable width, and in many cases impossible to

cross until the wintry chill closed the gap, a matter sometimes of hours, sometimes of days. The five days' stop by which he had been held up almost at the beginning of his journey was much the worst he had to encounter and one not to be endured without the greatest anxiety and concern, especially from his recollection of a still worse experience of this kind on a previous occasion, that of his expedition three years earlier.

On that occasion he had made an encouraging northing, reaching the parallel of 87° 9′ on April 21, 1905, when the rapidly decreasing supply of food forced him to turn back. His trouble on this occasion came during the return, when the party encountered what they named the "Big Lead," a broad opening in the ice which seemed as if it would never close, or at least not until it held the party prisoners till starvation had ended their career. Though this prison door at length opened and set the captives free, they were forced to land on the inhospitable coast of North Greenland, where food was almost impossible to obtain, and they escaped death from starvation only by the narrowest margin. This experience would have been deemed sufficient by any ordinary person, but Robert E. Peary was not an ordinary person, but a man of indomitable courage and daring, whom only the most complete failure could deter. He had devoted his life to the conquest of the Pole, to the solving of that great riddle of geographical research which numbers of mariners before him had in vain sought to solve, and he was bent upon achieving it if it lay within the power of man. This he had set out to do, at every risk, on the present occasion, and favoring fortune was now to lead him to his goal.

On the evening of March 19th Peary outlined to his

followers the program he had in mind, consisting in a gradual reduction of the force as they advanced nearer the Pole. McMillan had already turned back, and at the end of the next march Borup was to do the same, with twenty dogs and one sledge. Five marches further on Marvin was to begin his homeward journey, and at the end of the next five marches Bartlett would turn his face southward, leaving to the main party only six men, forty dogs and five sledges. The return parties took with them the poorest dogs, the least effective Eskimos and the most damaged sledges, so that only the best should go forward. As the event proved, this program was carried out without a hitch, the final party consisting of Peary himself, his colored servant, Henson, a trustworthy man of long Arctic experience, and the best four of the Eskimos. So far north were they that the sun now circled round the heavens, being above the horizon nearly half the day, while during the other half darkness was replaced by a grey twilight.

Borup turned back—very little to his liking—at 85° 20′, and Marvin—with like regret—at 86° 38′, the expedition having now passed the farthest of all its predecessors and being near Peary's own record of 1906. On March 27th the 87th parallel was crossed, and six miles beyond this point the farthest north of the 1906 journey was attained. As matters stood there was a great difference for the better between the two occasions. Then they had exhausted dogs, depleted supplies and heavy hearts. Now men and dogs alike were in good condition, supplies abundant, and their hearts light. Overhead there was perpetual daylight, the sun circling around without crossing the horizon, and success seemed almost in their grasp. There were nearly one hundred and eighty nautical miles of frozen

surface yet to cross, but their elation made little of this and they looked forward with strong hopes of a speedy victory over the frozen polar seas.

Bartlett and his party were now in the lead, with Peary close upon their track, but a region of trouble still awaited them ahead. A foretaste of danger came on the night of the 28th, when a creaking and groaning of the ice near Peary's igloo awakened him from a sound sleep. Soon after an excited shout brought him hastily to his feet. Looking out, he was startled to see a belt of black water between the igloos of the two parties, the shouting coming from one of Bartlett's Eskimos. This had taken place within a foot of the fastening of one of the dog teams, which barely escaped being dragged into the water. Another team had just escaped being buried under a ridge of ice, the movement of which had fortunately stopped at the fatal moment. Bartlett's igloo was floating away on an ice raft that had broken off. The whole condition of affairs was critical and serious peril impended.

Everybody was ordered to pack and hitch up immediately and a path was levelled with a pick-axe across the crack to the big floe that lay to the west. Across this Bartlett's sledges were hastily drawn over the ice raft that held them. Nearer and nearer came the edges of the floe and the floating raft. At length they touched and crunched together. All hands were ready and in brief time Bartlett's teams were on the floe. One not very agreeable task in that frigid temperature remained. The former igloos were lost and new ones had to be built with all possible rapidity, that they might complete their broken slumbers. There was but one source of satisfaction in the situation, this being in the fact that Peary's former record had now been beaten by a stretch of some six miles and that new and promising opportunities lay ahead.

The 31st of March was to be the last day of Bartlett's Polar progress, one in which he hoped to win up to the parallel of 88°. This he failed to do, 87° 47′ being the limit attained. At this altitude he turned back, with the same regretful feelings as had visited his predecessors, heading southward over the route he had so long followed to the north. Two divisions of the expedition remained, Peary's and Henson's, with five sledges and forty dogs, the pick of the original one hundred and forty. The distance still to cover was one hundred and thirty-three nautical miles. In the new and final dash the leader proposed to make five forced marches of not less than twenty-five miles each. It was his hope to bring his journey to an end by noon of the final day, so as to make an immediate latitude observation. With the improved condition of the ice and the set of the winds to the north he felt that there was excellent hope of accomplishing this. While a serious break in the ice might prevent him, he had much reason to feel that the chances were greatly in his favor. He had the pick of his dogs and sledges, his most trusty Eskimos, food enough awaiting him on his way back, and all looked well for a successful going forward and a safe return.

On the 1st of April the adventurers treated themselves to an enjoyable feast. They had killed and boiled one of Bartlett's poorest dogs, one that the return party could spare, using the splinters of a broken sledge for fuel under their cooking vessel, and the fresh meat, hot from the boiler, was a welcome change from their pemmican diet. At least it was so to the Eskimos, their leader having no appetite for boiled dog; though he had on one occasion eaten raw dog to save him from starvation.

On the morning of the 2d, after a refreshing sleep

and a hearty breakfast, the Polar party set out on its final journey. It consisted of Peary and Henson, with four trusty Eskimos, five well-laden sledges and their dogs, the goal for which they had long striven lying five forced marches ahead and the ice, to all appearance, being in excellent travelling condition. The wind had subsided to a gentle breeze, the skies were clear, the temperature minus 25°, the floes large and level, the ridges due to pressure, some of them fifty feet high, presenting no serious difficulty, and everything before them holding out a hopeful promise.

The first April day's journey, a straight ten-hour drive of twenty-five or thirty miles, carried them well over the 88th parallel, reaching a region never before touched by human feet. But near the end of the day's outing their old trouble returned, the ice breaking and a lead opening across their line of travel. Speeding up, they drove their teams briskly across the moving ice cakes, being aided in this by the length of their sledges, which were of a new Peary type, twelve feet long, instead of the old seven-foot Eskimo type. The locality in which they now were presented a remarkably attractive spectacle. Not only was the sun circling around above the horizon all day long, but the moon was making a like circle opposite the solar orb, a disk of silver opposite a disk of gold racing through the blue skies overhead.

Every day now they made a ten-hour trip, with an average of twenty-five miles' advance, the dogs often on the trot and at times breaking into a brisk run, while even the Eskimos grew more eager, notwithstanding the fatigue of their daily marches. By the night of the 4th they were near the 89th parallel, only a single degree more being needed to carry them to the stopping point in their long and arduous journey.

Peary was naturally much elated, and wrote hopefully in his diary: "Give me three more days of this weather!"

It cannot be said that these were altogether agreeable days. With the temperature now minus 35°, only an inflexible purpose enabled them to face the biting cold. The keen wind seemed to burn their faces so that the skin cracked, the pain long after they got into camp being so that they could hardly sleep. The Eskimos complained greatly and at every camp wrapped their fur clothing about their faces, waists, knees and wrists. Even their noses brought forth complaints, a new thing in Eskimo experience, the keen wind biting them like frozen steel.

At the next camp another of the dogs was killed, to put more glow into the Eskimo souls. The leader proposed the following day to make a long march, "boil the kettle" midway, and then go on without sleep, in this way to make up for lost ground on one of the preceding days. At the camp of April 5 the latitude of 89° 25′ was indicated, thirty-five nautical miles from the Pole. Here Peary gave the men a little more time for sleep, as they were much in need of rest, but before midnight of that day they were up and going again. The roadway at this point was excellent, there being hardly any snow on the hard surface of the old floes, while the thermometer rose to minus 15°. This reduced chill gave new spirit alike to men and dogs, and on this day they made in all thirty miles in twelve hours' travel, stopping midway to make tea, eat lunch and take a resting spell.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of April 6th another halt was made and an observation for latitude taken. It gave the welcome figures of 89° 57′, only three miles from the so long sought North Pole, the extremity of

the earth's axis in the northern hemisphere. Elated as the explorer was at this near end of his long struggle, he was too weary to take these few remaining steps without a halt for rest. As soon as they had built their polar igloos, eaten their dinner and fed the dogs a double ration, they gave way to the greatly needed slumber. But the indomitable Peary was in too excited a state for a long sleep. He was awake again after a few hours' rest, the first thing done after waking being to write as follows in his diary:

"The Pole at last! The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

In the evening of that day, after a trip of about ten miles in a light sledge, he took a careful series of observations of the solar altitude and found that the Pole had been passed and that he was several miles on the opposite side of his goal. He had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere in that short run and was now traveling south instead of north. On reaching the Pole the direction of north, west and east had disappeared and only that of south remained. In whatever direction he should set out he would be traveling towards the south.

To the observation taken on April 6th others were added until thirteen had been taken in all. These were in different localities and made assurance doubly sure that the party had reached the most significant—aside from the opposite pole—unknown, or at least unvisited, location on the surface of the earth. Moved by the explorer's warrantable desire for fame, he had given a great part of his life to this worthy object and had at length succeeded in winning for himself the well-deserved title of Discoverer of the North Pole, the most notable then remaining of maritime events.



THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE NORTH POLE, APRIL 6, 1909

What had been accomplished was all that was needed. The Pole had been reached and passed. Getting back in haste and safety was now the important matter to be considered. A few informal ceremonies were all that appeared desirable. Five flags were planted at the "top of the world," the principal one being a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary had given him fifteen years before and which he had carried wrapped around his body on every northward trip since, a fragment of it being left at each "farthest north." These flags placed in the ice, he bade Henson to time the Eskimos for three hearty cheers, which they gave with much enthusiasm, though they had a very limited idea of what it all signified. He also, at the first locality where the thick ice could be penetrated, made a sounding, the line sinking fifteen hundred fathoms without reaching bottom, indicating an ocean of considerable depth. Little time was spent in this ceremony, and in the afternoon of April 7th the party began its return from the Pole, having spent a brief thirty hours in its vicinity. The great enterprise which had been so often attempted and had so often failed, now lay among the things accomplished, and return, a safe return, was the one thing to be considered. Henson and the Eskimos were ready to take the homeward trail. Their work was done, and to reach the land which they had left a month and more before was the remaining task.

We have completed the story of Lieutenant—now Admiral—Peary's final Polar expedition, with its triumphant success. The work had been accomplished, the discovery achieved, only the return lay before him. But in this return many of the difficulties and dangers encountered in the northward journey had again to be met and overcome, especially the one great and ever

imminent danger, that of the frequent breaking of the ice and the opening of long lanes of water to be crossed by dogs and sledges. In the 1906 expedition much the greatest peril lay in the return, one in which death by starvation was barely escaped even after land had been reached. This time the work had been accomplished, the famous discovery made, abundance of food for the six men and their dogs was on the sledges, exultation filled their hearts, the world awaited their story, and warm hope inspired the adventurers as they once more turned their faces to the south and set out with their still capable dog teams on the return.

It was at the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon of April 7, 1909, that the victors of the Pole turned their backs upon that long sought for goal, cracked their whips over the well-fed and willing dogs, and faced towards the distant land and the civilization beyond. This needed to be done on the strain. Every hour, every minute, now counted for success or failure. Peary's plan was to make double marches over the entire journey to where the "Roosevelt" awaited them on Greenland's barren coast. While this plan was not fully carried out, it was achieved in great measure, they covering five of their outward marches in each three of the return. And they were fortunate in not being drifted eastwardly from their course, as was the case in 1906, but kept well to their westward trail, following it with little trouble and finding the stopping places of the return parties for the most part in good condition.

The first return camp, at 89° 25′, was made in good time, and here the plan was adopted of feeding the dogs according to the distance covered: giving them double rations for double marches. They found the igloos built in their former journey awaiting them, and were thus saved the labor and time needed to rebuild them.

In most cases there was nothing to be done except to eat and sleep. And they were at every step cheered by the memory of what they had accomplished and what they had to tell.

April 9th was a wild day, the wind freshening into a gale, while leads through the ice were met, one of these fully a mile wide. Fortunately the wind came from the north, or it would have been impossible to advance. As it was, the dogs galloped before the gale and new-formed ice enabled them to cross the wide lead, so that good progress was made. And so it went on day after day, with much fine weather and a temperature of mild type for the locality. The ice was thinning, but the sledges were much lighter than in the northward trip and they could be rushed over ice that could not have been ventured upon then.

Trouble was expected with some warrant on the march of April 20–21. They were now near the locality of the "Big Lead" that had proved so disastrous in 1906 and had troubled them again in their recent journey north. Fortunately, they now found it frozen over. But at this point Bartlett had lost the main trail in his return, and in following him they were diverted from the well-beaten outward track. Yet they had no reason to complain. They were now nearing the land, this being only some fifty miles distant. For several days they had enjoyed splendid weather, and this continued over the next day, in which they made two marches of six hours each. The last day's journey before land was reached was marked by the same brilliant and calm weather, though the temperature was low, ranging from 18° to 30° below zero. Their final lead was here met with, and one of their teams got into the water in an effort to cross it. But before midnight of that day the glacial fringe of

Grant Land was reached, bringing them off the ice of the Polar sea and on the ice-clad foot of the land. When the last sledge came to this steep slope of glacial ice the Eskimos of the party fairly went crazy in their delight, yelling and dancing until they fell from utter exhaustion. As Ootah, one of them, sank on his sledge he called out in Eskimo: "The devil is asleep or is having trouble with his wife, or we should never have come back so easily." After halting for a luncheon and some hot tea, they pressed on until Cape Columbia was reached. It was now the early morning of April 23, the entire journey outward and return over the Polar seas having occupied fifty-three days.

For nearly the whole of two days the party slept, overcome with the long strain of the journey, their short intervening wakefulness being occupied with eating and with drying their clothes. The dogs, which had arrived spent with fatigue and lacking all animation, here showed a gratification equal to that of the men, they stepping about with curled tails and uplifted heads, and now and then sniffing the welcome scent of the land.

The "Roosevelt," with the remainder of the party on board, was still to reach. It lay ninety miles away to the south, and this distance was covered in one march of forty-five miles to Cape Hecla, and another of equal length southward. As the ship was neared they saw Bartlett crossing the rail. He came forward to meet them, but not with the look of elation at their return that it was natural to expect. There was that in his face that told of ill tidings before he spoke.

"Have you heard about poor Marvin?" he asked.

"No," Peary replied.

The tale he had to tell was that Marvin was dead, having been drowned at the "Big Lead" on his way

back to Cape Columbia. He had gone forward over treacherous young ice and was never seen again. In some way he had fallen or slipped into the water, and had not been missed by his party until it was too late to help him. His loss, the only one in the long journey, threw a shadow of sorrow over the whole assemblage, he having been one of the most capable and esteemed among them all.

One of the first things done after reaching the ship was to reward their faithful Eskimos. Money was of no value to them, nor many other things which civilized people highly prize. But there were other things which they highly appreciated, and they were all well supplied with rifles, shotguns, cartridges, hatchets, knives, and many other useful articles, gifts which filled their souls with joy. Among the things which they highly value are telescopes, which aid them in discovering distant game, and a number of these were added to their treasures. The four who accompanied the exploring party to the Pole had been promised whaleboats and certain other valued articles, and these were given them when they were dropped from the ship at their home settlements along the coast.

The return home from Cape Sheridan began on July 18th, about three months after the return to Greenland from the Pole. On September 5th they steamed into Indian Harbor, Newfoundland, whence a dispatch went over the wires to Mrs. Peary, to the following effect: "Have made good at last. I have the Pole. Am well. Love." Not long afterwards the "Roosevelt" made its way into the little harbor of Sydney, Cape Breton, whence details of the triumphant success of the expedition were flashed to all parts of the civilized world. The greatest of geographical mysteries had been solved.

There is little more to be said. For a time it seemed as if Peary might be robbed of the honor he had won, after so many years of stringent effort. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who had for a year or two been lost sight of in the north, returned September 1, 1909, with the statement that he had reached the Pole on April 21, 1908. But investigation proved that this story was false, and the full credit for the discovery was left to the unwearying Peary.

The North Pole was the first though not the only axial enigma to be solved. The South Pole remained, of less interest to geographers, yet now brought prominently into notice. There was a marked difference in situation between the two, the North Pole being surrounded by an Arctic Ocean of great width and considerable depth, the South Pole by an Antarctic island of almost continental dimensions; the first to be reached over ice-clad water, the latter over mountain elevations. We need only to speak briefly of the South Pole discovery. In 1908 Lieutenant Shackleton, of the British navy, reached a point only one hundred and eleven miles from this Pole. On January 18, 1912, it was attained by Captain Scott, of the same navy. It had, however, been reached a little earlier by the Norwegian explorer, Raold Amundsen, who had projected a voyage to the Arctic, but changed his route to the Antarctic, and reached the South Pole on December 14, 1911, a little more than a month before Scott. Thus, in a period of something over two years both extremities of the earth's axis were reached and a great geographical mystery was finally solved.

There is one thing of interest still to be said. The Poles of the earth, North and South, had been discovered just in the nick of time. Had Peary not completed his notable work in the north, and been followed by

Amundsen and Scott in the south, the Poles would perhaps never have been discovered—at least in any significant sense, in any way demanding toil and peril. They would simply have been visited, as the result of a few days' uneventful journeying. For a new discovery of great significance had been made—that of an easy and available route to the poles, one through the air instead of over frozen ocean or icy mountains. The airship had been invented, and within ten years of Peary's discovery it had reached a stage of development sufficient to render a Polar trip through the atmosphere a fairly easy adventure, and this by a few days' flight above the earth's surface instead of by a toilsome and perilous crawl over this surface. The world of science was now in no hurry to make the trip. It already knew the story of the Poles. It was quite willing to take its time in repeating the journeys, north and south. The excursion promised to be a commonplace matter, one attended by the pleasant accompaniments of summer sunshine and comfortable surroundings. As matters stood, Peary and his successors had blazed the way. All that was now needed was to follow their routes, with the knowledge that the trail lay open, ready for any adventurer to follow.

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